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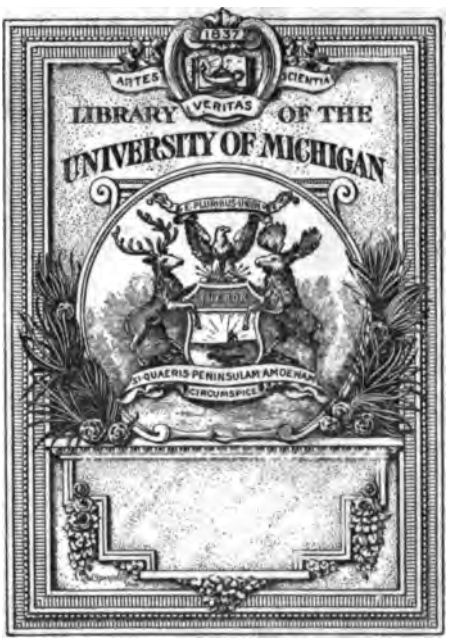
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NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXVI.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY S. HUESTON, 139 NASSAU-STREET.
1850.

BAKER, GODWIN AND CO., PRINTERS, TRIBUNE BUILDINGS, N. Y.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXVI. JULY, 1850. No. 1.

STORMING OF TICONDEROGA

UNDER MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JAMES ABERCROMBIE, JULY 8, 1758.

BY M. DUDLEY BEAN.

POSSESSED of the most brilliant and controlling intellect, and wielding the power of a mighty empire, the fame of WILLIAM PITT attended the glory of the British arms in India, and gave new hopes to the desperate and yet doubtful contest for North America. To the colonist here, his was a fit character for emulation: it excited equally the admiration of the ploughman in the field, the student in his closet, and the ranging soldier, in his daring and romantic service. No hamlet was so remote, where the English tongue was heard, that the fame of the illustrious minister did not reach it; and almost incredible response was given, from our widely-extended and thinly-populated country, to the mons for the great campaign of 1758.

To carry out successfully the vast plans for that campaign became the ambition of the man who filled the entire measure of England's greatness. The colonist saw that the whole power of the crown, and all but the crown itself of the venerable old king, now near four-score, was surrendered without reserve to a man but yesterday an ensign. Encouraged by the example of his advance to power, and by his present matchless position in the great empire which was carrying her conquests gloriously in the East, the answer to this summons from New-England, New-York and New-Jersey caused both the minister and court to exult in the hope of the entire conquest of another hemisphere. William Pitt, afterward Earl of Chatham, was the man of his day; his recognition and favor of personal merit and personal responsibility made a thousand heroes, gave life to republican principles, and, without design, greatly advanced the establishment of a mighty republic.

When it became known in England that commissions of high grade, regardless of purchase or family influence, were given to those of humble position, and that more were to be sent to America to be disposed of, according to the true spirit of republicanism, to the most deserving, even the king was remonstrated with. It was on this occasion that Wolfe was represented to him as being a madman. 'If this be so,' replied the old king, 'I hope he will bite all my generals not so afflicted.' Within eighteen months from that time, the 'brave Wolfe,' then but little more than thirty-two, showed with what 'madness' he was possessed, as well as the method of it. He is seen ascending the Heights of Quebec to the Plains of Abraham, and there, while battling for a stronghold, dying with the words of triumphant bravery on his tongue, amid the scenes of carnage and the shouts of victory.

The attention of the British ministry having been diverted from the conquest of the East, three expeditions were decided on for America; and, on the recall of Lord Loudoun, Major-General Sir James Abercrombie found himself in command of more than fifty thousand men: the largest army ever known under one chief within the boundaries of the North American States.

The war had already devastated the military establishments and frontier settlements of the English along the great lakes of the West and of northern New-York. The smothered vengeance of almost four years was in the breast of the colonist; and Massachusetts sent forth its 'every third able-bodied man' (more than seven thousand), and Connecticut, Rhode-Island, New-Hampshire, New-York and New-Jersey furnished their quotas for the grand campaign. The legislatures of the different colonies convened expressly to hear the address of the minister and to vote supplies and men. In it they were informed explicitly of his purposes; that Louisbourg was to be reduced, to prevent farther communication of the French with Canada; that Fort Du Quesne, Crown Point, Frontenac, Ticonderoga, and the command of the great lakes must be gained; and that the war must be carried quite within the acknowledged confines of the French and their savage allies: that by this course the captured women and children of the colonists should be restored to them, trade on the frontier revived, and ample revenge taken upon their combined enemies.

Massachusetts replied in the most patriotic and spirited manner, declaring 'the blood of *old* New-England to be heated for the contest.' An account dated April third, 1758, says: 'So agreeable were the contents of Mr. Secretary Pitt's letter, that the House unanimously voted compliance with what was recommended. And notwithstanding such great numbers have lately entered in the king's service as soldiers, rangers, batteau-men, and ship and house carpenters, yet such was the zeal of our government, that they voted to raise seven thousand men for the present expedition, and, on Wednesday, to raise a subscription, notwithstanding the unhappy circumstances of this metropolis—taxes already on the income of estates being thirteen shillings and sixpence on the pound—yet in twenty-four hours twenty thousand pounds sterling was raised by subscription to pay bounty!'

The object of the crown and the name and fame of Pitt were pro-

claimed in the same breath every where; by Sir William Johnson among the Six Nations; by the clergy from their pulpits, who declared that true religion must be maintained at every cost: and especially by the governors of the different colonies in their speeches to the respective Houses of Assembly. Governor James Delancey made his eloquent and soul-stirring address to the Assembly of New-York on the tenth of March. It was circulated far and wide over the province, and excited the same enthusiasm which was manifested in the other provinces.

So universal was the interest which was felt in this campaign, and in the prospects of conquest and glory to the British arms, that the enrolment of the men under the act of the legislatures in the different colonies was nearly completed by volunteers. Still, in some instances, there was a deficiency, and the following — distinguished as well for its facetious and patriotic tone as for its poetic character — was circulated among the young men, and finally found its way into print. I will not reflect on the early gallantry of any portion of our country by naming the neighborhood where this effusion first appeared; it is enough that we can boast of the zealous spirit which fired the spinsters of those times:

'THE SPINSTERS' PETITION TO HIS MAJESTY GEORGE THE SECOND

'FOR LEAVE TO FIGHT HIS BATTLES, AS THE MEN IN SOME CASES REFUSE.

'Most humbly, Sir, we this petition
Present to you, with great submission;
We, the spinsters of your nation,
Of every rank and every station.

'Some men won't fight, and so disgrace us;
We beg you 'll put us in their places;
The petticoat and bib and apron
We 'll leave behind for them to put on:

'And fight the battles they 've refused,
By which the nation 's so abused,
And show them that a British wench can,
If put at blows, beat any Frenchman.

'When once we 've got them in close quarter,
We doubt not then of making slaughter;
Our country's credit soon regain,
Our *sister* men could not maintain!

'But one small recompense we ask —
Though great the service, great the task —
A law may pass, our prayer beseeches,
That women all may wear the breeches:
That this request you grant us may,
Most ardently we ever pray.'

'— *March* 15, 1758.'

This address was numerously signed, and so unpopular was the refusal of young men to enlist voluntarily, that in many instances their names were rejected by 'The Spinsters' Society,' and made the ridicule of the neighborhood by a resolution that '*Sister*' be prefixed instead of 'Mr.' to the name of 'John Doe,' 'Richard Roe,' and so on. There were Spartan daughters as well as mothers in those times. In fact the gallantry of the betrothed John or George was judged suspicious unless he readily entered for the great campaign.

And now in the colonies of New-England, New-York and New-Jersey every thing was in readiness for orders to march for the points designated by the commander-in-chief, General Abercrombie, then in New-York. The commissions for the five brigadier-generals, for North America only, were given to John Stanwix, John Forbes, Edward Whetmore, and Charles Lawrence, and Lord Augustus, third viscount Howe. Among those raised to the rank of colonel was Thomas Gage, already distinguished by his services at Lake George and in northern New-York: the same who subsequently, as Governor of Massachusetts and general-in-chief, fought at Boston and Bunker-Hill against those who were now his companions-in-arms.

Robert Rogers, the daring scout, and prince of rangers, arrived in New-York, by orders, nineteen days after his most remarkable battle at Lake George, on the thirteenth of March, at the place now known to all travellers as 'Rogers's Slide.' Still suffering from his wounds, he was at once appointed major. Aware of the great importance of the American rangers, the major-general issued his commission in the following words; the original document, now in the hands of a kinsman, I have myself seen; it is so explanatory of the peculiar service of the scout that I venture to give it a place here *verbatim:*

'By His Excellency JAMES ABERCROMBIE, Esquire, Colonel of His MAJESTY'S Forty-Fourth Regiment of Foot, Colonel-in-Chief of the Sixtieth Royal Americans, Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of all His MAJESTY'S forces raised or to be raised in North-America:

'WHEREAS it may be of great use to His MAJESTY'S service in America to have a number of men employed in obtaining intelligence of the strength, situation and motions of the enemy, and other services, for which rangers only are qualified: Having therefore the greatest confidence in your loyalty, courage and skill, I do constitute you Major of the rangers in His MAJESTY'S service, and Captain of a company of the same. You are therefore to take the said rangers as Major, and said company as Captain, in your care, and duly exercise and instruct as well the officers as the soldiers, who are hereby commanded to obey you as Major and Captain respectively. And you are to observe such orders as from time to time you shall receive from His MAJESTY, myself, or other superior officers, according to the rules and discipline of war.

'Given at New-York this sixth day of April, 1758, in the thirty-first year of our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Second, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc.,

'JAMES ABERCROMBIE.

'*By His Excellency's command.*

'J. APPY.

'TO CAPTAIN ROBERT ROGERS.'

Already a considerable time in America, the young nobleman, Lord Howe, had conceived the greatest partiality for Rogers, and he entertained the highest admiration for his daring achievements, his 'surprises,' battles, and extraordinary marches. Subjecting himself to the discipline of the scout, he had been one of Rogers's party in several romantic and hazardous expeditions along the mountains and lakes of the north, nearly twelve months before. He was as well prepared to admire the unequalled beauty of the scenery of the country as to be a leading spirit in the war for its defence. By direction of Abercrombie, Rogers immediately reported himself to Lord Howe, now second in command, who was quartered at Albany. Here they conferred on the best means of distressing the French and acquiring information in regard to their situation. Meanwhile, preparation was going on for the main attack.

Rogers, always active, joined his favorite warriors, now fast increasing in numbers, at Fort Edward, at that time in command of the brave

Colonel Grant; and from the twenty-ninth of April to nearly the very day when the grand embarkation was made on Lake George, was, with Stark, Putnam, and the far-famed Indian chief Nawnawapatconks, of the Mohegan tribe, constantly engaged in surprising the outposts of the French and in making prisoners almost under the very walls of the forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. So considerable was his force, that by despatching different companies under their various captains, the scouts of the French and their Indians were actually driven within their strongholds. Rogers and his men continued to range and 'scour the woods' from Fort Edward, on the north of Wood Creek, to Lake Champlain, and along the waters and borders of South Bay, and the mountain passes on both sides of Lake George, and the many beautiful islands which dot its pure waters.

Lord Howe was still at Albany, most actively engaged in disciplining his troops and receiving the reïnforcements arriving there. From every appearance the commander-in-chief was possessed of all the elements of a great general; yet Lord Howe was considered, up to the moment when he fell, the soul and spirit of the expedition. And here it is proper to say a few words about one of the most remarkable characters of that time. He was the grandson of George the First, and had been educated with the care and attention which became his birth, and which happily harmonized with his extraordinary powers of application and his ambition. He left England with the reputation of being the most accomplished young man of the court of his uncle, the reigning sovereign. With all those romantic ideas of conquest and consequent glory which still pervaded the civilized world, and which were shared to a great extent by Pitt and all the court, young Howe came to America, where he entered heart and soul into the most active and hazardous duties of the campaign. In person he was frank and insinuating, and he made himself universally beloved by the manifestation of the most amiable qualities known to the human heart. He appeared always to enjoy himself, particularly in the primitive social circles of our new country. He frequently remarked that this was no affectation for the sake of pleasing, but that he really loved the frank and genial intercourse to which he was here admitted. Again, accomodating himself to the conventional rules of metropolitan society, with manners the most courtly and not less agreeable, there he was the admired of all; while he himself delighted in the characteristics which prevailed in New-England and in New-York. In some way, when scarcely two years in the country, he was more extensively known personally than any other officer of rank; and one town in Massachusetts was named after the place of his birth in England, and retains its name to this day.

The very personification of boldness, enterprise and daring, the service of the scout had its charms for him; and although rigidly disciplined to other rules of warfare, and accustomed to the glitter of military trappings, he made it his business to learn the art of 'bush-fighting,' and of surprising the enemy in the forest, in the mountain fastness, or in the chase with the swift canoe. Nursing the romantic spirit of his youth, and with an artistic eye and great admiration for the grand and

beautiful in nature, he luxuriated in the striking and peculiar scenery of the new country, while he was acquiring a constitution adequate to the greatest fatigues of the military athlete. The tributaries high up the Hudson, the adjacent wild and variously-shaped mountains, the silver waters of Lake George, and those heights which define its limits; Lake Champlain, with the great green hills on the east, snow-crowned, and glistening in the bright sun of every month; all these led him onward, gliding in the slight canoe, or in pedestrian adventure: his spirit, free as air, contemplating more mighty conquests and loftier fame. 'We breathe more freely,' said he, 'on the mountain-top.' His imagination, aided by the full glow of health and physical energy, ranged a thousand times beyond the summits on which his eye rested, amid scenes beyond the two lakes, then the theatre of manœuvring scouts, and soon to be of contending armies.

Rogers, Stark, Stevens and Putnam were all bold leaders. They were the native pioneers of the new world, and so our young lord was their fit companion in errantry. Fearing nothing, and skilled already in the practical use of every weapon known in such warfare, he was prepared for any surprise from the wily foe which did not thrice outnumber him. Philosophical—gay with every opportunity consistent with immediate safety—Howe was the especial favorite of Stark, who was of about the same age, and his nearest match for physical power. At this time perhaps John Stark was as widely-famed as a runner, and in the athletic game of wrestling at arm's-length, and the 'bear-hug,' through all New-England, or even among the Indians (to whom his quality became known during his captivity), as any man living. In fact, this fame was only eclipsed by his more recent daring and fights with the enemy's scouts, or the captures he had made of their sentinels within sound of their forts.

'The balance of power,' as between Lord Howe and Stark, was a matter of doubt, and was not unfrequently a point of merry discussion with the scouts who were not *personally* interested; but no public exhibition was ever made of their relative strength and skill, though it was understood that they *did* practice, for the especial benefit, and almost broken bones, of others. Indeed, there was no exercise, from the most simple, in all the varieties of gymnastics, to the earnest use of the tomahawk and scalping-knife (let history pass lightly over it), in which our rangers were not well skilled; and, though ever dignified, they not unfrequently indulged sportively in boyish New-England pranks: Stark, or even 'Old Put.,' who was much their senior, being the master of ceremonies. One illustrative instance, and I return with the reader to view Lord Howe in immediate command of his regiment at Albany.

A favorite resting-place was on the brow of a beautiful hill, which, being entirely cleared for one mile from the water's edge, commanded a fascinating view of Lake George and its fairy-like islands for twelve miles. It was situated almost directly at the head of the lake, and arose in the rear, amphitheatre-like, quite above the sites of Fort George and Fort William Henry, and commanded the most important passage where any military works were practicable. The spot is that

known now to the tourist as 'Fort Gage,' or 'Gage's Hill.' On the summit, in the rear of our scouts, was a breast-work of considerable extent, which remains to this day, but its earlier history is not known. Alternate sentries, as was the custom, were placed on either side of the breast-work to prevent surprise; and quite within the outposts, ranging and creeping about stealthily, was the famous and faithful wolf-dog of William Stark, named Baubier. And, secure from the rear, having a considerable prospect on each side and an immense distance in front, our heroes, Stark and Lord Howe, prostrate and in close proximity, on the big bear-skin of the latter, treated each other in turn with the humorous stories and reminiscences of boyhood: Stark, of hunting, trapping, fishing, wrestling and huskings, which latter the girls also attended. 'But,' said he, 'perhaps the greatest sport is jumping the stick.' At the mention of this, some half dozen of their followers, whose positions were defined after the same fashion, rose a little, and resting on their elbows, suggested that the game be now performed; saying, they had never seen any ground so admirably fitted for it.

No further ceremony was necessary, for his lordship could not but be alive to a play at the mention of which the eyes of every New-England scout—and there were at least twelve of them—seemed to glisten with satisfaction and delight. Two saplings—trimmed, and about the size of large hoop-poles—ten feet long, were now placed in the ground upright, some eight feet apart. These had been properly notched at every half-foot, from the top to within four feet from the ground, so as to enable the cross-pole to rest securely, and at such distance up the notches as the performers could leap and clear; the game not depending on the greatest physical power, but rather upon skill, ready use of the extremities, and agility. All except those on sentry duty entered the course; the men who had never seen it, as well as those who had practised it in boyhood.

It was a bright day in the early spring, and the scouts might be considered as 'basking in the sunshine of pleasure' and rest. The mention of this old pastime awoke all the joyous emulation they had felt in youth, and every latent energy was quickly in activity. The galloping and frisking cattle, when first let loose from their winter stables, never felt more sensibly the electricity of the fresh green fields.

The cross-pole was placed on the lowest notch, and the company, the last of which was our young lord, passed it rapidly. The pole was raised two notches. Some demurred to this, but as the objection came from the most active of the troupe, it was known to be mere affectation, as the result proved; for these passed it with more ease, if possible, than any of the rest. On the third trial, the cross-pole being raised another notch, all cleared it except 'Put.,' who for some reason had not yet grown very warm in the play. He started with considerable velocity, but coming within a few feet of the pole, he made a full stop, then advanced a step or two, and measuring its height by his not very erect person, found it just up to his chin. Turning now, and facing the spectators, it is sufficient to say that he looked 'sheepish.' The roar of laughter which succeeded taxed the nerves of every scout.

'That 's right, boys,' cried Putnam; 'laugh away. But let the pole be; I 'll try it again.'

He did, and at the instant of passing it drew his feet so closely to his body as to give him the shape of a beer-barrel, or a bull-frog before jumping.

'How was that done?' said one; 'he did n't jump half as high as myself, and went over clear; yet *I* felt my toes touch!'

It was true. Putnam had a kind of rolling jump, like a porpoise, and it answered every purpose.

The pole was raised still higher and higher, and the excitement and huzzas proportionately increased, as one after another blushingly retired, pronounced '*distanced*,' as was the rule after trying twice, unsuccessfully, to leap it. Scarcely anything could be more ludicrous than the appearance of the discomfitted sportsmen, as they picked themselves up from their prostrations, with 'noses incarnadined' and other signs of ill fortune. So noisy were the huzzas and roars of laughter at the variety of ridiculous failures — and by this time they had become many, for the pole was now as high as the head of the tallest of the company — that the out-post scouts considered themselves called in. And Baubier, always before intent on scenting the track of an unfriendly Indian, set up the most hideously unmeaning howling and barking, joining in sympathy with the strong-lunged scouts in the unearthly concert. Delighted and almost crazed with the performance, he was seen in every direction; now mounting the breast-work in the rear, now running, with every imaginable absurdity of antics, and now barking with such appearance of hearty enjoyment, that the scouts gave him a cheer.

As luck would have it, the competitors for the best of the game were now reduced to five, and in the next trial to three. And now we have the hero-gymnists of the three clans: John Stark, of the New-England hunters; Duncan Campbell, of the Highlanders, a true Rob Roy; and Lord Howe, of honest English training. Not a moment intervened. The cross-pole was raised to near six feet. Lord Howe was lazily, as the scouts afterward said, 'limbering his limbs' on his bear-skin; when up, and with the bound of a deer, followed by the Highlander, he passed the pole. Stark missed his reckoning, and getting at his highest elevation, some three feet before reaching it, of course stumbled against it about breast high. The spasmodic bellowing was a renewed signal for Baubier. He was no longer to be restrained, and following the footsteps of his associates, who had shown themselves *on all fours* nearly as often as he himself, during the entire scene, he passed the pole, wagging his tail, as the company said, in knowing triumph, to Master John. Now the pole was raised six inches higher, and the performance, with the new and unmatchable volunteer, assuming so ludicrous and side-shaking an air, the well-strung nerves of Stark and the Highlander gave way, and even the clearance of the Lord Howe was equivocal: as a scout said to Putnam, 'his toe touched.' He was quickly followed by Baubier; but declining further competition with a performer not named in the bill, he was declared by acclamation, throwing up of caps, and indescribable roars, (which the scouts only knew how to give,) together with the new fangled antics and barkings of his canineship, the hero in the game of *jumping the pole.*

'You, Lord Howe,' they cried; 'you are the boy for it! Britain rules the roost!'

'I believe,' he very quietly replied, glancing toward Stark, 'that the New-Englanders are beaten in a game of their own.'

'True, my Lord,' answered Stark, 'but then the English scout *has been beaten by Baubier*, who, say what you will, is a *New-England* scout, agile, daring and faithful — a match for the world.'

Generosity and a merry nature, so eminent in Lord Howe, excited like feelings in all about him; and it is believed the triumph, borne so modestly, was as gratifying to every one in the party. In fact, none grudged the new honors which Baubier had acquired. But honors were not novel to him; he had yet to see matched his great fame, acquired at the awful battle of *Rogers's-Slide*, an account of which appears elsewhere.

Lord Howe was in fact possessed of all the noble elements which distinguished the colonist of that day, of whatever profession, civil or military, and with none of the jealousies peculiar to New-England or any section of the country. He rather adopted all the manners and customs of every condition, and was the most practical among those with whom his fame and fortune were identified. By some it was considered a matter of condescension, and by others of constitutional kindness and unerring judgment.

Now, with the great encampment just below Albany, immediately preceding the march of the main part of the army, the young nobleman was infusing all the ardor of his own military spirit, his generalship, and the practical acquirements of the ranger, through the immense army. Allaying all jealousies between the regular and colonial troops, he rather made his own regiment, the fifty-fifth, conformable with the American. While other officers were quartered in town with the civil Albanians of that day, who felt that they were entertaining those only who were to defend their firesides, he was in camp, the companion of all in discipline and service. Evenings mostly in his camp, his card referred to it as his home. Ever receiving the civil invitations of the people of the town, he frequently entertained them in turn with the simple fare of the soldier. Always courteous and amiable, it is scarcely enough to say that he was the idol of the social circles of our ancient metropolis.

He threw the wet mantle of ridicule over that austerity frequently assumed by the officers of the regulars, and so peculiar to many of moderate birth, and still more moderate intellect, unfledged as they frequently were, and full of presumption, when they had scarcely merged from their academical awkwardness. 'Ignorance with arrogance,' said his lordship, 'will easily create discord where knowledge and respect for the varied manners and opinions of others will harmonize our great army, and make it invincible. Any *gentleman* officer will find his fellow and his equal too in every regiment or company of the Americans: even with the Indians. I know them well. Beware how you underestimate their abilities and feelings, civil, social, or military.'

Great numbers of the European officers arrived, and were attached to the then several regiments, but were mostly, as before mentioned,

quartered in town. Cordial in his civilities, as they expected from his hospitable reputation, he gave them early requests to dine. Liberal in his invitations to the Americans also, his party was large. Perhaps the latter were as much disappointed in the rural arrangement as the Europeans themselves. Arriving with military promptness, they found his 'festive board' to consist of an immense hemlock table, on which the officers cast an inquiring glance, without, of course, a remark.

'You are,' said he, 'admiring this; and well you may: it is fine, and such as only an American forest can furnish. I saw the tree from which it was sawn, standing in the wood, and struck the first blow for its fall. The honest woodsman — and he was a sawyer too — promised me one of its largest boards; I only obtained it yesterday, and am pleased with the opportunity of honoring you in its christening.'

Bear-skins, spread upon the ground all along the side of it, were the only seats, and in a moment were considered easy; while the position of his lordship was at the head, and for greater convenience of seeing, upon a log, yet when seated, quite barricaded from a view of his guests by an enormous pot of pork and beans. It was a favorite dish with him: he had seen it served up in perfection in New-England, and being in the raw material convenient of transportation, he had made it a standing article, and the Sunday dinner in camp also. Now taking from his pocket a sheath, he produced his knife and fork, in good order, and commenced dividing the pork, so that each in helping himself might better estimate, and so graduate for the demand of his appetite, hoping at the same time that every soldier was, as necessity required, provided with a knife like his own, which he had found better than any he had used while in the army. In the absence of even a jack-knife, their awkwardness in the prospect of using their fingers can be imagined; but his lordship relieved their embarrassment at the instant by presenting a duplicate of his own to each. The Americans apologized for their thoughtlessness, but others were not expected to be familiar with the peculiar etiquette at colonial camp-dinners, especially where the party was large, and given by a nobleman scrupulously fastidious about *convenient* style. There can be no doubt that convenience was a leading feature, and eminently consulted in the arrangement, of the entertainment.

Lord Howe's discipline was now applied to every part of the army, although it was perhaps more rigidly observed in his own regiment. All were equally cheered by his civility and self-sacrificing nature: and the details in which he engaged for the general health and comfort surprised all, and endeared him beyond any comparison. In the time of George the Second, all know that long, profuse, and well-dressed hair was the pride of courtiers, and considered the greatest of ornaments. His, which was very abundant, he sacrificed agreeably to his own general orders, having it cut short as it could be with shears. Every officer and soldier was heralding his excellences. One of the New-Hampshire school-masters, then a high private, wrote a letter, which was 'deemed worthy of print,' dated From Camp, May 31, 1758, and sent to Portsmouth. It appeared in the '*Boston News-Letter*' of June 22, 1758, and says:

'I need not inform you, I suppose, how justly is celebrated Lord Howe for his soldier-like constitution, his bold enterprising spirit, and every other military accomplishment; with how much care he has been forming his regular troops to the method of bush-fighting all this season; so that 't is said he has made them dexterous at it almost as the rangers. In order to this he has ordered all the coats of his regiment to be cut short, to make them as light as possible; and has sacrificed a fine head of hair of his own as an example to the soldiers, which they have followed, so that not a man is to be seen with his own hair.

'The strength of his constitution enables him to undergo all hardships; and 't is his opinion that every officer ought to be able to do the same, and live and fare like the common men. To this end he has forbidden all his officers supernumerary baggage when they march on the enemy's country, as being only a useless incumbrance to the army; and has allowed them only so much clothing as may be sufficient, and no provisions but such as come from the commissaries; and I hear he has put two or three officers under arrest for refusing to obey these commands; and 't is very likely they will be broke for setting bad examples to the army. His soldiers love and fear him, and are willing to comply with all his commands, because he first sets them an example. What great things might not an army like this effect with a few officers like Lord Howe.'

General Abercrombie arrived at Albany, and the accumulated army, numbering more than thirteen thousand men, all in high spirits, presented a show of military grandeur which had never been equalled on the shores of the Hudson. Batteaux and other craft, stores and amunition, were going on to the forwarding place, Fort Edward, in the charge of boatmen and teamsters, hired from all parts of the country. Lord Howe moved forward with one-half of the army, arriving at Fort Edward on the eighth of June; the second division, under the commander-in-chief, following immediately, and obliged by various narrow passes to defile, the whole army extended, as described by a writer of the day, more than seventeen miles.

Here the rangers were in camp, having returned from their various excursions, and their number, increased to six hundred strong, were considered an important part of the army. Even before the second division arrived, detached parties of the rangers were sent again in various directions. One, under Rogers in person, was ordered to Lake George, with fifty men, to take a portion of the boats along in wagons, and thence proceed to Ticonderoga, obtain a plan of the landing, the ground to the fort, the force there, as nearly as possible, and its condition. 'This region,' said his lordship to Rogers, 'may be called your parish; it has had your labors for years. You are expected to execute your mission as soon as possible, and rejoin us.' He marched at the instant, and arriving at the lake, launched his little fleet of five boats the same night, running them into the small bay at Sea Island, known now to all travellers as 'Gaylord's Bay,' for reasons which appear elsewhere. Beautifully hid from view, this bay was for the scouts a favorite mooring-place. Grouping about it historical reminiscences of romantic interest, the visitor is at a loss whether to fix his mind upon the thrilling incidents of its history, or the extraordinary beauty which nature has lavished upon it. Its commerce now consists of a sailing craft, matchless in speed and neatness, the 'L. Gaylord Clark,' and certain swift row boats, well known to tourists, under the command of Admiral (John) Nelson and the famous Skipper Linus White; but it is doubted whether adventures are less numerous or striking in any gay summer season of the present age than in the period of our history.

Rogers, in the gray of the morning, was off, and landing at a point near the north end of the lake, proceeded to reconnoitre in the vicinity of the fort. At length he took his position in the topmost branches of

a tree, with two watching at convenient distances, and had nearly completed the required plan of the fort, when suddenly his whole party was discovered, and surrounded on all sides except the rear. They maintained their position with great spirit, until nearly closed in on that quarter, when they broke through with a loss of eight of their own party and three of the enemy killed. Now entirely disbanded, and running in all directions through the forest, and over five miles from their boats, in less than two hours they rallied at that rendezvous, their leader at their head: so well skilled were our scouts in the geography of these northern wilds.

Returning without a moment's delay to report discoveries, his estimation of the force of the French, (which he supposed to be three thousand and more,) and to give his plan of the fort, Rogers met Lord Howe at Halfway Brook, encamped with three thousand men, having marched from Fort Edward so far toward Lake George. Not waiting here, he proceeded and reported to General Abercrombie at Fort Edward, who now ordered him at the head of all the rangers, six hundred, to join Lord Howe, which he did, and on the 22d of June they arrived at the lake; Rogers with his rangers encamping on the sloping plain near old King Hendrick's Spring, which issues from the brow of the mountain on the west side of the Lake House, and Lord Howe, for reasons best known to himself, on the levelled ruins and ashes of Fort William Henry.

Determined from this moment that no preparation on the part of the French for the great battle in contemplation should be unknown, Lord Howe kept continually active small parties of the rangers, joining them frequently himself, for a day, with some of the regulars. They were continued by his orders for eight days, and on two of these some four or six men were captured and carried to the French fortress. The contests often depended on the relative number, or first surprise, for a French scout was in many cases a match for the Anglo-American; and personal rencontre, man to man, with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, in fearful struggle, decided the contest. Let all the little isles of the lake, the border valleys, the mountain peaks, and the pure waters, repeat their history, and the romance and chivalry of any age appear for their comparison.

The morning of Wednesday, June 28, 1758, brought the advance, and on that day the remaining grand division of the army, under the commander-in-chief, Major-General Sir James Abercrombie, in person, arrived on the ground at the head of the lake. And now the positions of this varied and vast army, defined in order on the rising plains and hills, ascending from the water's edge, and half encircling it, presented a scene of magnificence and grandeur rarely equalled in the New World.

For far earlier encampments all the grounds intervening from the water, over the site of Fort George, to the embankment and lines, which may yet be seen on Gage Mountain, were cleared, and also from the ruins of William Henry, in the rear, to beyond the thousand graves of the French, then curving and following outside the lines of Montcalm, (thrown up by him during his siege of the fort,) and across the old

Hendrick Spring, (enclosing the present mansion grounds of the Honorable Forest Sherrill,) and beyond to the small rivulet on the north. Such was the site which Nature and the woodman afforded for the encampment. Rural and quiet now, the peaceful sheep and their young, undisturbed, may be seen roaming and feeding over its extensive surface. It presents still the same primitive beauty and the same appearance, excepting that a few houses here and there dot it, and tall pines, which for near a hundred years have grown from the graves of the heroes of the memorable siege of William Henry.

The most brilliant characteristic of the army was not the military equipage or the vastness and splendor of the encampment; but these will have their place, and when considered for a moment, lead captive the imagination. It was the marked individuality by which it was distinguished. There were the courtiers of a great kingdom, with the red chiefs of the North-American wilds; the proud and giant grenadiers, from the romantic and terrible warfare in the East, with the singularly varied ploughmen and peasantry of the provinces; the highly-disciplined corps of a nobleman in perfect harmony with the humblest trappers; and the unsubdued clan, just from the mountain fastnesses of Scotland, claiming brotherhood with the athletic ranger from the hills and valleys of New-England.

The vice-royals of the different colonies came not to be idlers or mere witnesses of the determined loyalty which was now eager for the contest. Subordinate commands were given to their sons; and here the only son of our own greatest philosopher won his early fame, and for all time was commended to the British crown to receive its high favor. William Franklin was then in the warm blood of his manhood, not having completed his twenty-seventh year.

The distinguishing characters of the British regulars; their different corps, and their widely-extended fame; together with the American regulars from all the colonies, and the inimitable rangers, mostly from the granite hills of New-Hampshire: all these, though particular mention of each has necessarily been short, it is hoped are understood. None can doubt that to all appearance we possessed the elements of success. But of the Highlanders—since the tale of their chivalry at the storming is yet the wonder of even military men—a word is due.

Twenty-two years from the death of Rob Roy, many yet lived who promised faithfully to wear his mantle, and fight as fearlessly as he had fought. Those men were here; and many of them had been famed in the clans and in the 'Black Watch' long before their present regiment was formed. In their mountain passes, from the higher cliffs they had battled against the most fearful odds. No Scott with the pen of romance had then blazoned the fame of Robert Macgregor; but his actions, simply narrated, were the familiar subjects of the camp. 'I saw the dead lion in his coffin; finally in the arms of his conqueror!' said an old Highlander, who was at his funeral. 'And the only conqueror,' said another, 'that a Rob Roy will ever know: he may be defeated, but conquered never!'

This old plaided soldier in the tent used to entertain the curious New-Englanders with the story of the circumstance which made Mac-

gregor an outlaw, before the rebellion of 1715; and a Highlander, pilgrim-like (the worthy Mr. Cameron, with his neat little tavern), now occupies the presumed site of that tent in this classical scene. Stevens, Stark, Williams, Putnam, and many others, long after, at their firesides, related these stories.

Macgregor was a drover, and held partnership with Lord Montrose. Misfortune finally befell them, and his lordship, though always ready to accept the gain, refused to share when reverse came, and demanded his investment, with interest. To this Macgregor demurred, and no settlement was ever had. 'For,' says he, 'if these be your principles, I shall not make it my principle to pay you the interest, nor my interest to pay you the principal!' In the rebellion of 1715 Rob Roy was away from his home; and a suit, of course without defence, gave Montrose possession. Macgregor was desperate, and said: 'His Grace shall never have the enjoyment of my lands!' He declared open war against him, gave up his regular business of a drover, and having a band of twenty followers, declared that the estate of Montrose forever after should supply him with cattle, and that he would make the duke rue the day he had quarrelled with him. For more than twenty years, until his death, he levied regular contributions, in broad day as well as at night, and in the most systematic manner. In his war against Montrose he was encouraged and even sheltered by the Duke of Argyle. Montrose reproached Argyle, who answered, that if he *sheltered* the outlaw, Montrose supported and fed him. The listeners by the margin of Lake George greeted the narration with a 'Huzza for the Duke of Argyle!'

The anniversary prospective—the fourth of July, just eighteen years anterior to the immortal declaration—was a gala day of singular magnificence at 'The Holy Lake.' It may challenge comparison in coming ages. The sun of that morning revealed the entire strength of the army—fifteen thousand three hundred and ninety-one strong—and the green mountains in whose deep lap rested mirroring waters, echoed the noise of their cannon, rolling on to the listening ears of the French. More beautiful the harmonious echo of their thousand bugles, the Highland pipes, and the varied instruments of each corps. Here was a regalia, and a regatta-party of nations, costumed with all the varied colors of military pomp, of royal courts, of clans, provinces, and the forest. And the lake, calm and still, faithfully reflected the beauty and grandeur of the scene. The encampment rose, amphitheatre-like, from the water's edge, and every eye saw it. And night, on the fourth, closed with the whole army in complete order, and in high spirits for the grand embarkation.

Day-light on the morning of the fifth had not fully appeared, and at the order, all the tents were struck, three vast columns formed, and the embarkation was made. Three points greatly facilitated its extraordinary rapidity. One called the 'French Dock,' which was in front of the ruins of William Henry; the second, 'Fort George Dock,' and the third, 'King Hendrick.' The latter was temporary, made of wood, and is supposed to be on the identical site of the present steam-boat landing. The two former, in interesting ruins may yet be seen, though

by the changes of time, covered by quite three feet of water. A standard in his geography, Mr. Horace Welch, has made hundreds his debtor by navigating over and pointing out the ruins.

The centre division was formed of the grenadiers, Highlanders, and the rest of the regulars, with the first and fourth battalions of the Royal Americans and Rangers, commanded by Lord Howe. The right and left wings were formed of the Provincials; the advance guard, in great strength, was commanded by Colonel Gage on the right, and Major Rogers on the left. The entire fleet consisted of nine hundred batteaux, one hundred and thirty-five whale-boats, numerous rafts carrying the artillery, and the two immense floating castles, highly decorated, each with two mounted cannon. This preceded directly the central column, and from them the English flag waved the highest. The parallel columns, now moving, extended from shore to shore and covered the lake for seven miles and-a-half. The advance guard, the rafts and castles extended one mile farther on. In the narrower places, passing Diamond and other islands, they defiled, forming subdivisions.

Twenty-five miles brought the army to Sabbath-Day Point at five in the afternoon. Here the army halted till ten o'clock, lighting immense fires at nine, which illuminated the picturesque scenery with their vast numbers, and favored the belief, with the French, a large advance of which were known to be in the neighborhood, that the army was to rest here till morning. It however moved onward, Lord Howe in front, accompanied by Colonel Bradstreet, Major Rogers, and Lieutenant Holmes; and the latter was despatched from this advance to observe the landing place, and the force of the enemy there. He returned and reported a party in possession, which he discovered by their fires, and which immediately deserted on the approach of the main army.

And now of the French: to them the vast preparations, under Abercrombie, for the capture of Ticonderoga were known early in the summer; and the night fires and the morning light revealed their fearful strength to their advance, and even to the eagle eye of Montcalm, who with a scout had left his camp for the purpose of observation. The Governor of Canada, the Marquis de Vandreuil, displayed his energy in bringing to the defence his bravest men. Montcalm had arrived at the Fort on the twentieth of June, and pushing on with six regiments, he encamped at the 'Lower Falls,' now the village of Ticonderoga, half-way between the Fort and the landing. On the first of July, he sent a large detachment from his own encampment here, and on the second others followed; and pushing on over the mountains, descried the vastness of the display at Sabbath-Day Point.

Two miles himself from the landing, Montcalm was advised of every position and movement of Abercrombie, and also of the fatigue his advanced regiments had suffered in their hurried march back to the vicinity of the landing and his own camp. They knew the importance of this intelligence to Montcalm and their own safety. Three hundred men were ordered as if to oppose the landing, but in reality to watch the proceedings; for on the debarkation of the English they fled, setting fire to their tents, and destroying all in their power, such as ovens,

provisions and liquors. 'But,' says one English account, 'a great number of sheep, poultry, a prisoner and one dead man, we found in their logged camp.' Hurrying on one mile, they apprised M. de Bourlemaque, and joining him, with his detachment of five hundred Frenchmen and Indians, they retreated to unite with Montcalm at his main camp. There can be no doubt of the consternation of the French in their present situation, pressed on in this most hurried manner by the immense advance of the English. Although well skilled in the geography of the forest, they were bewildered.

Our army on landing at nine o'clock, had formed and marched toward the enemy in four columns, preceded with all his rangers, by Major Rogers, who was ordered to take position on the mountain which bears north, on the left, one mile. Here the view of Rogers was complete; but the columns were advancing, and at the moment, none of his information was available. He saw Montcalm distinctly, with his main force posted on the south, within much less distance than cannon shot, and estimated his numbers at fifteen hundred. And the right column of the centre division, commanded by Lord Howe, having advanced to near the little rivulet (called now 'Trout Brook,' which enters the outlet of the lake near the 'lower falls,') fell in with the French, at this time half confused, as before mentioned. In his column were Colonels Lyman, Fitch and Delancey, with their provincial regiments, who had formed his front and received their first fire. Rogers at this moment so received from the French, was informing his superiors of the position of the enemy under Montcalm, and for the instant believed the French in great numbers, in ambush. Captain Burbank with one hundred and fifty men, was ordered to remain at Rogers's first position to watch the motion of Montcalm, while Rogers himself, with the remainder of his force, fell upon the enemy's left — the river covering the right.

Rallying from their bewilderment, and desperate in their position, believing themselves hemmed in on all sides, the fire of the French and their Indians was severe, and the action became general. From the uneven nature of the ground, and the densely thick and tangled underbrush, there was little form or order now in the battle; and scarcely a company of fifty could remain in line or form in any position, formidable or imposing. The sun was bright, and shining through the thick-branched trees, and revealing distinctly the determined face of each. The struggle was hand to hand, between the Frenchman and the Saxon. Now rushing farther forward to the strongest position of the French, Lord Howe, apparently baring his breast to scores, saw the very musket aiming and within twenty feet of him, which a moment more he would have stricken down; but which alas! discharged too soon the fated messenger by which he was instantly killed. Governor Delancey of New-York was within fifteen feet of him when the ball pierced directly the young nobleman's breast, and leaping forward, with others whose eyes had been intent on the fearless hero, the pride of the army and the hope of his country fell into the arms of those who loved him. 'He is dead,' said Delancey; 'onward every one, and avenge his death!'

Enraged at the loss of their favorite, the provincials, rangers, and some of the English regulars fought with renewed earnestness and energy. The French, disdaining to yield, would make no formal surrender; but being overpowered and pressed in every direction by the vastly outnumbering English, were slain or captured singly, in their ambuscades, or behind trees, in parties of two or three. Two hundred were killed, one hundred and forty-eight taken prisoners, and the remainder, supposed to be about seventy-five, escaped in the depths of the forest. The loss of the English, killed and severely wounded, was twenty-two, including Lord Howe. So closed the events and catastrophe of the day; the army that night resting on the battle-ground.

The single loss of Lord Howe neutralized those triumphant reflections usual after a victory. The leading spirit of the expedition, his fall was considered ominous that the whole was ill-starred; and the darkness of night but harmonized with the forebodings of nearly all the army. 'He was,' said Abercrombie, 'very deservedly and universally beloved and respected throughout the whole army. It is easy to conceive the grief and consternation his untimely fall occasioned. I cannot help owning that I felt it most heavily, and lament him as sincerely.'

No death at that time, nor in the campaign of that year, could have created more universal regret. From every section of the empire, in court, in camp, and even in the domestic circles of the provincials, were echoed the same feelings of mourning which pervaded the army that had been under his immediate command. He was the favorite of Pitt, and greatly beloved by him. George Grenville, August twenty-third, 1758, in his letter of condolence to the minister, says: 'I was not personally acquainted with Lord Howe, but I admired his virtuous, gallant character, and regret his loss accordingly. You have a melancholy task indeed, affected as you justly are with this public and private sorrow, to communicate the death of Lord Howe to a mother and brother that most tenderly loved him.' Early after the news of his death reached England, the mother, Spartan-like, wrote to her son then at Louisbourg, urging him to be brave in the service of his country. 'Perish you,' said she, 'with your sword, or upon it! Sustain and perpetuate the name and the fame of him you so fondly loved.' She also published the following address to his countrymen in the public papers of the day:

'*To the Gentlemen, Clergy, Freeholders and Burgesses of the Town and County of Nottingham:*

'As Lord Howe is now absent upon the public service, and Lieutenant-Colonel Howe is with his regiment at Louisbourg, it rests upon *me* to beg the favor of your votes and interest that Lieutenant-Colonel Howe may supply the place of his late brother as your representative in Parliament. Permit me, therefore, to *implore the protection of every one of you, as the mother of him whose life has been lost in the service of his country.*

'CHARLOTTE HOWE.

'*Albemarle-street, September* 14, 1758.'

The Assembly of Massachusetts voted and made a liberal appropriation, of which the people heartily approved, for the erection of a monument to be placed in Westminster Abbey; and there, among the heroes of Britain, is placed a remembrance of his virtues and of his fame by the munificence of that old colony. 'This,' said the king, 'is doubly gratifying; it showed him loved where his services were best known.

It is the boon of a grateful and brave people. The North-American colonists knew him well.'

To New-York fell the trust of receiving and safely guarding his remains; and, if for no other reason, the ancient city of Albany may be considered interesting in historical reminiscence, for within its borders were enacted very many of the interesting events of his life, and with its soil mingled the ashes of one of the bravest and most companionable heroes of the times, and the favorite grandson of a good old king. For nearly a century legends of his life, and incidents attending his death have been faithfully treasured by the Schuylers and the Cochrans; and to the most eloquent descendant of that generation who were the companions of the young nobleman, our townsman, John Cochran, may we not look for some scattered leaves in the history of a nobleman who marked the age with republican simplicity and valor?

Till within the last third of a century an old ranger lived who was in that battle, and who often made pilgrimages to the very spot where Lord Howe fell; and he has pointed it out to many who yet live to identify it. No monument marks it; and it is to be regretted that the road now most commonly travelled diverges from the main battle-ground. Nearly one mile north from the Lower Falls, on the outlet of Lake George, close by the little rivulet called Trout Brook, upon its western margin, legend points out the scene. The noise of battle and din of war are no longer heard, but the little rivulet murmurs in all its primitive charm, the wild deer bounds over the sacred mound where he fell, and the forest trees shade it; and there, among the oaken leaves, the pure air, fresh from the everlasting mountains which sacredly guard it, 'sings the warrior's requiem.'

Early on the morning of the seventh a strange order was passed for the army to march back to the landing; the general-in-chief alleging this to be the safest place for the prisoners, and to recruit the men, considerably fatigued, from their battle and from passing one entire night on the water, succeeded by their difficult march, and wakefulness under arms during the night. Here the army arrived at eight o'clock, and the prisoners were placed on the little island always since known as 'Prisoners' Island.' The subsequent escape of the prisoners was afterward a subject of great merriment to the French, and of equal chagrin and mortification to the English. The island is connected with the main land by a ledge rising to within some eighteen inches of the surface of the water, which, strange to say, was not perhaps known to the English commander. The prisoners themselves of course were silent regarding the facilities of the place for their temporary exile, and night had scarcely closed when nearly every one of them 'walked off,' or as Montcalm afterward drily said, 'took French leave.' Many thanks to the antiquarian, the courteous commander of the steamer 'Caldwell,' for pointing the traveller's attention to this little isle; the monument of that most ludicrous 'military operation.' It is within a few hundred yards of the present steam-boat landing, just south of the point ever memorable as 'Howes' Landing.'

By this time Abercrombie supposed himself well informed with regard to the country intervening between his army, now again at the

landing, and the strong-hold of the French, as he had marched over the ground twice to within one mile and a half of their lines, and reconnoitered the whole distance, which is four miles. Knowing that the most considerable force of the enemy, under Montcalm, at the Saw-Mills, (site of the present villlage of Ticonderoga,) had not been engaged in the fight of the day before, he determined to dislodge them, and bring them to combat before they could join the stronger body on the plain before the fort.

Seven thousand, nearly one half of the army under General Bradstreet, at eleven o'clock marched to the attack. The force consisted of the batteau men, rangers under Captain John Stark, provincials, and the forty-fourth regiment and six battalions of the best disciplined regulars. Arriving at the first falls, the location overlooking the site of the enemy's encampment, it was believed to be in flames, and hurrying on, the bridge spanning the stream was found destroyed. Here the versatile mechanism of Stark, the rangers and provincials, was available; the bridge was rebuilt, and the troops immediately occupied the position which Montcalm, with his fifteen hundred men, had escaped from during the march and consequent delay of Abercrombie in returning to the landing. At three o'clock General Bradstreet sent information to Abercrombie of his position; and that night the whole army, excepting a few left at the landing to guard the stores, etc., and the four hundred and fifty rangers under Rogers, who were ordered to occupy the battle ground of the previous day, encamped on the spot where the French general had been securely posted during the day and night, within scarcely twenty minutes' march.

I digress. Eighty-one years had passed; thousands from the old and new world had visited this spot, the tent-ground of Montcalm, Abercrombie, and the marshalled chivalry of their time; when came the great republican statesman, the William Pitt of our time — Henry Clay. It was near the anniversary of the greatest battle in the colonial history of America. In his northern tour in 1839 from the lakes, following the St. Lawrence and the waters of Champlain, hundreds had interrupted his progress, and hither hundreds had assembled to meet him. He had examined minutely the ruined battlements of the old fort and of the French lines, and now across the portage, by stage of four miles, he was *en route* to take the little steamer through Lake George. Here at the small tavern, half way, the hardy yeomanry thronged to greet him, and he gave that hearty and cordial recognition, peculiarly his own, to all who pressed in his way.

At length the name of '*Apollos Austin*, a soldier of the Revolution,' was pronounced, and an old gentleman far advanced in years took Mr. Clay's hand. '*Apollos*,' said the latter, pleasantly, 'is a Bible name, and I suppose he is doing its good commands now while 'Paul may plant;' for happily we trust we need fight no more.' 'No, no,' said the other; 'but for all that I am a 'Green Mountain Boy,' and *could* fight as well now as ever in my life, if it need be. I have come a good many miles to-day to see one whom I have longed to see for more than forty years; and since I *have* seen Henry Clay, and shaken his honest hand, I must say this is the proudest and happiest day I have ever

lived. I feel,' he continued, good humoredly, 'like Simeon of old when he said: 'O LORD, let now thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!'' At this moment the cheers of the crowd shook the little inn, and Mr. Clay attempted to interrupt a speech which was becoming a little too adulatory; but the old veteran continued: 'You have spent your whole life in the service of your country; you have been its salvation twice, if not thrice; I shall die before you, but you may yet live to save it again, if it should be in danger. I know you will save it always while you do live, and that will be forever, for your example and self-sacrifice will live always in our hearts and in history. You see the green hills yonder — there live the Green Mountain boys: true as steel, they honor and love Henry Clay!'

The statesman could not be diverted in his second attempt to interrupt the harangue, and rising with the dignity naturally inspired by the spot itself, yet simple in his reply, he said: 'FATHER AUSTIN, you have done me quite too much honor. It is true I love my country, and have endeavored to serve it in my day; but my services have been feeble. Yours commenced earlier. At that time doubts and uncertainties, and the severest trials, hardships, fatigues, privation and sufferings, attended all your struggles for freedom. If I have ever done any thing toward sustaining my country, you have done infinitely more than I, for you helped to form it. It was not completely a free and independent country until your services, and the services of such as you, made the world acknowledge its independence. These then have been greater than mine; and your hardships and battles were never mine to endure. You perhaps have camped here upon this very ground; have marched in the winter over these hills with unshod and bleeding feet. This has never been my fortune. My services have been small and my comforts many.'

By this time the venerable soldier had become engrossed with the remarks of the statesman, and he was silent. Mr. Clay was in the mean time often interrupted by the cheers of the numbers around, who crowded about him, shouting 'Go on! go on!' He continued: 'Gentleman, I thank you. I thank you for this cordial and hearty evidence of your friendship. When I see your great hills in all their primitive strength and beauty, I am impelled to consider the inhabitants of such a region firm and true. To me you are only too generous, for your kind feelings seem to flow as freely as the pure waters of your beautiful Lake George, of which I learn this is the hurrying outlet.

'One says he has come some twelve miles to see me; I may say I have come as many hundred to see you; to see what I might see; the country and its inhabitants, with its vast rivers and mountains and lakes, the inland seas of the west, which border a large extent of our country on the north. There among our neighbors in Canada I was taught the value of our citizenship, and of the name of 'American citizen.' For there civilities were extended me, marked and cordial, from a people but yesterday our enemies, with whom we were battling for the possession of this very spot and of yonder old fort. Now a great and powerful nation are happy and proud to be our friends. For no kingdom is too mighty or too remote to respect and honor the name, 'American citizen.'

'You, gentlemen, fathers, (I understand there are others present beside Mr. Austin,) have fought to make that name. I honor you, our country honors you, the world honors you! You have told me that you are Green Mountain boys; though your faces may be strange, I know you all. Your abodes are the dwellings of freedom. For more than a thousand years the spirit of liberty has made the hills and mountain fastnesses its unconquered home. From there it has never been driven or exterminated.

'From the green hills of the Tyrol, the Grampians of Scotland, the highest mountain peaks of Switzerland, the voice of liberty undismayed has been heard in its majesty, causing despotism to fear and tremble. And living on through ages of tyranny and oppression, its valiant deeds have been echoed from your own Green Mountains, at the sight of which our hearts warm with pride for the patriotism of those men of yore called Green Mountain Boys! Let us consider those mountains, which delight the eye of every traveller and the heart of every freeman, as great watch-towers to guard our liberty, and as everlasting monuments of our early chivalry and fame.

'No portion of my journey has interested me more than this: the natural grandeur of the scenery, both mountain and water, the battle-grounds and the crumbling ruins of the old fort, the most extensive in our country, and once the mighty fortress of contending kingdoms. Your agricultural industry is manifested by your rich valleys and well cultivated hills; your shepherds are more than princes; and the free air of heaven, nowhere purer than here, has given you health and energy and a green old age. They who once made their foot-prints here, and left the track of their snow-shoes where we stand, and glided over these waters in their canoes, doing valiant and chivalric service, are silent now. But few of that race of men are left. The gratitude of a free country attends them; new honors every year cluster about them. You have honored me, fellow citizens, by your presence, and by your cordial and hearty greetings. Grateful for that honor, in the fulness of my heart, again I thank you.'

The distinguished traveller hurriedly resumed his seat in the stage-coach, amid the echoing huzzas of the young yeomanry, and the tearful joy of the old. The statesman was doubtless alive to these manifestations; he had really contributed to the patriotic pride of all, and made the heart of many an old man happy. But to return.

Before day-break, on the morning of the fatal eighth, the commander-in-chief sent Colonel Clark, chief engineer, and Captain Abercrombie, with Stark and one or two other rangers, to reconoitre the position and strength of the enemy. They took observation from nearly the summit of Mount Defiance, which overlooked the Fort, the grounds, and newly-made entrenchments, and reported it practicable to carry those works if attacked immediately, as the lines appeared unfinished, and the breast-work of much less height than, unfortunately, they proved to be when the army marched to the assault.

Ticonderoga — that part which includes the military grounds as they appeared at that time, and just as they appear now, except that the fort is in ruins — extends from the point of land made by the joining

waters of the two lakes; and running back, on the shore of each, near one mile, it forms that peninsula; and here, at this distance from the point, the first wall of the fort — 'the old French lines' as they are now called — extended entirely across from Lake George outlet to Lake Champlain, three-fourths of a mile. In this triangular form, within their strong entrenchment, lay the whole French army.

At sunrise, four hundred and fifty Indians, under their favorite commander, Sir William Johnson, arrived and joined Abercrombie. And now, with the entire strength of the army — in the belief deduced from the engineer's report, together with the unanimous statement of the prisoners, that a large reinforcement of three thousand Canadians, under M. de Levi, which had been designed for attack on the British and Indians on the Mohawk river, would soon arrive — the English General determined on making the attack at once; and the army was again put in motion. The French scouts outside the lines, from their elevated positions — at one time in the tops of trees — reported to Montcalm their approach, and the main strength of the French was soon brought to the entrenchments from their various positions between the garrison and the breast-work. The information given by the prisoners, whether designed or not, was incorrect; the force under De Levi were only eight hundred, and had been with the garrison several days. In fact, the entire numbers of the French did not exceed three thousand, and they often reported much less.

The great strength of the breast-work and entrenchment was in the centre; while the extremes, near the waters on each side, the breast-work, of much less height, and made up of a few trees, was comparatively easy of assault. In the centre, the idol of the army, the brave Montcalm, brought up his most reliable and chivalric troops, consisting of Royal Roussellon and other sharp-shooters; and the position, it is said, he did not change during the entire seige. To this day the spot is plainly identified. being but ninety yards north of the travelled road, just a few yards in the rear of the old lines.

On the right, M. de Levi, held his command, consisting of the regiments, La Reine, Bearne, and Guienne; while the left was occupied by M. de Bourlemaque, commanding other strong forces, determined, as he said, to avenge his defeat in the woods on the sixth; and the provincials, Canadian militia and Indians, were stationed within and behind those military works which then flanked the strongest part of the lines, and which show now, though in ruins, the extensive fortifications on the plain. They were designed to mount powerful batteries, and will interest the visitor while they last, and the history of this affair is not forgotten. But the most formidable auxiliary to the defences of the French, was an immense forest of oak-trees felled in front of the lines for one hundred yards, the branches sharpened and pointing outward. This, together with the natural slope of the ground, from the works all the way to the now approaching English army, was regarded as an impassable barrier to its advance upon the breast-work. The primitive growth of the oak forests at that time, and its denseness on that peninsula, can scarcely be imagined. But the French army was composed of men suited to the times — they were woodsmen as well as soldiers;

and no military barricade, so much the birth of instant exigencies, in our country has equalled it, save perhaps the cotton bales at New Orleans.

The English army having advanced to within half a mile of the entrenchments, orders were passed, and the positions of the vast force defined. On the left, the American rangers; in the centre, the batteaumen of Bradstreet; on the right, the light infantry, to no more than three yards distance from the breast-work, and in a line; and in the rear of these on the left, the first battalion of the New-York regiment; and on the right, the six Massachusetts regiments. These were to support the regiments of the regulars in case they should be forced to retire, and they were to be reïnforced by the Connecticut and New-Jersey troops bringing up the whole. The provincials near and outside the breast-work extended on either side from Lake Champlain to Lake George outlet, excepting a space directly in front of Montcalm. This was reserved open for the ready march of the regulars for the storming of this the strongest position.

A lieutenant of the New-Hampshire rangers led the advance guard, when, being met by a body in ambush, within three hundred yards of the entrenchments, and fired upon, he halted and made a return, which for a moment disordered the order of the columns. Rogers, with the advancing rangers, immediately forming a front, maintained the ground, while the army was marching up to their positions. So far the fire of the French had not killed one man. Aware of the disorder which another discharge would create, the French again made a scathing fire without the breast-work. Impetuous and regardless of orders, the rangers diverged, and instead of taking the position contemplated in their orders, commenced firing on the enemy on the right. By this means Colonel Delancy's New-York force, which was to have taken post in the rear, was surprised by the French, and suffered their fire for nearly an hour with some loss, when the enemy were driven within their breast-work. This skirmishing and bush-fighting continued from half-past ten till nearly one o'clock, the places of action changing but little in the time.

The formidable defences were now distinctly revealed to the English army; they saw the abattis of felled trees, and the breast-work of earth, nine feet in height; and in one account of the affair, the narrator says, 'the Indians all went off.' The battery commenced its destructive fire on the centre of the army, and at one o'clock, under the most scorching rays of the July sun, the order was given for the attack by the regulars. They were directed on their peril, not to fire till they were within the breast-work; the grenadiers, with unfaltering steps, led the way; and invincible only by fatal shots, they steadily marched up to the tangled abattis; and then, their shattered columns, fearfully thinned, pressed onward, unfaltering, through the one hundred yards of felled trees, to the trenches in front of the breast-work, which they found to be nearly twenty feet wide. They were closely followed by the fifty-fifth regiment — Lord Howe's, which had been so faithfully trained by him — considered the flower of the British army, and — following others of the regulars — one battalion of the Royal Americans.

Impatient and impetuous, the Highlanders rushed on, and with incredible success, their lighter equipments and broadswords favoring their way, and cutting through the felled trees, and raised on the shoulders of their fellows, many gained the breast-work, and overpowered, fighting hand to hand, died on the summit. The extraordinary prowess of Captain John Campbell, accounts of the day said, excited the terror of the French. 'Pierced by bayonets, and bleeding with fearful cuts and gashes on the face, given by incredible numbers, he yielded not till eleven balls had fatally wounded him at the same moment. His body fell outside the works, and was borne from the field by his comrades.' But the men of Rob Roy knew no living conqueror; undaunted, and enraged at the fall of so many of their associates, the orders for retreat were unheeded, and like mad lions they rushed on with renewed fury, and, carrying destruction, scores died within the lines, and in the very jaws of an overwhelming force. So fought this extraordinary body of men. Accounts of deeds of valor reveal but few such instances. Three hundred and fourteen were killed, and three hundred and thirty-three wounded. Every officer except two was either killed or wounded; and when at last the shattered remnant obeyed the call for retreat, they glanced at their allies and saw them fleeing, and then at the fallen heroes; while, strange to say, they were allowed, from the very trenches, undisturbed by a single shot, to hurry off with many of their gallant but slaughtered companions.

From the earliest written history of the Highland clans, down to their formation into the Black Watch, and then into a regiment, each had its old counsellor, whose sayings were their law; its prayer-makers, whose religion was almost their gospel, and their bards and songsters, who clothed their deeds in poetry and sung the requiems of their departed. At that day such was this unmixed regiment. But a few years from their native hills, they brought from them all their primitive superstitions, which they nursed in the camp, wherever service called, among the romantic scenery of the American wilds. Three days after the battle, at Fort Edward, when the green sod covered the rude grave of Campbell and a few others, a vacant stare was on the heavy countenances of all who were performing these rites to their fallen. Silently looking at each, at length one says: 'Who is our counsellor now? and who will sing our dirges?'

The same discipline which caused all the regulars in the first attack to face the cannon's mouth, controlled the other regiments during the action; though the sad story of their loss is not to be told like that of the forty-second Highlanders. Encouraged by every succeeding assault and retreat of those brave regiments, every distinct command being obeyed—joined by the Rangers, Royal Americans and provincials—the varied strength of the army was rushing on, filling up the broken lines, attacking in other positions, and the slaughter became general. The eloquent author of 'Hochelaga' says: 'Then fresh troops pressed on to the deadly strife, rivalling the courage and sharing the fate of those who had led the way. For nearly four hours, like the succeeding waves of an ebb-tide, they attacked again and again, each time losing somewhat of their vantage-ground; now fiercely

rushing on, unflinchingly enduring the murderous fire, then sullenly falling back to re-form their broken ranks for a fresh effort.'

And now, strangely, the enemy suddenly struck their colors and hoisted the English flag from one of their strong positions on the breast-work. A large force closed in the English columns and marched up; others along the lines pierced the breast-work with their bayonets, and were about scaling them, when a whole volley from the French cannon and muskets made fearful havoc. They had thrown grenade-shells and all the avalanche of their full force at one fell swoop, mowing down the thick and extended columns of the English army. Hundreds fell; the front and the rear suffered equally. The slaughter ceased; the fortunes of the day were decided; and a mass of human bodies, dying and dead, covered the ground far beyond the lines and strong battlements of the enemy. Nineteen hundred and forty-two were killed and wounded; and of these sixteeen hundred and eight were regulars, and three hundred and thirty-four provincials. Over their mangled carcases the survivors of this ill-starred expedition rushed on in the retreat.

The loss of the enemy was for the time supposed to be trifling, but proved to be three hundred and eighty. Still masters of Northern New-York, twelve months and thirteen days longer the proud flag of France floated on the fortress-battlements of Ticonderoga.

A SUMMER THOUGHT.

BY JOHN X. HOLMES.

How calm, how bright, how sweet, how clear
The smiles that come at noon-day here,
As if to woo the tribes of care
To turn and watch, forget and bear;
Forget those sorrows which their breasts
Have long embraced as weary guests;
Forget the throbs, the dreams, the throes
That Mammon's pale disciple knows;
Forget Ambition's force and sway,
And make with Peace one holiday!

Not here shall come to me, to me,
That thirst, that strife, that mockery
The world awakes, that passion feeds
Around the heart like worthless weeds!
Oh! let me stand apart and be
Baptized by Nature and by THEE,
Thou Great, thou Good, thou best above
This death, and dust, that mocks my love!

Pittsburgh, Pa., 1850.

A SONG OF EUROPE.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

'THE clergy did much toward accustoming mankind to prefer the authority of law to the power of the sword. At their instigation private wars ceased for certain periods and on particular days, and the observance of the 'TRUCE OF GOD' was guarded by the terrors of excommunication and anathema.'

MILLS' HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES.

OUR sires in the old time
Stayed arrow and sword,
And the earth tilled unfearing,
In truce with the LORD.

The war-cry no longer
Swelled loud o'er the plain,
But the laugh of the husbandman
Rang through the grain.

And the vintagers wakened
The song of the vine,
Where the ripe grape they gathered,
Or pressed out the wine.

Then the bride wore her garland
In gladness and glee;
Then the sad soul was shriven
Ere death set her free.

But when the full harvest
Was reaped from the land,
The bow-string was tightened,
Unsheathed was the brand.

Thus take we the ploughshare
While the sword lieth still,
From her blood-fattened waste lands
Earth's garners to fill.

And think, though our rulers
Feast full on our toil,
That we too shall gather
New strength from the soil.

For e'en while they revel,
Exulting in peace,
Our purpose will ripen,
Our might will increase.

Then look to our tillage,
Sow widely the corn;
And hail to the harvest
That waits us at morn!

For the arm of the reaper
Will sway in the grain,
Till our tyrants are stubble
And chaff on the plain.

AN INCIDENT IN CHURCH.

I SUPPOSE the spirit of every human Being—like a golden reach of Landscape in the richest warmth of Summer—to be, in some of its passages, at times overshadowed by clouds of despondency, or of foreboding, or of grief, or of regret. DAY, in its brilliancy, after the glory of the Sun hath rested in joy for some hours, creates and exalts these vapours of the natural world to soften and temper the ineffable light. And thus also, in the spiritual world, shadows not less certainly, after some hour of transport or of intellectual brightness, are made to pass across the firmament of the mind: or to dwell slowly; or to descend from on high and rest above like a tent of authority; or utterly to lower, or to overcast, or darken it.

Hereafter perhaps in some far-future state of the Soul's existence, it will be given us to know and comprehend if we should desire, how these vapours of the mind that we now construe into trials and sadnesses, may like the clouds of Earth have shaded sheltered refreshed sobered and fertilized the Soul. How out of these its apparent griefs and overshadowings the young leaf hath lifted its green head, and the herbage and fountains and brooks and woods of the moral world have renewed as in youth their anthem of Verdure and delight.

It is not so now. It is not so here. And it was with a depressed, a forlorn heart, that I made my way upon a Sunday morning into the Southern aisle of one of our distant churches, listening as I walked forward up the aisle to the deep and solemn Voluntary that precedes our noble service. I had hardly seated myself in a pew where I felt welcome, when that precious expression of the Warriour-King entered unexpectedly into my thoughts:

'ONE thing have I desired of the LORD; that will I seek after; that I might dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the LORD, and to enquire in HIS Temple.

'Wait on the LORD: be of good courage, and HE shall strengthen thine heart: Wait, I say, on the LORD.'

I was thus in the position so often and so zealously desired and longed for by the heroick Leader and King of Israel, the man of arms from his youth; and, during the dissentions of Israel, so fruitlessly and in vain longed for by him—nay more, within my own breast and small experience while travelling at different periods over the Continent of Europe, how often had I, even I, longed for one such Sabbath among my own people as was at this moment to be vouchsafed to me! What Protestant Christian traveller on the Continent of Europe hath not also yearned for this?

'If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church'——

How strong is the invocation, how numerous, how beautiful the associations that spring upward in the heart to fashion a reply? I was in the very spot where bells had knoll'd; and I felt the cloud that oppressed me preparing to fold up its tented outlines, and the Shadow to pass off at the brightening of these thoughts.

Yet still despondency and grief maintained themselves upon the

large field of my soul; and although the service was read by the voice that in reading I most love to hear; and which, in articulating the words of Holy Writ, not only with admirable discretion and musical emphasis, but with a knowledge that can but be the result of profound investigation, enriches the mind of the hearer with a fresher and more glorious knowledge of the Divine Love — still I remained in the darkness that foretells the storm.

The service proceeded and I participated in it, but nothing remarkable occurred either in the responses, or chaunting, or the singing of the psalm. But the priest gave out as the hymn for the occasion, the two concluding stanzas of the one hundred and forty-ninth; of which the following are the simple and touching verses:

'THE hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

'Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry;
We're travelling through IMMANUEL'S ground,
To fairer worlds on high.'

Then it was that a voice, from which no note had come before, took up the strain at it's first commencement, and carried it in every letter through to the termination of the Gloria Patri. It was a veiled voice: low, repressed, diminished. The most expert and best-taught Bullfinch in it's mellowest flow of miniature sound was never half so sweet, nor approached mid-way it's nicety of articulation: while it's compass, it's capacity was such, that before half the first stanza was completed you felt that, restrained and compressed as it was, it contained within it a thousand nightingales in ambush, all ready with their Tereu jug jug jug gurglings of liquid pleasure, with which they could in a moment have filled all arches of the vaulted church.

It played with Joy as at a game of Cup and Ball. And yet, in it's pathos, it recalled gone days that had long past. Enriching the present, and yet reconciling us to its flight. Other voices are coldly exact and critically dull in their admeasurement of Time; upon this, Time seemed to wait and linger and dwell, as upon a mistress of all Time and all Verse.

The clearness and elegance of her enunciation, the syllabick and yet not formal division of her words, the rising swell, and the cadence that seem'd too beautiful to die, all converted the strain into a musical rhetorick of thought; such as when verse and song were one.

With what an oleum lætitiæ, with what a liquid melody of gladness, did the letter L as often as it occurred delight the listener as it slid along the side of her coraline mouth! and the R, rolling over her little gracious tongue, how it loved her as it left the delicious concave for the open air! there to recount and to record and to reverberate her expressions of prayer and praise! It seemed as if there had never been any other Letter than the Letter R. 'Let every tear be dry.' Joy and goodness and religious fervour awakened at her call of hope and of assurance; the heart was consoled, refreshed; and to hear her was to know, if never known before, that the dew of GOD'S precious blessing of Woman descends upon the soul of man in the tones of her voice.

I longed ardently to behold her; but placed as I was, directly in her front, I felt that it would be rudeness, and that it might be profanation, to turn quite round as I must have done to gain a glimpse of those eloquent lips; and I abstained.

I was rewarded for the self-denial. My attention, undisturbed by any exercise of the sight, revelled in the fresh remembrance of her enchanting tones. I walked homeward alone, with every cloud dispersed, and every faculty exercised in listening, still listening, to the words and notes that she had breathed. It was one of the 'sacred sweets' yielded by 'the hill of Sion;' I felt it to be such; and I felt myself to be, may I not say it?

> —— 'travelling through IMMANUEL'S ground,
> To fairer worlds on high.'

I have been several times since then, perhaps I ought to say often since then, to the same church, at the same hour, and have seated myself in the same spot; but no such sound has again entranced my senses. I should distinguish the slightest note from that of any other voice, as readily, as certainly, as decide betwixt blue and crimson. From whom could it have proceeded? May it have been that the organs of some dumb Girl shall, utterly unknown to herself, have been occupied and employed by a wandering seraph that had descended to the surface of Earth to heal delight instruct console?—Oh VOICE, holy and pure! come once again to me before I depart and am no more! come to me even at the moment that I bid adieu to Earth, and teach me again of 'fairer worlds on High!' Oh VOICE! holy and pure! oh SPIRIT! beautiful, celestial, that canst not die, once only again before the golden bowl be broken, or ever the silver cord be loosed;—once, once again!

JOHN WATERS.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

Ye sons of Columbia! land of the brave,
Who roam far away on the ocean's bright wave,
To-day in our dear native land is unfurled
The banner of Freedom, the pride of the world!
From the East to the West, from the South to the North,
Each patriot welcomes the glorious Fourth:
The booming of cannon and martial array
Swells the splendor and pomp of this much-honored day;
Though no cannon peals loud o'er the ocean serene,
Nor the joy of a nation disturbs the still scene,
Yet the flag of our country floats brightly alone,
And who is not proud when he calls it his own?
E'en our gallant ship gaily skims o'er the blue sea,
As if conscious of bearing the Flag of the Free.
Then hip, hip, hurrah! for your banner unfurl'd,
And three hearty cheers for the pride of the world!

W. CRUTTENDEN BROWN.

THE ACTUAL.

Away! no more shall shadows entertain;
No more shall fancy paint and dreams delude;
No more shall these illusions of the brain
Divert me with their pleasing interlude:
Forever are ye banished, idle joys;
Welcome stern labor-life — this is no world for toys!

Blessed labor-life! victorious only he
Who in its lists doth valiantly contend;
For labor in itself is victory;
Yield never to repose; but let the end
Of Life's great battle be — the end of life;
A glorious immortality shall crown the strife.

A. A. X.

STORY OF THE MAN

WHOM NOBODY CAN BENEFIT, AND THE MAN WHOM NOBODY CAN INJURE.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

THE PREFACE.

In Queens county, Long-Island, a body of water called 'Success Pond' has long attracted the attention of the curious, by reason that one part of it seems unfathomable. The late Doctor Samuel L. Mitchell, of New-York, of learned memory, made many fruitless efforts to reach the bottom; and that his labors therein might not be wholly barren of interest to posterity, he stocked the pond with perch, which are now become so numerous, that between the pleasure of fishing for them, viewing the surrounding picturesque scenery, and searching for the unfathomable part of the pond, the place, under the name of 'Lakeville,' is become quite a fashionable resort for New-Yorkers during the heat of summer, and good hotels accommodate the many visitors. The following narrative, how puerile soever it may seem in other situations, is a part of the established amusement of the place, and is preserved at the best hotel in the front pages of a book in which visitors write their names. We have taken the liberty to transcribe the story literally as we found it, and principally for the philosophical purpose of showing what trifles will amuse even wise and grave people when they are in search of amusement; and hence presenting to the thoughtful, who are occasionally unhappy from lack of amusement, the question of whether the fault may not be in themselves rather than in external circumstances. These remarks must not, however, be construed as insinuating any mistrust of the narrative, for we would not commit so great an offence

against the tradilional glories of Lakeville. Indeed, we are firm believers in a plurality of worlds; a world of imagination at least, as well as a physical world; and as we deem the sorrows of the imaginative world more immedicable and less endurable than the sorrows of the physical world, we would be the last to abridge any man's imaginative pleasures.

THE STORY.

In this pond, many years ago a boy was fishing immediately over the unfathomable spot, as is conjectured; and of a sudden he felt that something uncommon was nibbling at his bait; and on jerking the line, he became assured that he had hooked a large prize. He pulled cautiously, but experienced much difficulty in raising his line; and when he succeeded, he was astonished at finding attached to his hook not a fish, but a young lady of surpassing beauty. The hook had caught her by the under lip, and while she moaned piteously, she said 'Harry, Harry, cut the line and permit me to descend, for I am not mortal but a Naiad, who reside in the deepest recesses of the pond.'

The boy possessed a turn for traffic, and he was determined to drag her ashore and exhibit her for money, as he had lately seen a live seal exhibited; which was nothing near as curious. The Naiad, however, became angry when she found that her tears and entreaties were disregarded; and catching the line with one of her hands, she snapped it asunder with ease; and as she was plunging to the bottom of the pond, she exclaimed, angrily, 'You fool, since you will not benefit those whom Providence places within your influence, no man shall be able to benefit you!'

The boy was not a little mortified at the result of the adventure, and particularly at the escape of so curious an animal; but as he never expected to need benefits from other people, he cared nothing for the malediction; and gathering up his fishing-tackle, he departed toward home, reporting every where, as he went, the curious adventure he had experienced; though he omitted the colloquy, as he suspected it would not redound to his credit.

The narrative was not long in spreading over the surrounding neighborhood, and another lad thought he would try his success in this strange fishing; but he kept his intention secret, lest he should expose himself to ridicule for believing so improbable a tale. He accordingly resorted to the pond very early one morning with a fish-line sufficiently strong for the kind of fish that he was seeking, and casting his hook into the unfathomable hole, awaited the result with more patience than faith; but he soon found that his bait was assailed, and on jerking up his line, dragged with much difficulty to the surface, the beautiful being that the other boy had hooked. She began to moan as she had moaned previously, and said entreatingly, 'Richard, Richard, cut the line and permit me to descend.' At the sight of her distress his resolution for capturing her forsook him, and he took from his pocket a knife to comply with her request; but she no sooner discovered his intention, than she raised her hand to her rosy mouth, and with ease extricated herself from the

hook; and with the sweetest smile that can be conceived, plunged below the surface of the pond, but not before she had exclaimed, 'Dear youth, since you are unwilling to injure the unfortunate, no man shall be able to injure you!'

Richard was rather pleased with his adventure, though he had failed in the object for which he had left home, and he returned thither with a quiet conscience and a good appetite for breakfast. The result of his experiment he intended to communicate to Harry, but he found that Harry's father, who was a man in easy pecuniary circumstances, had sent his son that morning to a boarding-school kept by Mr. Halsey, in Elizabethtown, New Jersey; as he was determined to give his son a good literary education. Mr. Halsey was one of the most thorough disciplinarians that our country ever possessed, but was exceedingly kind; and he took every new scholar into an orchard full of choice fruit, of which the boy was permitted to eat his fill. Our young gentleman began accordingly, to eat with a good relish; and recollecting what the Naiad had threatened, he laughed and wondered whether Mr. Halsey was not benefitting him. His mirth invigorated his appetite, and he ate and laughed again; and kept eating and laughing, swallowing cherry stones with the cherries in his eagerness to eat fast and much, till the cherries began to lose their good flavor. He however, kept eating in consideration of their former flavor, till they began to taste bitter, and he could endure them no longer. Descending from the tree, he walked slowly toward the school, but he soon felt an ugly pain, with some nausea; and eventually became so much disordered with the quantity he had eaten of cherries and cherry stones, that he discovered, to his disappointment and sorrow, that Mr. Halsey had not benefitted him by the indulgence he had granted.

After several days and nights of severe pain, he recovered sufficiently to commence his studies, but he found them difficult and tedious. Why English people should trouble themselves to learn Latin and Greek, seemed an enigma that ought to be solved before a young man should be required to study them; and in his endeavors to solve this perplexing question, he employed much of the time that ought to have been devoted to acquiring his lessons. Fortunately however, he enjoyed a room-mate, by the name of Broughton, who kindly undertook, in consideration of a large share of Harry's pocket money, to make his translations, cypher all his sums in arithmetic, and enable him to appear like a thriving scholar, without any of the privations that must attend the acquisition of learning. He now laughed again, when he thought of the Naiad, and he wondered whether Broughton was not benefitting him in saving him from the irksomeness of study.

Four years were passed in the above manner, and Harry had become old enough to enter college; but behold! when he presented himself at Yale, he was found on examination to be so deficient in the required preparatory studies, that he was rejected. His father was as much grieved as surprised, and he would fain have induced his son to return to school and obtain the required proficiency; but the young man thought this would expose him to ridicule, and he could be neither threatened nor coaxed into the measure. His father seeing him thus resolved, at

length said, 'My son, I have given you the best opportunities that money can procure for acquiring a literary education; but since you refuse to be thus benefitted, I must abandon the hope of seeing you become a professional man, and you must take your chance in some less intellectual employment.'

The son felt a secret mortification at the result, but as he should thereby escape the confinement of a college, he was more pleased than sorry; and concluded that he would become a merchant. This would be less sedentary than the law, for the profession of which his father had designed him; and it would enable him to acquire a fortune in a less time; a consideration of no little importance to a gentleman who is not fond of labor. He resolved, however, to become rich, and perhaps as rich as Girard, though he did not approve entirely of the Girard College. Some more personal gratifications would, he thought, be an improved disposition of his fortune; and the gratifications might be so regulated as not essentially to impair the residuary estate.

These preliminaries being thus settled, his father procured him a situation in a large importing house on Long-Wharf, in Boston; the owner of which assured the father, that if the son merited patronage, he should be promoted by every means in the merchant's power, and every care should be taken to give the young man a thorough mercantile education. Harry was a handsome youth, with no obvious defect but a superabundance of whiskers; for by some natural connexion, whiskers seem to exuberate in proportion to the barrenness of the intellect. The merchant was, however, no philosopher, and never speculated deeply on abtruse connexions, and therefore, placed the young man in the counting-room to copy invoices and letters, carry money to the bank, bring packages from the post-office; and to perform the various other small duties that pertain to the minor department of a great commercial establishment. Unfortunately these duties were not suited to the taste of the young gentleman, being far too unimportant; and he performed them in a way which evinced his opinion of their unimportance. In copying a letter he would omit some words and misspell others; and write the whole in so crooked, unintelligible and blotted a manner, that his employer, disgusted with his carelessness, dismissed him from the counting-house, after telling him that he had sincerely desired to benefit him, but he found he could not.

The information not only surprised the young man but offended him, for he felt confident that he could have performed well the higher duties of a merchant, though he had failed in performing the small duties. 'This time at least,' thought he, 'I am more sinned against than sinning;' and without waiting to announce the misadventure to his father, he packed up his clothes and went home, as a man who had been unjustly persecuted. The father, however, took a less partial view of the matter, and even ventured to hint that only those 'who prove themselves faithful in a few things, are ever made lord over many things.' But as expostulation could not reïnstate the young man, the father as a last resort, purchased a farm for him, and bade him try to gain a living by agriculture.

This expedient harmonized well with the son's taste, for he was fond

of riding, hunting and fishing; and he thought farming would abundantly coïncide with these amusements. He accordingly took with him into the country plenty of gunpowder, shot and fishing-tackle; not however, neglecting due quantities of seeds for the cultivation of his land. 'Business first and then pleasure,' said the father, and so thought the son, who resolved that the present attempt to benefit him, should not be thwarted by mismanagement. He was sedulous in ascertaining the latest improvements that had been made in agricultural implements, and in supplying himself abundantly with the most approved patterns; but in his haste to commence his new business, he could not waste time in learning the art of cultivation; the simplicity of the processes rendering any previous study unnecessary. Still the simplicity of the art, and the excellence of the farming utensils, proved to be not quite sufficient to supply the absence of experience; and he sowed wheat where he ought to have sown oats, planted corn when he ought to have planted potatoes, and was engaged in fishing and fowling when he ought to have been hoeing and harvesting. None of his crops yielded well, and what grew was injured by bad husbandry; till at the end of three years he was heavily in debt, and the value of his farm was insufficient to discharge his liabilities.

His father also, was no longer able to assist him. Repeated disappointments in the hopes which he had formed of his son, had preyed upon his spirits, and impaired his health. He was old and had become feeble; while large pecuniary engagements into which a friend had betrayed him, nearly exhausted his property. In this condition of body, mind and estate, he ascertained the result of the farming project of his son, who had returned home to obtain some assistance. He felt that death was busy with him, and calling his son to a last interview, he said (with the bluntness that usually characterizes a death-bed interview:) 'My son, I am no longer able to minister to your extravagance, and no longer willing to keep blind to your folly. Your miscarriages have not proceeded from the malediction of any Naiad, as you vainly insist; but from your own mismanagement. You have never tried to benefit yourself. You have always relied on me and other people for benefits; but be assured that the man who will not benefit himself, no person can benefit.'

While Harry was thus realizing the Naiad's prediction, Richard to whom the opposite prediction had been uttered, had also been sent to Mr. Halsey's school; for though his father was poor, he copied the conduct of his rich neighbor in the education of his son. The schoolmaster had discontinued the practice of taking new comers into the orchard, for he had found that they rarely possessed discretion enough to restrain their appetites within the bounds of health. The boys of the school were, however, not willing that a new scholar should escape the usual initiatory surfeit, which from its frequent recurrence, they had brought themselves to witness as a good practical joke. They accordingly invited Richard to accompany them into the orchard on the first forenoon of his arrival at Elizabethtown; and taking him to one of the most fruitful trees, they told him that the custom of the school permitted him to eat as many cherries as he could swallow. He liked cher-

ries well, and ate as many as he thought wholesome; and then descended from the tree gratified and refreshed.

The boys began to laugh when they saw him descend, and expected that he had of course made himself sick; but when the dinner-bell rang, he was able to take his seat and relish the boiled beef and potatoes, as well as any of his companions. They watched him with no little surprise, and began to dislike him, since he had falsified their expectations; and they unanimously resolved that no body should assist him in learning his lessons, nor should any one prompt him at recitations. He accordingly was compelled to depend entirely on his own industry, and to acquire all his lessons thoroughly; especially as all his class-mates contrived to station him at recitations where the most difficult sentences would fall to his share. His patient application turned their malice so much to his advantage, that when the period arrived for his removal to college, he was thoroughly prepared to enter, and to derive from his collegiate course all the benefits it is adapted to render.

He found at college some young men who had been his school fellows. Recollecting their old grudge against him, they one day while eating some strawberries, thought they would practice on him a capital joke. They filled a bowl with the finest strawberries they could procure, and strewed over them a quantity of tartar-emetic in some finely powdered loaf sugar; and watching the opportunity of his absence, placed them on a table in his room. He was surprised on his return to find the bowl of strawberries; but supposing a servant had mistaken his room for that of some other student, he carefully placed the strawberries on a shelf till they should be inquired after, without indulging his appetite so far as to eat one; because as he acted from a principle of propriety, he was not disposed to violate the principle for one strawberry, after he had determined he would not violate it for the whole bowl full.

The young men who practised on him this unworthy trick were delighted in the anticipation of his sickness. They were very merry, and as they had provided themselves with wine and cigars, they drank and smoked till they became so boisterous that a tutor overheard them; and going to the door, he found it locked. He demanded admittance which they refused with taunts and groans, till he became so incensed at the indignity offered to him, that he forced open the door. The rioters immediately fell upon him and beat him, having first extinguished the candles to prevent a recognition of their persons; but he knew several by their voices, and they were on the next morning called before the faculty. They refused to disclose their associates, and were all expelled except one who relented, and narrated the whole adventure, including the trick with the strawberries. The President was much alarmed when he ascertained the quantity of tartar-emetic that had been thrown over the strawberries, and went immediately to ascertain in person the consequences. He entered the room with trepidation, and was surprised to find that no evil had ensued; and he was particularly pleased when he ascertained that the virtue of the young man had protected him from danger.

From the above period, the President interested himself daily in

the scholarship of Richard, and frequently related in society, the escape which the young man had experienced from a danger that seemed almost inevitable. A New-Haven lawyer heard the anecdote, and as he had once delivered a lecture before a lyceum of the city, on the preservative influence of virtue, the conduct of Richard seemed to illustrate the theory, and produced in the lawyer a strong desire to benefit the illustrator. He accordingly when the young man graduated, received him into his office as a law student, and attended with much interest to his legal studies.

This gentleman, Thomas Burlingston, will be well remembered at New-Haven, as a lawyer of distinguished celebrity throughout Connecticut, at the period in question. He possessed only one child, a young lady of much beauty, good humor and intellectual cultivation, with whom the young student could not fail from being interested, as frequent opportunities brought them together in social intercourse. But he was poor, and her father was rich and aristocratic; and beside she was known to be engaged to a gentleman of suitable wealth in the city of Hartford; all which caused the young student to restrain his feelings, rather avoiding than wooing the young lady; and always addressing her with great respect and reserve.

In this period of his clerkship, one of the young men who had been expelled from college, resolved to make one more effort to injure him; and to effectually revenge his own expulsion. He accordingly wrote an anonymous letter to Mr. Burlingston, alleging that his daughter was in danger from the arts of the clerk, who was assiduously endeavoring to gain her affections. Mr. Burlingston was naturally indignant at the alleged treachery of a young man whom he was endeavoring to benefit; but that he might not condemn him unheard, he called him into his private office, and presented to him the letter. The young man read it with emotion, and with the frankness of innocence acknowledged the warm esteem that he felt for the young lady; but he repelled the imputation that he had in the slightest manner permitted his feelings to appear in his conduct or conversation; on the contrary, he had seduously avoided all unnecessary communications with her, even to the danger of being deemed by her rude or unaccommodating.

The ingenuousness of this explanation and confession so enhanced the clerk in the estimation of the father, who never felt wholly satisfied with the moral character of the gentleman who was engaged to his daughter, that shortly after this private eclaircissement, the engagement was for adequate reasons, rescinded; and in the course of another year the daughter and the clerk became man and wife, with the approbation of Mr. Burlingston, and to the great satisfaction of the young couple. On the day which witnessed the celebration of the marriage, the young husband obtained a license to practice law as an attorney, and he was immediately taken into partnership by his father-in-law. His subsequent career was more than ordinarily prosperous. His diligence in business, his faithfulness to the interests of his clients, and his acknowledged general probity soon gained him property enough to maintain his wife respectably; and eventually to surround them with ease and elegance. At this period of his life, he was accustomed to

travel during some part of the summer months; and on one of these occasions when he was visiting the scenes of his boyhood, he took a fancy to again try his luck in fishing over the unfathomable hole in Success Pond; though his wife was not quite pleased with this new experiment, lest he should again fish up the Naiad, and receive some announcement less agreeable than the first. But he only good naturedly laughed at her suspicion; and proceeding early one morning to the old spot, he cast in his line as he had done some fifteen years previously; and soon obtained a bite of something which seemed to be heavy. He felt no doubt it was the Naiad, and pulled up cautiously lest he should hurt her; but on getting his hook to the surface, he found to his great disappointment, that nothing was attached to it but an old fish net, which he was in the act of throwing back into the lake, when he observed within its folds, a curiously shaped stone or tablet; and on it was engraved in large roman letters, 'The man who will not injure himself, no person can injure.' This is the last intercourse the Naiad has deigned to hold with mortals; and that no possibility of cavil may exist in relation to her existence, the stone with its original inscription, is preserved under a glass case by the public spirited inn-keeper of Lakeville, and may be seen at all times on the mantel-piece of his best parlor, and what adds peculiar value to the relic, is a tradition that whoever will read the inscription on the tablet, and conform to its teachings, will succeed in life as successfully as Richard. The tradition rests not wholly on faith but on experience; and the landlord's parlor, like the ancient temple of Æsculapius, is ornamented with votive testimonials of persons who claim to have been benefitted by the process. Among the beneficiaries we remember one name, because we happen to know the individual. He is a banker, residing in a village some few miles west of Geneva, who, by adhering closely from a boy, to the inscribed maxim, finds himself at the maturity of life, worth more than half a million of dollars, acquired without his having made any man the poorer. The casualties which make improvident persons fall down, make him fall up; and in contemplation of this peculiarity, the landlord intends this summer to add another tablet to the mantel-piece, to the effect, 'that the man who will take good care of himself, will be sure to receive the good care of Providence.'

LINES TO THERESE.

WRITTEN ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE FOR INDIA

Ah! dream not, thou loved one, the heart of this breast
Can forget in the far East the smiles of the West,
For the Hindoo may sing and look languishing too,
But her lip and her love may not tempt me from you;
Though with lotus and lily she speak to my heart,
And with rose-bud and tulip her meaning impart,
Can I ever forget these soft moments of ours
For her song and her sigh and her language of flowers?

Our Spring Birds.

THE BLACK-BIRD.

'I LOVE to hear,
Bold plunderer! the mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree
Close at the corn-field's edge.'

I.

ALTHOUGH a thousand strings in Nature's lyre
Melodious welcome give to beauteous May,
Yon black-bird, perched upon the poplar's spire,
Pours forth the blithest tributary lay.

II.

His merry chant recalls my youthful years,
And makes the mirror of remembrance bright,
While sweet home-voices, sounding in mine ears,
Bring back familiar forms to life and light.

III.

That wild exulting warble tells that Spring
No more with Winter holds divided reign,
And airy sylphs, her agents on the wing,
Are dropping blossoms on the sunny plain.

IV.

His chosen mate, is darting to and fro,
In search of hairy lining for her nest;
Both wear the dark habiliments of wo,
But in their hearts is happiness a guest.

V.

Lo! other colors from a ground of jet,
The light brings out on back and folded wings;
The blue of ocean, green and violet,
Commingle while the glad musician sings.

VI.

My ear, alive in boyhood to each note
In Spring's delightful concert, heard no sound
Like anthem gushing from the Black-Bird's throat,
To banish gloom and make the pulses bound.

VII.

His cheerful whistle, at the break of morn
Sent through my youthful veins a merry thrill,
While watching by the newly-planted corn,
With gun in hand, the plunderer to kill.

VIII.

Ah! deeds committed by the wayward boy
Are oft regretted in a thoughtful hour:
The song that charmed, electrical with joy,
Saved not its author from the leaden shower.

IX.

Well by the poor marauding bird were earned
A few plump kernels of the golden grain;
Hopping in furrows, by the ploughman turned,
With piercing beak the grub-worm he had slain.

X.

The Bobolink excels him with a song
That mocks the modulations of a flute;
To Robin, Thrush, and Meadow-Lark belong
Far sweeter notes young May-time to salute:

XI.

But when wild-flowers make gay the forest-floor,
And garbs of lively green the meadows wear.
The Rural Muse would grieve to hear no more
His voice afloat upon the vernal air.

W. H. C. H.

THE EARL OF CHATHAM.*

BY T. ROMEYN BECK.

THERE have been two persons who have borne the title of 'Earl of Chatham;' but no one will mistake as to whom it is applied. And yet high as is the fame implied in such a distinction, and memorable as is the history of this great man, yet succeeding events of overwhelming magnitude have thrown a dimness and a shade of forgetfulness over the incidents of his varied existence. An event so vast and overwhelming to Great Britain, so important in its bearings on the destinies of the human race, as the successful issue of the American Revolution, marked indeed his closing days; but what mighty occurrences have not been witnessed since! Although scarcely seventy years have elapsed since his remains were interred, with a nation's honors and amidst a nation's tears, yet what convulsions have not the men of the present day witnessed! All Europe in arms; the institutions of every civilized nation placed in jeopardy; kingdoms crushed with a blow; thrones of a thousand years subverted, and their incumbents driven into obscurity; and in the room of all this, power usurped by men who, although like the elder Pitt, they now also repose in dumb forgetfulness, have filled the world with the vastness and the renown of their exploits.

* REVISED from an address delivered before the 'Young Men's Association' of the city of Albany

It cannot therefore be out of place to recall the history of a life, th leading incidents of which are closely interwoven with the narrative c our early colonial struggles, and whose fame indeed is part of our ir heritance as once belonging to the British Empire. Praise enoug that Chatham's language is our mother tongue, and Wolfe's great nam compatriot with our own.

The great talents of Lord Chatham, and his high rank as an orato and a statesman, have been the theme of kindred talent. To whom i not the brilliant sketch of Grattan, commencing with 'The secretar stood alone; modern degeneracy had not reached him,' familiar lik household words? And this, perhaps, the most masterly example i our language of antitheses employed in praise of its object, since satir commonly uses it as its most effective weapon. The historian and th essayist too, no matter of what nation, have expended their highes powers of rhetoric on the same theme. I must not even appear to air at following in so brilliant a track, since I can only expect disappoint ment. A plain and brief narrative will best suit the occasion.

William Pitt was born in London in 1708, the younger son of gentleman of fortune and high connexions. He was educated at Eto and Oxford, and imbued with the classical knowledge for which thos great schools are still so famous. This indeed he continued to cult vate through all the varied changes of his life. It appears in his printe correspondence and in his public efforts, illustrating and adorning hi native and vigorous Saxon. His father died, and left him the scant inheritance which usually falls to a younger child. He quitted Oxfor without taking a degree, spent some time in travelling on the Cont nent, and entered the army shortly after his return. In 1735 he obtained through the interest of his friends, a seat in parliament for Old Sarum one of those 'rotten boroughs' which the recent Reform Bill has swep away. Uninhabited by a single voter, its patronage was of course a the disposal of the owner of the soil.

Sir Robert Walpole was at this time the Prime Minister. After long, successful and peaceful career, he was verging to his downfal Mr. Pitt attached himself to the opposition, and soon evinced his ex traordinary talents in debate. In no other country, not even exceptin our own, is there a surer or readier passport to office and renown tha this. He became formidable to the ministry, was reproached on th floor of the house for his youthful audacity, and made in reply tha memorable speech on the atrocious crime of being a young man, whic is familiar to all of you. It matters little whether, as is now well un derstood, this speech owes much of its polish, and possibly somewha of its vigor, to the pen of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who composed th debates in parliament from notes taken by persons admitted throug favor, as there were no reporters in those days. The *substance* of tha startling invective must have been delivered, and the impression it mad was shown in the dismissal of Pitt from the army. For this injury however, the sufferer received an ample recompense in the increase estimation of the public.

It was unpropitious to his early rise to power, although creditable t his political integrity, that he opposed the private and cherished view

of the English monarch. George Second was attached to his paternal inheritance of Hanover with a warmth that led him to consider the interests of England as in some degree secondary to its welfare. Mr. Pitt opposed this degrading partiality, and frowned at the subsidiary policy which had been for years the weak point of the English government. But this opposition proved for a long time a barrier to his promotion, although this was equally desired by the ministry and the people. He was not as yet permitted to enter in the councils of his sovereign, but held the subordinate station of Paymaster-General. In this capacity he showed a superiority to pecuniary corruption by foregoing the profit which it had been usual to derive from the large balance retained in that officer's hands, and by rejecting other lucrative perquisites. Nor was this honesty unappreciated by the English nation.

It was not until after multiplied disasters abroad, and ministerial discords and interregnums within, that the king could be induced to place him at the head of public affairs; nor until the nation in its full majesty demanded him as its ruler.

He ascended indeed to power at a critical conjuncture. War was actually existing between France and England, and the threatening posture of the former had infused terror into the minds of his predecessors in office. Minorca was lost; a horde of foreign mercenaries had been received into the country to defend her soil from the *feint* of invasion; her fleet was rotting in ordinary; her army, in most instances, relaxed in discipline, and her government swayed by weak, ignorant and timid councils.

But by the commanding talents and wise deportment of the Prime Minister he early conciliated the personal attachment of the monarch, and succeeded in turning even his German partialities to the benefit of the kingdom; by his activity in the cabinet he frustrated the views of France of an alliance with Spain; and by his masterly and decisive energy he greatly assisted Frederick of Prussia in his struggle with Germany. At home every department felt his genius. One of his first acts was to raise several regiments from among the Scotch Highlanders, a race of men who a few years previous had been most dangerous enemies of the House of Hanover. After several violent insurrections their power was at length dissipated on the plains of Culloden, and their bravery fell a sacrifice to military tactics; but the hatred produced by subsequent civilities was sufficient at any time to rouse these indignant spirits, if called upon by a popular leader. Pitt saw the danger, and admiring their lofty traits of character, projected and carried into execution the hazardous plan of taking these men into the regular service. At a subsequent period he addressed the House of Commons, in language that proved how important he had considered this attempt. 'I sought for merit,' said he, 'wherever it was to be found. It is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it, and I found it in the mountains of the north. I called it forth and drew it into your service, a hardy and intrepid race of men; men who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the state in the war before the last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side;

they served with fidelity, as they fought with valor, and conquered for you in every quarter of the globe.'

He countenanced no imbecility or delay. Lord Anson, First Lord of the Admiralty, was informed that if his orders were not executed within a given time, he should be impeached. Sir John Mordaunt was arrested for his indolence in the Rochfort expedition. Wherever pusillanimity or incapacity discovered itself, it was censured, and its place was supplied with genius and courage. Under this administration the talents of Wolfe, of Clive, and of Hawke, were developed.

The first of these names deserves a brief episode. On this continent he earned his reputation, and here he found his honored grave. Having served with distinction in a subordinate capacity under Lord Amherst at the siege of Louisbourg, he returned, although a young man, with a broken constitution, the only son of a widowed mother. His merits became known to Mr. Pitt. 'Ambition,' says Horace Walpole, 'ambition, industry, passion for the service, were conspicuous in him. He seemed to breathe for nothing but fame, and lost no moment in qualifying himself to compass his objects. He was formed to execute the designs of such a master as Pitt.'

In a few days after his arrival in London he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and placed at the head of the forces destined to act against Quebec. With the history of that expedition you are familiar, its exceeding difficulties and its brilliant termination; but you may not probably be aware of a memorable letter addressed by Wolfe to the Prime Minister four days before his death, evincing at once his deep despondency and his ruling passion. 'I am so far recovered,' he says, 'as to do business; but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without any prospect of it.'

Dr. Robinson, afterward an eminent professor in the University of Edinburgh, also mentions a touching incident illustrative of his character. Robinson belonged to the expedition, and happened to be on duty in the boat in which Wolfe visited some of his posts, the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was fine, and the scene, considering the work they were engaged in and the morning to which they were looking forward, sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along, the General, with much feeling, repeated nearly the whole of Gray's Elegy (which had appeared not long before, and was yet but little known) to an officer, who sat with him in the stern of the boat, adding, as he concluded, that he would prefer to be the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow. How soon were verified the plaints of that Elegy:

'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

But to return to our immediate subject. With such men, and such a guiding spirit as Pitt, the British arms were successful in every quarter of the globe. In the language of Judge Marshall: 'It was not in America only that the vigor presiding in the British councils surrounded with military glory the British arms. In Asia and Africa splendid

conquests were also achieved; and in Europe her aids of men and money enabled the greatest monarch of his age to surmount difficulties which only Frederick the Great and Mr. Pitt could have dared to encounter.'

It was renown sufficient in itself to be selected by such a man for responsible stations; and if a nation's plaudits are subjects of honorable ambition, they cannot be too highly prized when expressed in the language of one whose praise was in itself a eulogy. Lord Clive, one of the founders of the British Empire in India, he styled the heaven-born general, who with but little experience surpassed all the officers of his time; and Sir William Draper, the conqueror of the Manillas, whose reputation had been assailed by their former owners, 'a gentleman whose noble spirit would do honor to the proudest grandee of Spain.'

The popularity of a minister with these requisites for commanding it must have been great, and accordingly we find that he was the idol of the English nation. Even in ordinary life, he who is endowed with an active mind, whose decisions are made with such rapidity as to show perfect confidence in his means, is observed with admiration, and with the multitude, if occasion offers, is sure to be popular. How much more is he to be esteemed who infused that vigor and energy throughout every department, who animated every deserving object by his applause, and wielded at will the free minds of millions! So renowned indeed were Lord Chatham's talents at this period, that opposition was paralyzed, and success abroad was anticipated as the certain consequence of an attempt.

'In three years,' says one of his biographers, 'he raised England from depression and despondency into a situation to give laws to Europe.' But a change was soon to come over this bright picture. George the Second died suddenly, and was succeeded by his grandson, the third George. With him a new favorite, the Earl of Bute, rose into place. We now begin to understand, by the publication of the secret memoirs of those times, that this young sovereign had been early instructed by his mother to yield as little power as possible to his ministers, and to govern for himself. The history of the numerous administrations during his reign, as it is now constantly coming to light, clearly show that he profited by these lessons, and acted in their full spirit. He was emphatically the man who protracted the war of our Revolution; who was averse to any compromise; and who only yielded when he could obtain no further support. He was the master spirit who infused vigor in the war against France, to the declaration of which, remarkable as it may now appear, it is still well understood that the younger Pitt, then the Prime Minister, was opposed. He in fine it was who refused at every hazard to grant emancipation, or rather civil privileges, to the Catholics, and dismissed ministry after ministry for attempting it.

It was quite natural that such a monarch, so educated and so surrounded by men willing to minister to all his views of regal power, should early view with jealousy the acts of his 'impracticable' secretary of state. Pitt remained indeed for a short time at the head of the ad-

ministration, but he soon found that his councils had ceased to be the mainspring of government.

Unfortunately for the king and his favorite, the subject selected for displaying the difference in opinion was one that in the end proved the masterly foresight of the proscribed statesman. Spain had been discontented with England for a length of time, and no efforts on the part of Pitt seemed sufficient to conciliate her. Under the cloak of peace she was negociating with France, and arming for an approaching contest. In the Correspondence of the Earl of Chatham, that has been recently published, it clearly appears that the Spanish ministers calculated on the dissensions in the English cabinet as a screen to their ulterior views. Pitt saw through all this deceit; he entertained no doubt that they looked to war, and he therefore urged the necessity of anticipating them, so as to strike the first blow. His relative, Lord Temple, stood alone with him in the cabinet. He resigned, to use his own words, in order not to remain responsible for measures which he was no longer allowed to guide. The king in a succeeding interview treated him with great courtesy, but apprised him of his entire concurrence with the majority of the cabinet. Not many months elapsed before the new ministers found it absolutely necessary to declare war against Spain.

In his retirement every attempt was made to conciliate Mr. Pitt. A pension was bestowed, and his wife was ennobled. And again, within a few months, overtures were made for his return to place, but their sincerity may well be doubted. At all events, the king had so many personal friends, whom he desired rather to retain in office, and on whom he wished to bestow it, that it was scarcely possible to form a united administration out of the remaining vacancies.

It was not a bed of roses to those who now feebly guided the destinies of England. Indeed, it may be questioned, whether such events as I am now to mention could have happened except under so feeble and headstrong a ministry.

John Wilkes, a gay, licentious libertine, with preat convivial powers and respectable talents, was determined to raise himself into notice on the wreck of a dissipated fortune. Being a member of parliament, his situation was favorable in forwarding his views. No man can read his life, or even attend to his own declarations, without believing him to have been thoroughly unprincipled. He chose a point of attack, in which the ministry through their unpopularity were most vulnerable. The Earl of Bute, and through him the Scotch nation, were the subjects of satire and ridicule. Instead of disregarding his flippant remarks, and considering the press, like the air, a chartered libertine, it was determined to level the whole weight of executive vengeance on him, whose censures on the one hand were but echoes of former ones, and on the other, too harmless to deserve the compliment of a notice. Mr. Wilkes was seized, his papers searched through the agency of a general warrant. Publications offensive to decency were discovered. Instead of pursuing the course that would have inevitably sunk him in disgrace, the ministry adopted one, which struck at the root of English liberty, and identified his safety with that of the constitution.

Lord Chatham publicly and privately declaring his detestation of the man, boldly came forward and advocated his cause, and by his efforts succeeded in calling the attention of the country, to the breach that courtly revenge was inflicting on its rights. The surrender of the privilege of parliaments and the illegality of general warrants were the themes in which he displayed anew his powers, and in conjunction with his ancient and firm friend Lord Camden, he succeeded in lessening the frequency of the first and determining the injustice of the last. In one of his speeches, on the House of Commons having refused Mr. Wilkes a seat as representative for the county of Middlesex, he observed, 'that to the ministry it was entirely owing that Mr. Wilkes had become a person of consequence in the state. They first made him representative for Middlesex and then alderman of London. Now they seem determined to make him sheriff, and in due course, Lord Mayor.' He introduced a most caustic remark on Lord Mansfield, his opponent in the debate.

Lord Chatham, (says the Reporters,) quoted Lord Somers, and Chief Justice Holt, in support of this law, and drew their characters very finely. He called them honest men, who knew and loved the English constitution. Then turning to Lord Mansfield, he said, I vow to GOD, I think the noble lord equals them *both* in abilities.

Toward the conclusion, he complained of the motion (which was that the House of Lords had no right to interfere with the proceedings of the Commons) being sudden and made at midnight, and pressed an adjournment of only two days. He said among other things, if the constitution must be wounded, let it not receive its mortal stab at this dark and midnight hour, when honest men are asleep in their beds and when only felons and assassins are seeking for their prey.

To these exciting internal broils, succeeded the grand drama of American taxation. To this scheme for raising a revenue in America he was very strongly opposed. He early predicted the consequences that must ensue from persisting in it. Illness prevented his attendance when it was first brought forward, but in his speech on the meeting of parliament in January, 1766, after tidings of the disturbances in America had been received, he declared his opinion in the most vehement terms. He said it is a long time since I have attended in parliament. When the resolution was taken in the House to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to have been carried there, so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequences, I would have solicited some kind friend to have laid me down on the floor, to have borne my testimony against it. He avowed his opinion that England had no right to lay a tax upon the colonies. At the same time he asserted that her authority over them was sovereign and supreme in every circumstance of government and legislation whatsoever. He recommended that the Stamp Act should be repealed absolutely and immediately; but that the repeal should be accompanied with an assertion of the sovereign power of the country over the colonies in every point, except that of taking their money without their consent.

These declarations coincided with the policy of the Marquis of Rockingham, who had been summoned by the King to form an administra-

tion, and who without any fault on his side, was involved in all the difficulties and dangers which resulted from George Grenville's ill-judged scheme for taxing America. Mr. Pitt was applied to, to take office, but he declined, and within a year the government fell to pieces, and he was again desired to form a ministry, of which he was to be the head. The history of this is the most inglorious part of his life. His accession to office was signalized by a violent quarrel with his relative and intimate political associate, Lord Temple. He himself threw aside the appellation in which the nation had formerly gloried that of the 'Great Commoner,' and he became a peer under the title of the Earl of Chatham. The members of government were almost strangers to each other, of discordant views and of slender talents. He himself, was almost constantly the victim of hereditary gout, and there is indeed some intimation that its severity occasionally affected his mind. At all events, absence from the seat of power, want of intercourse with his associates and probably an inward feeling that he had in a degree lost the confidence of the people of England, seem to have rendered his measures weak and fluctuating. He resigned in 1768, and not long after, Lord North succeeded in completing his memorable administration; especially so, in its connexion with the history of our country, as with it began their attempts to raise a revenue in America. Repose appears to have wrought a favorable change in his health, and he again appeared in the House of Lords as its decided opponent; he warned the house against the fatal tendency of their attempts.

For a number of years however, (from 1771 to 1777) the shattered state of his health prevented him from often taking any part in public affairs, and from his private correspondence it appears that he was greatly engaged in developing the talents of his son, the younger William Pitt. In May, 1777, he came down to the house swathed in flannel, to move an address, imploring the king to take the most speedy and effectual measures for putting a stop to the hostilities in America, by removing the accumulated grievances of that country, and predicted with his usual energy and eloquence, the certain results of the conduct that ministers were pursuing. 'You may ravage, you cannot conquer; it is impossible, you cannot conquer the Americans. You talk of your numerous friends to annihilate the congress, and of your powerful forces to disperse their army. I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch. I am experienced in spring hopes and vernal promises; I know what ministers throw out, but at last will come your equinoctial disappointment. You have got nothing in America but stations; you have been three years teaching them the art of war; they are apt scholars, and I will venture to tell your lordships that the American gentry will make officers enough fit to command the troops of all the European powers. What you have sent there are too many to make peace; too few to make war. If you conquer them, what then? You cannot make them respect you; you cannot make them wear your cloth; you will plant an invincible hatred in their breasts against you. Coming from the stock they do, they can never respect you.'

The events of that year, the capture of Philadelphia and the surren-

der of Burgoyne, fully justified his predictions. These events had not been announced in England when parliament again met, but in the debate on the address, he again raised his prophetic voice: 'I love and honor the English troops; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities, and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility.'

But it is unnecessary to continue quotations. It is a part of our education to become familiar with these great efforts, and I presume there is no young man present whose heart has not warmed in their perusal.

The closing scene of the public life of Lord Chatham is one of the most memorable in parliamentary annals. Lord North had a short time previous announced the resolution of government to yield every point in question to this country, except its mere nominal independence of the crown. To this, little opposition was offered; it probably was the line of conduct which Lord Chatham at this late hour would have advised. But we had already conquered independence and insisted on a formal acknowledgment of it, and here the two great sections of the opposition divided. The one, regarded such an acknowledgment as a prelude to the total ruin and degradation of the country. The other, held that it was impossible to avoid it at last, and earnestly desired since the colonists could not be retained as subjects, to secure their alliance and not to drive them into the arms of France. The Duke of Richmond moved an address embodying these views on the seventh of April. An eye witness has given us the details.

'Lord Chatham,' says he, 'came into the House of Lords leaning on two friends, wrapped up in flannel, pale and emaciated, looking like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity. He appeared like a being of superior species. He rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning upon his crutches, and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch, and raised it, casting his eyes toward heaven, and said: 'I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day, to perform my duty and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm, and have one foot—more than one foot—in the grave. I have risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country; perhaps never again to speak in this House.'

'The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the House was most affecting. At first he spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and was as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps more so than at any former period. He gave the whole history of the American war, of all the measures to which he had objected, and of all the evils which he had prophesied in consequence of them, adding at the end of each: '*And so it proved!*' He concluded by expressing his indignation at the idea which he understood had gone forth, of yielding up the sovereignty of America. 'My lords,' continued he, 'I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy.'

'To the Duke of Richmond's reply he listened with attention and composure. He then rose again, but his strength failed, and he fell

back in convulsions into the arms of the peers who surrounded him. He was removed to his country-seat, and died there after a few weeks. I need scarcely add that a pension was attached to the title, and that his remains were honored with a public funeral, and a monument in that receptacle of the ashes of great men, Westminster Abbey.'

Such was the life and death of a true patriot; of one who, endowed with more than the ordinary aspirations of ambition, asked only that his fame should be mingled with the renown of his country. That he succeeded in this is not surprising when we become better acquainted with his private life. Of spotless integrity, of the utmost purity of morals, affectionate to his family, agreeable and lovely as a friend, but stern in his hatred to fraud and misrule, he was at once the man around whom the Saxon mind and spirit love to rally. Oh! for more such statesmen in their private walks of life! for more such patriots, who for a time at least can forget party!

The Correspondence of Lord Chatham, to which I have already alluded, and which was published in 1840, but above all, his letters to his nephew Thomas Pitt, when at college, are monuments as graceful to his private character as the history of his country is to his public one. Of the last an eminent Edinburgh reviewer thus speaks: 'We discover in every line of these interesting relics features of a mind as lovely, as we know from other sources that it was powerful and accomplished. We discover unerring proof that Lord Chatham was as amiable in the private relations of life as the annals of the old and the new world proclaim him to have been transcendantly great in the management of public affairs. We are constantly delighted with traits of a union extremely rare in the human character: of the strongest passions and grandest powers of the mind with its finer feelings and nicer principles. We meet with perpetual evidence that neither the intrigues of courts nor the contentions of popular assemblies had ever effaced from this great man's heart those early impressions of virtue and piety with which almost all are provided at their outset, but which so few are enabled to preserve even from the dangers and seductions of an obscure fortune.'

Here then the Secretary no longer stands alone. It may not be granted to any among my young readers to guide, like him, states and nations; it may not happen that in imitating his example they may command the applause of listening senates, and read their history in a nation's eye; but all, all can pursue the course of virtue of which he was so bright an example.

PHRENOLOGY.

Philosophy made easy! now the dull
Mysteries no more in mental science find;
Fingers can handle spirit; and the skull,
Well marked and ticketted, may pass for mind.
Thou hast a noble cranium; what remains
To make thee a great genius? — only brains. R. A. W.

RENEWED AFFECTION.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

So we have met once more; and strange to tell,
I saw the old love in thine eyes to-day;
I marked the stifled sigh, the silent swell
Of that proud heart, where memory hath sway;
I saw the fond and deeply-searching look
That dwelt upon my brow in days of yore,
Scanning my thought as in an open book;
Grieving to find there written nothing more
Than calm cold friendship and sincere esteem,
Where thou wouldst fain have read the deeper lore
Of love for love. Did not thine early dream
Vanish to-day at the cold touch of years,
That on my once bright cheek and lip have laid,
The trace indelible of care and tears?

II.

And thou hast wandered far and wide alone
Since last we met beneath these whispering trees:
I seem to hear thy haunting farewell tone,
Thy sad 'GOD bless thee!' lingering on the breeze;
Thou didst go forth to cherish warmly yet
The hopeless anguish of thy slighted breast,
While I believed that thou wouldst soon forget,
And find in new affection peace and rest:
Alas for thee! thou art not given to change,
And once adoring, wilt thou love till death?
Oh, in this cold dark world 't is passing strange
That aught so precious as affection's breath,
Deep, pure and holy, of man's life a part,
Should e'er be lavished on a thankless heart!

III.

Love me no more! I do not need thy love,
Save that calm measure that beseems a friend:
Home to its nest, like yonder fluttering dove,
My heart is hastening. There my wishes end:
Dear eyes await me there, whose depths of blue
Beam with the gathered sympathy of years;
A manly heart, whose throbs are warm and true,
In days of joy or the dark night of tears:
Wake from the dream that binds thee like a spell;
Wake to the future that is drawing near;
Gather thy false hopes; toll no funeral knell
When the last lingerer lies upon the bier;
Bury them deeply; o'er their silent tomb
New hopes shall cluster, new affections bloom.

'NELL.'

May 26th, 1850.

A LEAF OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM B. GLAZIER.

THE pool wherein my line was dropped, and the upland on either side, were gloomy and dark beneath a cloud, while behind me the fields through which I had sauntered, and the stream upon whose sandy banks my footsteps were yet sharply defined, weltered in waves of sunlight. I could not but think, with a melancholy pleasure, how like to this scene my life had been; how, from the sadness and weariness of existence, I had often looked back to scenes through which I had passed, that lay calmly and lovingly in the light of remembered happiness.

Why is it, when our feet are upon the borders of Life's fairy land, and our lips are just about to taste the cup that is filled for us but once, that no unseen guardian tells us to tread slowly across the narrow space, and to waste not a drop in the shallow goblet? Else, in that dear time, I had not trampled with heedless step upon many a flower of tearful tenderness; I had not so hastily drank that magical draught; and the sweetness of the odor and the thrill of the libation had been fresher in my mind to-day.

Yet, while I thus mused, the cloud crept up the stream and along the fields. It seemed as if the light pursued the shadow with relentless hostility, driving it onward, onward, until its dusky banner was torn and rent amid the distant forest of pines. So the cloud fled from my heart, pursued by a name that trembled on my lips, and a memory that aroused itself in my heart; and the name and memory, Mary Linley, were yours.

Oh, how, as I write, the army of ancient remembrances marches down the valley of the past, and encamps before my heart, beleaguering and besieging it! And eyes look kindly upon me, and hands put softly back the hair from my forehead, though both, alas! sleep in the grave to-day.

I had gone to my uncle's to pass a college vacation. Those were days in which I date the birth of many new sensations, many gorgeous hopes. There are few men whose hearts are so cold that the remembrance of that golden age of life will not warm into transient life. To me it seems too full of delight ever to have been real. Until the season of which I write I had but rarely been thrown into the society of women. The wild and buoyant associates of my college-life had hitherto supplied all craving for companionship. The charm attendant upon familiar acquaintance and frequent intimacy with women of refinement, of elegance and truth, was to a great degree unknown to me. I had no sisters, and my earlier life had been passed at school; so that, although I was fully eighteen, I blushed like a boy at the tone of woman's voice addressed to me, and my eye sank beneath the ray that quivered and glowed in hers. My words, which among my college

friends had been loudest and boldest, were hushed into silence, or uttered with stammering awkwardness in the presence of the most timid girl. Woman was to me a planet, whose orbit mine might never cross. I invested her with unreal attributes and a visionary nature. I adored at a distance the image before whose shrine I did not dare to prostrate myself. Her delicate beauty and tenderness of form seemed to me unfitted for contact with the coarser and less ethereal sex. When I was in her society I admired as well as was awed, but found no language wherein to express either feeling.

I dare say that many a man, in whom to-day the presence of the most beautiful, most gifted, most haughty lady of the land would only excite his most confident and successful endeavors to fascinate and charm, whose life has been a round of ever-shifting acquaintance, or perhaps a succession of passionate romances with the fairest and loveliest of earth, can recall the time when his cheek grew as crimson at the glance or voice of woman as, it may be, hers did to whom he last spoke the words of devoted and deathless love.

It was late at night when I reached my uncle's residence. I had not visited him for years, and only did so at this time at the invitation of his son, who was to pass some time at home, having just returned from abroad. John Guernsey, my cousin, was half a dozen years older than I. I remembered him as he looked years ago, when we played together at my father's; a bold, dark-eyed boy, with a complexion of the clearest olive. I remembered how I followed him, though timidly, in his daring and active sports. I remembered how we parted, he to go to the East, where his father had procured for him a situation in a large mercantile house, and I to go to school. I remembered my grief (it was my first) as he laughed at my tears at our parting, though I thought I saw his own eye dimmed. Since then we had met but once; and now, two or three months after his return, he had written me, in the same frank, hearty style, that characterized his boyhood, 'to come and see him, and to be boys together once more.'

My uncle had gone to bed, but my cousin was sitting up awaiting me. At his first warm, loving tone of greeting, I felt the years that had intervened since our boyish days melt away, and the true honest love of boyhood was felt in the grasp of our hands.

We sat down together in the old parlor. Then it was that I first saw how much he had changed in form and face. The sun of the East had made his skin more swarthy, and the fire of his eye was tenfold more brilliant and piercing than I had known it before. Yet the tone of his voice, and the ringing truth of his laugh, smote with old-time familiarity at the doors of my memory.

'Hugh,' said he at last, after the chimes of 'lang syne' had been rung again and again, 'you 've not seen much of the world, I think, since I left you.'

'Yes, indeed, this is my third year of college.'

'College — what idea of life can that give you? Have you ever, after tossing for months upon the sea, found yourself thousands of miles from home in a strange land, amid strange faces and strange tongues? Did you ever feel that it was your own arm alone that must guard you,

and your own quick thought that must find the path of success? Did you ever look in eyes that blazed beneath another sky than this, and read the book of woman's heart in different languages, and find that the sense was always the same.'

He smiled meaningly as he said it, and it was with some confusion that I answered: 'I don't know much about women; for you know, John, I never met many.'

'What,' said he, 'have n't you got any love-secrets to tell me? Is there not the image of some dear girl nestling close to your heart now?'

I indignantly repelled the charge which implied, as I thought, so much weakness, and assured him that I considered such avowals quite inconsistent with manhood.

'No, John,' said I; 'all this reads very well in novels, and that sort of thing, but it won't do, you know——.' I paused, for I saw him laugh again.

'Never mind, Hugh, Mary will tell you you are a fool.'

'Mary!' exclaimed I; 'what Mary?'

'Oh,' replied John, 'I did n't tell you that my father is guardian to the daughter of his old friend Linley? Mary was left an orphan at her father's decease, and Mr. Guernsey has adopted her. She has been here ever since I have been at home.'

If any thought came into my mind, it was one of dissatisfaction, for I thought that her presence would interfere with the execution of the various schemes of diversion and joviality which I had laid out to accomplish with John. So I only said: 'How old is she?'

'About as old as you, you anchorite, and with twice your knowledge, if you are a book-worm.' I puffed my cigar with an assumption of stoical indifference, and said that all Marys were alike, I supposed.

'Of course they are,' said John, 'if you, who know woman so well, say so.' I felt that he was secretly laughing at me, and resolved that my indifference to Miss Linley should show him that I was not the unskilled boy he took me to be.

We spoke no longer of Mary, but in a short time parted for the night, with a fervent 'God bless you!' on our lips and the love of boyhood warm in our hearts. Yes, John, I seem to see you now, as you stood at my chamber-door, smiling kindly on me as you bade me good night; and I thank God that I did not forget the honest affection of that smile in an hour when evil passions would have made me curse you.

I met my uncle the next morning before breakfast. He was a mild, quiet-looking man, and my heart warmed toward him, for his features were those of my mother. John joined us soon with a fresh, frank 'Good morning,' and we soon were busy in speaking of those who were dear to us all. I remember distinctly to-day in what part of the breakfast-room I sat; how the delicious odor of honeysuckle came in at the open window; how the nameless influence of the summer's morning stole into my heart and softened it.

We were waiting for Miss Linley. The door opened. I was looking out of the window, and did not turn round for a moment or too. As I did so, I heard John say: 'Mary, this is my cousin, Hugh Hatton.'

I think that there must be moments in men's lives when they are controlled by a power instantaneous and irresistible; when by some strange chemistry the whole nature of the heart is changed in a single interval of its throbs; when a new passion is given to them, the origin of which is too mysterious to be solved. For before I turned from the window I had never supposed myself capable of loving at all; and before John had finished his few words of introduction, the passion of a life-time had been condensed and crowded into my heart. Yes, I loved that girl as intensely when the last syllable of my name died upon John's lip as I ever did thereafter; and how earnest, how burning that love has been I know, but cannot tell! I hardly know now what I said. If my speech was confused and hesitating, they ascribed it only to bashfulness and timidity, and took no farther notice of it. At the table their conversation was animated and lively, and I had ample opportunity of gathering into my heart's treasury her every feature, glance and word.

As I recall her now, now when the experience and lessons of life have left their marks upon my soul, I do not think it could have been her beauty solely that caused such a sudden growth of love. No, it must have been some unexplained sympathy, some unappreciated affinity, that awoke and unveiled the slumbering passion of my soul. She might have been base-born, rude, unrefined, for aught I knew, and yet a single glance unsealed the fountain whose flow has cut a channel in my heart that is deep, though dry to-day.

I shut my eyes now, and I see her as she looked then. Not very tall, but with a form wherein every womanly grace was swelling in its most eloquent expression. Her hair was brown, (how often I foolishly fancied that the hue of mine was like that of hers!) and put back in plain folds each side her cheek; her eyes I thought at first were blue, but really were of that hazel that changes with every rising thought; but when at rest they wore a mournful, tender look that seemed to fathom the depths of my soul. Her face was oval, the mouth small, and the parting of the rich red lips disclosed the transparent and regular teeth. I remember as I gazed on her, that I thought of a picture of the Madonna I had seen when but a child. And thenceforth she to my heart was its Madonna.

That forenoon John rode to the neighboring village for letters and papers. My uncle was reading in the library, and I was left with her alone. I think that she noticed my awkward manner and incoherent conversation, for, with woman's true tact, she strove to make me feel at my ease. She spoke of every thing which I might be supposed to be interested in, which might be familiar to me, of my studies, of my college life, of my uncle, of my future purposes. And when her kind intentions seemed to be baffled by the strange manner, and repelling mien with which my madly-beating heart indued me, she said with a smile that she supposed I liked music, at any rate she would try to teach me to, and so sat at the piano to sing.

Has the echo of that song ever died; will it ever die? Is it not burning in my brain; is it not ringing in the room to-night. Never before had every fibre of my heart so thrilled, never before had the coldness

and falsehood of my nature been fused by harmony. I inhaled as it were every note; I prolonged with inward response every cadence. I thought that the summit of earthly fame was to have written 'Mary of Argyle;' the acmé of earthly happiness, to have heard as I did, Mary Linley sing it. When the last strain ceased I felt as if some portion of my very being had annihilated and stricken forever away.

When John returned, he asked Mary if she had not found me poor company?

'No indeed,' she replied, laughing, 'Mr. Hatton is the best of companions. He is n't so vain as you, you who want to say and do every thing yourself.'

'Ah!' replied my cousin, 'you do n't know Hugh. He is artful and this very modesty and silence is the key-note of his tactics. While he is hanging on your words, and dwelling on your glances, he is in fact studying the best access to your heart. So, take care, Mary.'

I could have struck him, though I knew that he was but jesting; though I felt she knew it too, yet I could not bear that she should ever be told, even in jest, that I had wasted a thought, a word, a look on any woman in the wide world but her.

Day after day passed. Though I was in her company constantly, I always was absorbed with but one thought, that of concealing from her the love that was crushing my heart to death. I suppose that at times I must have seemed even morose and unkind in my endeavors to hide a passion as hopeless as it was absorbing. For she seemed so much above me, so far beyond my reach, so infinitely superior to my highest deservings, that I sometimes wondered that I dared even to love her in secret. But though that stifled passion ate into my very heart-strings, I thank God that no moan or complaint of mine ever told my pain; that my fear repressed the utterance of my love.

I noticed that her manner with me was different from what it was with John. With me she was always gay, lively; smiling at my shyness, laughing at my abrupt and unkind words, (oh, how bitterly they belied my heart!) She was always ready to sing to me, always ready to walk or ride with me; and if I showed any rude disinclination to either, though at the time I would be dying to consent, she would compel me to yield to her will by a charming assumption of authority.

But with my cousin she seemed entirely changed. She rarely if ever sought his side; her eyes were never fixed fully upon his, and her conversation with him, even upon the most trivial subjects, seemed constrained and suppressed. If he entered the room when she was alone, she would soon leave it, and in all our walks and drives she always seemed to choose my companionship rather than his.

Let not the man who is deeply skilled in the mysteries of woman's heart, sneer at me because I only judged of things as they seemed. I had not been taught the lesson, that the noble delicacy of woman's love trembles at any act which might be evincive of her partiality until the words which she longs, yet almost fears to hear, steal from the lips of the loved one: until from the strength of manhood's passion are wrought out the syllables that burn like fire into her heart and memory, 'I love you.'

So our days went by. I was gradually losing my constraint, and found in my daily intimacy with her a charm that aroused new and undreamed of powers. I no longer blushed when she spoke to me, I no longer avoided her glance, but would sit gazing into her eyes with such earnestness and devotion, that I wonder my secret was not revealed to her. I loved to hear her speak, and GOD only knows what gorgeous dreams of future happiness entranced me as I listened, spell-bound, hour after hour, to her words. But chiefly, I loved to hear her sing. I would stand by the piano in those sweet summer evenings, while the stars went up one by one into their places, and listen with hushed pulse and tearful eyes as she uttered those sounds, that seem even now in the stillness of night echoing from heaven, to float from angel-lips down, down through the illimitable ether into my ear. Oh! seasons of voiceless delight, do you never return? Is there no melody left for me on earth, that can revive you? Are the voices of sweet singers and the chiming of liquid and lulling strains, forever to fall coldly on my ear after that epoch of song?

I remember now, how as she would sing some strain of passion, her voice would grow lower and fainter, and her hands pause listlessly on the keys of the instrument, and how I, looking into her eyes, could see the tears. Then came over me a strange feeling of happiness, for I thought — and I thank GOD for the bliss I felt in thinking so — that the song might have awakened in her bosom some answer to the silent love that was coiled, snake-like, round my heart.

But your hands, dear *Mary* hold to-night an angel's lyre, and your voice floats through the arches of heaven.

Oh! glorious visions, why did I ever awake. Why did I not die then, die in the half-formed and timid hope, that on her heart's tree, one bud of tenderness and love was blossoming for me. I am thankful now that at those moments I resisted the mighty impulse that would have made me fall at her feet and utter my broken tale of burning passion; I am thankful that she never heard the words that thronged in those moments to my lips.

Sometimes John would come softly in while she was singing, and stand silently behind her. But when she was aware of his presence, she would rise and glide from the room; and then I would feel angry that he should step within the charmed circle of my happiness, and cause the beautiful spirit whose presence was blessing me to vanish.

But for all that I was at times inclined to look upon my cousin cooly, both on this account, and because I thought he was distasteful to Mary, and so should be disliked by me, I loved him more and more every day. His manly heart, his unfeigned friendship, the countless exhibitions of his affection for me, the pleasing remembrances of boyhood, all conspired to link me to him with bonds that the grave has not broken and death has not decayed. And if it be given to departed spirits to revisit earth, to be at the side and read the heart of those they loved in life, you know to-night, dear John, that your memory is green and sacred in my soul.

A month had passed, a month that was to me one waking trance of fierce delight. I doubt if ever there had been a moment of it that had

been divided from her possession, sleeping or awake, in his presence or out of her sight, the seething billows of passion still beat on the sea-beach of my life, with unchanging sound, with unaltered crests. I began to indulge myself in long and solitary walks, wherin I hugged and gloated over my new-found treasure; wherein I built up great arches for the bridge of the Future; and the key-stone of them all was Mary Linley.

The night — I never shall, I never can forget that night — the twilight had just blended into the moonrise, and I had strolled across the fields and entered an old pine-forest that was of no great extent, and of which the trees were not so numerous as to impede one's progress. Indeed, it was pierced throughout with many paths, the work of Art as well as Nature, in which one might walk with great comfort. The delicious damp odor of the evergreens; the perpetual sighing of the tasselled-pines, the bars of moonlight that lay across my path, heightened the ravished feeling that my thoughts had induced into a sense of delirious enjoyment and rapture.

I sat down on a fallen pine, and looked up through the tree tops into the sky. I never felt so near it as I did then. I resolved that on the morrow I would confide to Mary all the stormy thoughts that were beating fiercely at my lips for expression; I would tell her all I had suffered, all I hoped, and I fancied that I could feel her soft arm round me, and her warm lip quivering on mine, and could hear her half-hushed, but still most intensely audible answer: 'Yours, dear Hugh, in life and death.'

I was seated out of the beaten path, from which I was separated by a thick growth of young fir-trees. The path itself was bathed in light, while the shadow of the trees fell deeply upon me; I heard footsteps coming along the walk and resolved to sit in silence till they had passed. They stopped however directly in front of me. I caught the gleam of a female's dress through the fir openings, I was about to start forward when I heard the voice of a man in earnest conversation with her.

I solemnly declare that I had not heard a single syllable, I had not even seen the face of either, before an awful and nameless dread crept over me. What it portended I knew not, but I felt a great agony sinking, and growing intenser as it sank, into the depths of my palpitating heart. I leaned forward with strained eyes and in sickening suspense. It was my cousin and Mary. They stood sidelong to me, and the moonlight was full upon their faces. Her hands were clasped in his, and her face was upturned to his own with an expression of angelic sweetness and trusting love. He was speaking. Was each word a coal of fire, hot from the furnace, that it so scorched and burned into my soul? Was the air that I breathed an atmosphere like that of the damned?

'Mary, dear, you know my heart now; you trust in my love, do n't you?'

A smile of tenderness was the only reply.

'Darling, I have dreamed of this for years! — of this very moment, when I should look into your eyes and see there the wealth of your heart's true love, glittering for me alone; of this very moment, when my passion and your reply should be sealed thus.'

He stooped to kiss the lips that shrank not from him.

'Mary, I have never known before the secret of life. My feet have wandered to many a spot, my heart has beat in many a measure, but the spot where our feet stand now is to me, to both of us, the soil of Eden, and the throbbings of our hearts are laden with the fulness of a delight that must be lent us from Heaven. Here let me rest. Beyond the haven of your love let the bark of my passion never go; there let it furl its sails and anchor forever. Thither the storm and strife of life's under billows shall never reach; thither the sound of its tempests shall come but faintly and hushed. I am henceforth to own but one memory, one hope; the memory of to-night; the hope that GOD will give you to me on earth and in the grave!'

And she answered: 'John, dear John! it was long ago I loved you; but I feared that you never would care for me, and I hoped and prayed that you might never know my love for you if your own heart was cold. I am sure I prayed so, and I prayed too that you might love me dearly; that you might——'

She said no more, for he had clasped her in his arms, and they were locked in the long, lingering, passionate embrace of love.

In the open field, with my face on the cold damp ground; in the shadow of the pine forest, clutching the grass in my agony. How I came there I never knew. There I lay, with a thousand thoughts rolling like fiery billows over my heart. and a thousand hideous shapes grinning and howling at me. In that fearful phantasmagoria of torment I could not arrest a single thought or a single shape. They rolled and whirled by in endless succession, but I felt, I knew that they were all alike. I sprang to my feet, as if to shake off with a vigorous effort these dreadful persecutors; and as I looked out in the field beyond the black, evenly-defined shadow of the pine forest, I saw them in the shapes of John and Mary walking slowly along in the moonlight. The air about them appeared of a golden hue, and their steps seemed to be on beaten silver; but I was standing in the blackness and gloom of the forest shadow, with a yet more rayless blackness and gloom upon my heart.

How long I stood there I cannot think. I have thought since, that in that fearful season all my powers of reason, reflection and memory must have been swallowed up in the fearful vortex of passion that was hissing and boiling in my heart. When its waves grew calmer, and the fiery veil was drawn from my eyes, I walked hurriedly to the house. I paused in the flower-garden before it. The blinds of the parlor windows were closed, but the casement was up, and I heard her singing. I felt that John was beside her, leaning over her shoulder, his black curls mingling with her damp, soft brown hair. I could not see this, but a thousand daggers of conviction at my heart made me feel it. Presently the song ceased, and the low, earnest tones of impassioned words come on the still night air. I should have gone frantic to have waited there one instant longer. I opened the front door softly and stole to my chamber, entered it, and locked the door.

I sat upon the side of my bed. For some time I did not think at all; the only things that filled my mind were pictures of what I had

seen and echoes of what I had heard. At last the silence and calm of my room restored me, and I endeavored to give my wild and shapeless thoughts some form; and first of all appeared, with stony, fearful, changeless, Sphynx-like gaze, the embodied conviction 'She does not love you! She will never love you!' Then arose (forgive me, John; I cannot forgive myself!) a bitter, desperate, and demoniac hatred of my cousin. May such cursed impulses and black resolves as flapped their ominous wings above my tortured spirit in that hour, never, never visit me again! I shudder when I think of them. But in the midst of the strife of my anguish, I lifted my eyes to the wall of my room, and there, hanging in the moonlight, I saw the picture of John, painted years ago, when we played together. It seemed to look upon me with a look wherein the ancient love-light was blended with a mournful chiding. It aroused the recollections of our spring time of life; it pleaded with the hearty friendship of our later days; it recalled his last 'GOD bless you, Hugh! Good night!'

I buried my face in the pillow and wept. Those tears were the gift of GOD; there flowed away with them all rancor, all malice, all loathsome revenge, and nothing, nothing was left behind but a great and deep sorrow; that they could not wash away. Are there not traces to-night where the lava and fire has been?

I arose with a calmer and a lighter heart. I thanked GOD that the affection of my heart for John had passed unmelted through the fiery furnace. I was thankful in being able to reflect that neither of them suspected the secret of my heart, and that their love might never be imbittered by the thought of the hopelessness of mine.

What a long and terrible night that was! What years of pain were crowded into its weary watches! They say that intense fear or a night of great bodily anguish will sometimes turn the blackest hair to the silver hue of age. I know that in those fearful hours my heart grew very old.

My purpose was fixed; my plans were formed. I must leave the place the next day, and never, never see her again. I packed my trunk, and as I finished my preparations for departure the morning was flushed and glorious. I softly stole down stairs, and sent a servant over to the post-town to direct the stage to come for me. I picked a little bunch of roses from a bush I had seen her tend, and wandered listlessly around the house in the apathy of despair.

A sudden step in the gravel-walk and a ringing 'Good morning, Hugh!' It was John. I grasped his hand with an iron grasp, as if thereby to wring out all remembrances of the evil thoughts of the night before.

'Why, Hugh, where were you last night? Mary and I hunted every where for you. But my father said he heard you in your room, and going up I found you locked in. Were you sick?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'I was taken suddenly and violently ill, and laid down.'

'Poor fellow! you look dreadfully haggard and pale. But I have something to tell you which I think will restore you to something like your wonted spirits.'

I did not look him in the face; I dared not. He continued:

'Perhaps you have suspected all along that I loved dear Mary. Last night I knew for the first time that she loved me. I have seen my father this very morning, and he tells me that I could not have chosen any one that could have been more pleasing to him.'

I could not speak. I feared lest I could not control my words.

'We shall live here at the old homestead, Hugh, and you must stay with us as much as you can. Mary loves you almost enough for me to be jealous of her.'

Another struggle to crush down the rising devil in my heart. Taking me by the arm, he continued: 'Come into the house, dear Hugh, and wish us both joy.'

My brain swam as I entered the breakfast-parlor, where my uncle and Mary were seated. Both looked cheerful, joyous and happy. I felt as a damned spirit might in gazing through the gates of Paradise. I do not know what I said in relation to John and Mary's engagement; I only know that as we rose from the table I announced my intention of departure. I met all urging and solicitation to stay longer with the brief reply that my vacation was nearly over, and that I could not remain longer. My trunks were brought to the door, and I sat in the room with John and Mary, awaiting the stage. It came rumbling along the road. It stopped at the gate. I wrung the hands of my uncle and John, and was about to leave Mary with hardly a word of farewell, when she laid her hand on my arm and said:

'Dear Hugh, are you going to leave me so?'

There were tears in her eyes as they looked up at me. I stooped and pressed my lips to hers, and with the fire and madness of that touch burning in my veins, I uttered a trembling 'God bless you!' and in a minute was whirling down the road.

I saw the group as the stage turned a corner of the lane. John was standing with his arm around Mary's waist and her head upon his shoulder. My uncle was behind them. They were waving their hands toward me in token of a last good-by. It was too much to bear. I sank back in the stage and wept as if my heart would break.

The wound of that first anguish was yet green, though many a month had gone by. I had left college, and was about to leave the country. I had heard occasionally from John, and sometimes from Mary. Their letters were like barbed arrows to my soul. They spoke of their mutual, trusting love, of their plans, of their sunny hopes. They were to be married in the autumn, and after a pleasure-journey, return to the old mansion, there to stay for life. I had determined to remain till after their marriage, and then go, I hardly knew whither; but the fountain of Lethe flowed, I hoped, somewhere beyond the sea.

. . . . . .

A LETTER from my uncle. I read and re-read it, for I hardly thought it real. It spoke of a sudden, an unexplained, a mysterious quarrel between his son and Mary. John had suddenly departed for India, and Mary was lying at the brink of the grave. Weeks went on, and the crisis in her illness had passed and she was recovering.

Every thing still remained unexplained. Mary never spoke of the

fatal word or act, whichever it might be, that had produced this wretchedness, and no one had the cruelty to probe the wound. All was conjecture, all was doubt. I had resolved, however, not to go away, but to stay at home, in the hope that time would solve the mystery. I had not as yet seen her since I left her that summer morning, when she stood by John's side. But I was to see her once more.

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I HAVE but barely touched on these occurrences; they were so startling, so unexpected, that they hardly seemed true. The quarrel, John's departure, Mary's illness and convalescence, all were to me as a painful dream.

At last a letter came from Mary herself. They had just received intelligence that John was dead. He had fallen a victim to a fatal epidemic, and he was sleeping by the banks of the Ganges. Her letter was touching in the extreme. It told me of the sorrow that was preying upon her life; it asked me, for the sake of the old time, to come and see her once more before she died.

Whirling down the green lane again; stopping at the old gate. I saw the house through the trees; I felt the gravel that I had so often trodden on grating under my feet. My hand was again on the latch of the door, my step was again in the hall. My uncle met me cordially and affectionately. He forestalled the question that was struggling to my lip.

'She is sinking every day. She has been hoping to see you hourly.'

'Where is she?'

'You must not see her to-night. She is asleep, and I should fear to awaken her. To-morrow you shall see her, and I hope your presence may revive her. She has spoken much of you.'

I slept that night in the same chamber wherein I had passed that other night that was branded upon my memory. But my feelings were changed. John, my noble cousin, was dead and resting beneath a far-off sun; and she, the beautiful, was sinking to the grave. Where were their hopes of happiness? Into what realm of vanished loveliness had fled their tender dreams of bliss? Oh, the tears I shed that night were not those that fell in that season of crushed hope! I saw John's portrait hanging in the old place, and gazing at it, I prayed long and earnestly; and rising, I felt a calm tranquillity flowing into my heart, and the old love that had ruled me so long and so sternly seemed to have lost the cruel and stony gaze that it wore in former hours, and looked on me with a tender glance, as of that of an angel. My love for Mary Linley was more like a sacred memory than a passion. Was she not dead to me — dead, and wrapped up in the shroud of John's love? I slept calmly and peacefully, for the spirit of one that had loved me faithfully in life floated through my dreams.

The morning came. She was sitting in the parlor propped up in a huge easy-chair with pillows. I entered the room softly, and she did not hear me till I was kneeling at her side and sobbing in her lap. She put the hair back from my forehead and smiled faintly as she chided my emotion. I could not speak, I could not breathe as I gazed in her face.

The same, but still how altered! Every feature was attenuated to

a transparent delicacy, through which the very veins were visible. Her eye was more brilliant than ever; the soul looked more brightly out of it as it drew near its home; the wealth and richness of her brown hair was thrown back negligently from her forehead; the hair that in other day's had been twined round my fingers; her voice was very low, but of ineffable sweetness.

'Hugh, dear Hugh, I feared that I should not see you again.'

'I would have come to you from the dead.'

'Hush,' she replied, 'you must not speak of the dead. Is not John among them, and he will not come back.

I could not answer her, and she continued:

'I killed him, Hugh. If it had not been for my wicked unkindness, he would never have left me; he would never have died away from home, away from me.' 'The issues of life,' said I, 'are not with us; he might have died here, beneath his own roof tree. And Mary, wherever, however, he died, I believe with an unchangeable belief that your name was last upon his tongue, and the thought of you was next to that of his GOD in his heart.'

'Oh! if he had only come back!' she sobbed; 'if he could only have heard me tell him that I loved him more fondly, more truly than ever, if I could only have felt his kiss upon my cheek, and have heard one syllable of forgiveness, I could die without a murmur. But he left me, Hugh, in anger! yes, it was I that killed him!'

I strove to soothe her, but in vain. Fearing that my presence would excite her into a dangerous state, I soon left her, and went out with a sad and mournful heart. For she was dying. I saw where the unmistakeable traces of decay were left upon her face and form. Death was stealing his prize away none the less, surely, because he had wreathed her brow with flowers. A little longer, a little longer, and this pure, noble loving heart would throb on earth no more.

It was inexpressibly touching to witness the sweetness and gentleness of spirit which she manifested; there was no repining, no querulous complaining at her lot. The light and loveliness of earth had no charm for her to win her hopes from heaven. There, she would often say, was garnered up her heart; there she should meet again him, who could not come back to forgive her; there she should never hear the bitter word or feel the unkind look; there both their spirits would dwell in an atmosphere of love that would know no change forever.

She often told me that John spoke of me in the days of their happy trustfulness, with strong and manly affection. That in all their dreams of the Future I was mingled; that she was to be to me a sister, and he a brother; and I shed such tears at her simple narration as I never can shed again. She never blamed my cousin; she never revealed the unhappy cause of their alienation, and whatever it was the grave keeps the secret well; you may listen to the waving of the tall grass that grows where she sleeps, but never a syllable comes thence. She had no love or longing for life, although she knew that each day brought her closer to the grave. A little lock of John's hair was always pressed in her hand, and she would keep her eye fixed upon it, saying, as a pang would rack her now feeble frame: 'It is no matter, it brings me nearer to him.'

I have seen in a lake the ice grow thinner and thinner beneath the waxing heat of the sun, dissolving every hour, wasting imperceptibly away into the water which bore it up, and of which it had its birth. So, day after day, beneath the light and warmth which flowed upon her from heaven, the earthly fetters of her soul grew weaker and weaker, and we could see how her spirit was melting into the pure source which had so far sustained it, and from whence it sprung.

One afternoon we were gathered round her, for we knew that death was very near to her; she had sunk very rapidly of late, and we felt that any moment might be her last. She was sitting in her easy-chair, looking out toward the sinking sun. I was kneeling near her with her hands clasped in mine.

'Hugh,' murmured she, 'to-night I shall see John. Do you think he will forgive me.'

What could I answer?

'He will know me, and I shall know him, for I saw him last night as I shall see him again to-night. The light and glory of heaven was on his forehead like a crown.'

The sobs of my uncle alone broke the stillness.

'Come nearer, Hugh dear, for I think I am dying. Kiss me,' she murmured very softly.

I bent my lips to her cold pale brow. As I did so, I heard my cousin's name trembling upon her tongue, and with those dear syllables faintly uttered, she died; died with his name upon her lips, who was the first, it may be, to greet her as she entered the eternal gates.

Few ever knew what beauty and loveliness faded away from earth that day. Few ever stand where her weary heart is hushed forever, but for me, the flight of that pure spirit left a void that time has never filled, for me earth has no spot so sacred as Mary Linley's grave.

Hallowell, (Me.,) 1850.

A DIRGE.

BY R. S. STODDARD.

THERE 's a new grave in the old church-yard,
Another mound in the snow;
And a maid whose soul was whiter far,
Sleeps in her shroud below.

The winds of March are piping loud,
And the snow comes down for hours;
But by-and-by the April rains
Will bring the sweet May flowers.

The sweet May flowers will cover her grave,
Made green by the April rain;
But blight will lie on our memories,
And our tears will fall in vain!

LINES.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

'What is that word, honor?—Shakspeare.

'Thou shalt not steal:' so saith the holy law
Unto the eager hand, and to the heart,
'Thou shalt not covet aught that is not thine;'
And human legislators far and wide
Have framed their statutes in the light of these:
Therefore the wretch whose tattered vesture seems
To beckon all the winds to howl at him,
And he to whose lean lips a Spartan crust
Were sweeter than ambrosia, must atone
With stripes or shackles, pillory or cord,
If found delinquent, even in sorest need:
He had a right to face the blast, but not
To rob a fellow-shiverer of his rags;
And he a right to hunger, but his hand
No licensed seizure of his neighbor's scrip;
So let the scourge or halter do its work,
And terror guard the bounds 'twixt mine and thine.
Thus speaks the Law, and with its lifted sword
Protects alike the shining hoards of wealth
And the vile nothings Poverty calls his.

But Honor hath sage statutes of his own,
Albeit sternly holding that to steal
The meanest chattel in another's right
Is base and craven. Ay, he hath an eye
To that which is material, and his frown
Falls black on him that doth transgress in aught
That can be weighed or measured, bought or sold;
But of the priceless treasures of the heart,
Its fond devotion, faith, and hope, and love,
He makes no scruple making free with these,
Though his best friend be beggared by the theft:
He would abhor to cross his neighbor's stile,
Though bending branches tempt the furtive step
To sweet fruition, yet would not demur
To steal into that neighbor's happy home,
The shrine of wedded purity and peace,
And with sly lures and sinuous strategies
So work his will, that she who was the Eve
Of that Elysium shall become a thing
From which Pollution would recoil with shame.

Nay, he would scorn to make his neighbor's hedge
One berry lighter for his roving hand,
Yet would not falter, if the whim so led,
To rob that neighbor's hearth of his sole child,
And having blasted all her vernal charms,
And changed her maiden bashfulness of mien

To that which might outbraze the basilisk,
Leave her at last, like MAGDALEN of old,
Possessed of many devils. He would blush
To break the staff on which the hoary leans,
To trip the stumbling, or mislead the blind,
Yet would not stick to break a doting heart,
Yet would not scruple to corrupt a soul,
And then abandon, so forlorn and lost,
So pronely tottering on perdition's brink,
That hope could scarcely dream of rescue more.

Lo ye who worship Honor and his laws,
Contemning Nature's, and the awful code
Fulmined from trembling Sinai; ye who deem
That maid and matron all are licensed game
Wherewith to sport your manhood, tell us, pray,
From what celestial loins ye had your birth,
Or whose immortal paps were yours to drain,
That thus in conscious nobleness ye mock
The attributes of woman? One would think,
In presence of your wisdom, that the myth
Of PALLAS had been verified, and you
Had tasked the parturition of a god
To give such greatness advent!

I have heard
A sage of downy chin and treble voice,
Almost in ear-shot of his sisters, swear
The sex all wanton, frivolous and frail:
He 'd seen the world, and knew them to be so
Of his own knowledge, if the truth must out;
And therefore, for his part, he valued them
As pretty toys to while an idle hour
In lack of nobler pastime, the dear heart!
Whose memory was too fraught with gallant lore
To bear this much: *Thy Mother was a Woman!*

Oh! as for *me*, when I forget her pangs
Who gave me life in peril of her own;
The bosom where my utter helplessness
Found strength and shelter in its mortal need;
The voice that sang my cradle-song, the eyes
That watched my sickly sleep the live-long nights;
The lips that ever were the last to blame,
The first to breathe forgiveness when I erred;
The tears that followed boyhood's wayward steps,
Like kindly rain the hunted wanderer's track,
All trace effacing from the tell-tale sands;
When I forget to honor gentleness,
Unwearied zeal, unbounded sympathies,
And all the sweet obliviousness of self,
As shown in every chance and change of life
By woman, rude or polished, bond or free;
Then may my name be registered with theirs
Whom gallantry holds honorable men
For dragging down to their own native mire
GOD'S Eidolon of purity and love!

W. F. P.

New-York, June, 1850.

SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY MONTGOMERY PARKER, U. S. C.*

On the twenty-seventh of September we stood into the beautiful land-locked harbor of St. Paul de Loando, and exchanged salutes with the authorities. As it was something of a novelty to find ourselves actually in a civilized place after cruising so long upon the more barbarous parts of the coast, we were of course much delighted at the prospect of finding shore comforts, and during our stay of nearly a week's duration we were not slow in making the most of them.

The city of St. Paul de Loando is the capital of the Portuguese province of Angola, and the residence of a governor-general or viceroy, and a bishop's see. It is, I believe, by far the largest European settlement on the coast of Western Africa, though even now much diminished in extent and importance from its condition a century back. There are yet some very extensive squares near the sea-shore, and the really fine buildings and regularly-laid and lighted streets, the number of vessels in the harbor, and the bustle and stir of a large commercial place, all proclaim to the African cruiser that the luxuries and comforts of civilization are to be found in Africa, notwithstanding the opinion he may have formed during his long and arduous cruises upon the slave coasts. There is here, to be sure, as in other places on the coast, a good deal of fever, intense heat, and many 'niggers;' but these evils are more than counterbalanced and relieved by the sight of a goodly number of white faces, including some Portuguese ladies, and by the knowledge that you are among civilized beings in a civilized community.

I had the pleasure of attending our commander on a visit of ceremony to the governor-general, whom we found to be an exceedingly polished and well-informed man. He seemed to be well acquainted with the history of the United States (something rare in a foreigner), and inquired particularly about our affairs with Mexico, of which however he seemed to be quite as well informed as ourselves. His name is Da Cunhu, and he comes from one of the most ancient and noble families in Portugal. He spoke English very fluently, with little or no accent, and after an audience of about half an hour (during which he tendered to Captain B., in the warmest manner, the hospitalities of the port), we took our leave, much pleased with our visit to his excellency.

The heat of the sun in St. Paul de Loando is intolerable, and no white man, if he is wise, will venture out in the day-time unprotected from its rays. There is a very large number of blacks in the city,

* 'I send you a sketch of the city of Saint Paul de Loando, the capital of the Portuguese province of Angola. I commence so far South because my friend John Carroll Brent, Esq., has been so recently over the northern coast in his interesting sketches in your pages. My next sketch will be a description of a very interesting excursion which I made up the river Dande in 1848. This I think will be new, for I have never heard of this river having been ascended by any persons except slaves.'

Note to the Editor

standing at every corner, whose sole occupation is that of carrying a sort of palanquin called a 'masulah.' These are more plentiful than omnibusses and cabs in Broadway, and infinitely more comfortable; and every person of any importance always rides in one of these African vehicles. They consist of a kind of cot slung to a long pole, with an awning over it, and some of them are framed and lined with morocco in rather an expensive style, but in very good taste. Two of the black bearers will carry one of these masulahs with a passenger at the rate of thirty miles a day with the greatest ease, and the motion is one of the pleasantest and most soothing to one's heated nerves in this climate that I ever experienced. I was so much pleased with one, after my first experimental ride, that I chartered it for the time I was to remain; and really, when forced to go, I took leave of the two poor bearers with regret; for they had lugged me many a mile in an African sun during the 'Boxer's stay, and that too without murmuring, and 'without turning a hair,' as the horse-jockeys say.

On the long narrow island of Loando, which completely landlocks the harbor of St. Paul, the government have a naval dépôt and shipyard, off which a receiving or guard-ship is always moored, and there are two or three armed cruisers constantly on the station, actively employed, as is stated, in preventing the slave trade being carried on in any of the coast under the jurisdiction of the Portuguese flag. There is, beside this force, a regularly-enrolled body of native militia for the defence of the province; and strange as it may seem, these troops are nearly all composed of wandering tribes of bushmen, who are only paid when called into actual service, and then only at the rate of two cents a day, or thereabouts, while on duty. I was assured by a gentleman resident, that the government could actually depend on the services of more than a hundred thousand of these strange troops in case of any emergency arising where their aid would be required. The bushmen lead a miserable, wandering life, cultivating just enough to keep themselves from starving, and trading with the merchants in the city in slaves, ivory, palm-oil, beeswax, orchilla, and other articles of African produce. They are well provided with muskets and powder, and it is somewhat singular that in almost every tribe there can be found two or three native gunsmiths, who (in their own rude manner, to be sure) can repair and render any injured gun serviceable. They are troubled with but very little clothing, wearing but a small piece of cotton-cloth about the loins, and decorating their greasy shaved heads with a little strip of the skin of some beast, with the hair turned outward, which gives them a very wild and ferocious appearance.

There is a very singular tribe of Bushmen inhabiting a section of country not far from the city, who are very nearly white; a kind of Albino. They look as one would suppose a negro would look after he had been very badly and imperfectly skinned, more than like any thing else that I can compare them to. Their eyes are bloodshot and inflamed, and their sight, in the day-time, when the sun is up, very imperfect. Their hair, or rather wool, is of a grisly white color, and in form and stature they are purely African, having flat noses and thick pouting lips. They do no work, but live entirely by begging, and are

looked upon with perfect abhorrence by the other tribes of Bushmen. I saw a number of them at different times about the streets of Loando, and a more miserable, dirty, disgusting-looking set of wretches I never yet beheld.

St. Paul de Loando is strongly defended by several fortifications. One of them is cut into the side of a rocky cliff at the entrance to the harbor, and completely commands it. A little farther up, almost in the mouth of the harbor, is a strong water-battery, mounting about fifty guns, and on an elevation in the centre of the city stands the castle and another very strong fort, which commands the town and harbor. Beside these fortifications, the natural defences are very strong, and are capable of much greater improvement at a small expense. There are many buildings and structures of a good deal of style and pretension, and all constructed with an eye to comfort and protection from the intense heat. The governor's palace, built upon the highest elevation in the city, is a very large structure, and admirably placed to take advantage of the cool sea-breezes. It adjoins the barracks, which are large and well-ventilated, and is surrounded by the dwelling-houses of the more wealthy class of Portuguese residents. In different parts of the city there are still standing the walls of several very immense churches and cathedrals, built centuries ago by the Jesuits, shortly after they obtained their foothold in Africa. From their size and the extent of ground which they cover they must have been magnificent edifices when first erected; but now they stand as so many witnesses to the decline of the wealthy and ambitious order by whom they were founded. One of them, covering perhaps three acres of ground, and capable of holding an army, is now used as a military store-house and work-shop for the troops.

The mercantile community of St. Paul de Loando is quite large, and most of the merchants are really wealthy. They are generally connected with commercial houses in Rio Janeiro, Balier, and other ports in the Brazils, and Lisbon and Liverpool, and the trade is of a good deal of importance.

I am inclined to think that but little is known in the commercial world of the real value of the Portuguese provinces in south-western Africa; and indeed the want of energy and enterprise amongst the Portuguese themselves do not develope their resources. So far as first settlement and colonization gives them a right, they have an undoubted claim to the greater portion of the territories of Loango, Cingo, Angola, and Benguela; and at different points in these countries, both on the seashore and in the interior, for many years, trading-posts and guard-stations have been established, under the mere nominal protection of the Portuguese flag, which has not availed them much when brought into collision with the natives. As a general thing the Portuguese succeed admirably with the natives, not only on account of their own nature, which when in Africa appears to assimilate with them, but by the aid of superstition and the strong feeling in favor of Roman Catholics, which in years gone by was widely disseminated by the Jesuits throughout these provinces.

Notwithstanding the 'greegree,' or idol-worship, among the natives,

I have never seen a tribe of natives, from the latitude of Cape Verd to that of San Felippe de Benguela, who did not appear to have traces of Catholic worship among them, and who did not respect the emblems of that religion. Almost every hut will be found to contain a little crucifix, or a string of beads, and perhaps nine out of ten of the natives will have one of these tokens suspended round his neck, intermingled with his 'greegrees' and charms to protect him from the 'evil eye.' It is in a great measure owing to this latent feeling of respect for the Catholic religion, that Protestant missionaries to Africa have found their labors so arduous and unprofitable. The love of show is paramount to a negro, and this he has in the ceremonies of the Catholic church; while in the unostentatious worship of the different Protestant sects there is nothing to charm the eye, and but little which appeals to the senses. Added to this, a great, very great difficulty, has been met with, and an obstacle presented almost insurmountable to the advancement of any particular creed of Christianity in Africa, by the very ill-advised and ill-chosen custom of sending missionaries of different denominations to the same point.

Is it to be wondered at, that when in our own civilized and educated communities we are often stranded in religion and left in the dark by following out some new doctrine, in opposition to another which we have professed during a lifetime, that the poor unenlightened blacks in Africa, with intellects hardly above the brute beasts, are confounded and disgusted by the preachings and exhortations of one missionary and the counter assertions and assurances of another, and that they return to their 'greegrees' and 'fetishes,' which only stand for one faith, with a stubborn resolve never more to be led aside from that faith, no matter what may happen to them?

The Portuguese merchants in St. Paul de Loando are a very hospitable and gentlemanly set of men: of the ladies we saw but little, as they make their appearance only in the evening, when the sun goes down, which in fact, they tell us, is the only time that the place is really alive, an assertion I am for one ready to credit, as any place is dead to me without the enlivening charm of ladies' society. This luxury we were unfortunately obliged to forego, the health regulations of the squadron not permitting any one to be on shore after sun-down. I may here give it as my opinion, founded on my own experience of a two years' residence in the climate of Africa, since my visit to St. Paul de Loando, that no detriment to the health of any person will be experienced by remaining on shore until nine o'clock in the evening, as the sea-breezes rarely cease to blow before ten at night, during which time the noxious exhalations of the land do not concentrate. And I also question whether much more injury to health is not experienced in the African squadrons by allowing officers and crews to go on shore in the heat of the day, while the sun is in its full intensity, and no air stirring, than would be by allowing them to leave the ships late in the afternoon, and remaining until even a later time than nine or ten o'clock. Old stagers on the coast of Africa tell me that it is safe so far as health is concerned to remain on shore until midnight, and then go off to the ship to sleep, and avoid the morning fogs, and on no account to commit the folly of

sleeping on shore during the two months succeeding the rainy seasons, as ninety-nine persons out of one hundred by so doing would certainly be taken with fever.

There is no doubt whatever that St. Paul de Loando has at one time been a great place for fitting out slavers, and a great many of the present merchants at one time were interested in the traffic, and that too openly. But at the present time the government has set its face against the exportation of slaves, and if any of the mercantile houses are now in this traffic, it is done *sub rosa*, and, I am led to believe, with not much success or profit to those engaged. The merchants as a class (no matter what has been urged to the contrary) are what they represent themselves to be, traders, not in their own species, but with the Bushmen and coast natives, in the various articles of African produce; and no matter what they have been, give them the credit of what they now are, hospitable, kind and gentlemanly men.

Masters of vessels stopping at this port will find a delightfully sheltered and healthy harbor, with any depth of water for anchorage they please, where they can heave out, repair, and refit ship with ease at all times. There are good ship chandlers' stores in the city, where every thing for the fitment or equipment of a vessel can be found. Water is always plentiful, and the market in the great square always well stocked, and prices reasonable; indeed, there is no place on the western coast of Africa like it, and our visit was one of the green spots in our dreary three years' cruize in this burning climate.

LINES FROM 'HAFIZ.'

COME! let us quaff the morning bowl;
Already through her veil of roses
The dawn of day peeps out; and lo!
How sweet the tulip's lip uncloses!
That beautiful dark tulip, down
Whose cheek the dew-drops slowly trickle!
Bring wine, my soul, and let me sip,
For life, like love, is fleeting, fickle:
Behold upon her emerald throne
The bulbul's queen, all glittering, glorious:
Fetch me the ruby wine! that rose
In Eden's bower would reign victorious!
Why talk of Eden — Eden 's here?
Odors and wine, flagon and flowers,
And thou an houri, sweeter far
Than all the maids of Eden's bowers:
But how? — the banquet-room is shut;
Snug in his castle snores the keeper;
The bolt still fast, the entrance barred!
Up, drowsy drone! up, lazy sleeper!
To sleep in such an hour as this,
When Earth her varied joys discloses!
Like HAFIZ, rather wisely seek
Life while it last among the roses.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D

Now the nightingale sits singing
By his rose-bud in the grove,
While the heavens above are ringing
With his river-song of love:
Like the wild swan on the ocean,
Circled with her cygnets white,
Star-engirdled with soft motion,
Sails the moon through heaven to-night:
Good night, my love, my dearest!
High heaven of my delight!
Of all things brightest, fairest,
My beautiful — good night!

Go! while thou art softly sleeping,
By the clear Elysian streams;
I will be awake here weeping
By the 'Ivory Gate of Dreams:'
Angels like the stars in number,
Watchers from their courts of light,
Sing around thy peaceful slumber
Through the beautiful good night:
Good night, my love, my dearest!
High heaven of my delight!
Of all things brightest, fairest,
My beautiful — good night!

While the odorous flowers are closing
Their soft petals in the dew,
Thou wilt be in bed reposing;
I awake in mine for you:
Take, oh, take to your soft bosom,
Faithful nurse of my delight,
This sweet lily-bell in blossom,
And preserve her there — good night!
Good night, my love, my dearest!
High heaven of my delight!
Of all things brightest, fairest,
My beautiful — good night!

Here we both stand broken-hearted,
Leaning on each other's heart;
For in parting we seem parted,
Just to think that we must part:
See! the pale cold moon is waning,
Sinking softly from our sight,
While our souls are here complaining
For the loss of one good night:
Good night, my love, my dearest!
High heaven of my delight!
Of all things brightest, fairest,
My beautiful — good night!

Where the nightingale sits singing
By his rose-bud in the grove,
While the heavens above are ringing
With his river-song of love;
While my soul is left here sighing
Out its song for my delight,
I now hear her voice replying
Unto mine: '*My love, good night!*'
Good night, my love, my dearest!
High heaven of my delight!
Of all things brightest, fairest,
My beautiful — good night!

Villa Allegra, (Ga.,) April 10th, 1848.

AUNT PIETY PARSONS.

A SPECIMEN OF WESTERN LIFE.

No life can be more diversified and changeful than that enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Far West, who, be they 'Buck-eyes,' 'Wolverines,' or citizens of 'Hoosier-dom,' each do that which is right in their own eyes; and if to any dweller within its borders, it seem unfair to serve up one poor lone woman as a specimen of their great, glorious, but unfenced republic, we can only offer in excuse, the high precedent of the man who brought away one veritable, red brick, as a sample of 'Big London City.'

'One half the world know not how the other half live:' so said some wise body, a long time ago, and so said we, as in a morning ramble in the wide western woods, we encountered an earnestly debating group, standing among the stumps before a log-cabin door. There was an old woman, tall and straight gesturing vehemently with a bony hand, the wrist of which was encircled by a band of red flannel, that bespoke a sprain; her complexion was of a snuffy, smoky-brown; her cap-border bent back by the wind, was of the same hue; a robe of faded calico; a black silk handkerchief tied in a wide-speading bow-knot, which hung carelessly over her left shoulder; and a yellow and red cotton bandanna thrust into the open neck of her gown, completed her dress, unless shoes and stockings should be added, the which if her feet were *in* them, they were certainly *out*.

Three little, saucy-looking boys stood before her listening to her voice, with countenance full of impudent defiance, and in attitudes little becoming culprits taken in the act.

Between them there stood, or lay huddled together, Aunt Piety's 'beautiful pile of little pigs,' hardly mature enough to be emancipated from maternal guidance, and who, instead of attending to the grubbings and rootings natural to their condition, were uttering little gruntings and mournful squeaks, as if no common trouble had befallen them.

One glance told the story. Even if the firmly-grasped jack-knife of one of the boys had not revealed it, it could not have escaped the eye of the most careless observer, that every pig of the seven was deprived of that ornamental appendage upon which Nature, as if to make amends for unbending bristles, seems to have outdone herself, in the way of ringlets.

And there lay the little articles themselves, affecting mementoes, silvery cords, tender tails blasted in their first twist, beautiful in death! It seemed as if the sight of them must melt the hearts of those youthful savages, but no! there were no relentings; there was no softened sense of regret, no shame, no confessions, no askings of forgiveness. The little wretches thought it good fun; and the more Aunt Piety scolded, the better the sport, until wrought up into a phrensy of feeling, she exclaimed:

'Aint sorry, eh! then, boys, I swear in the name of Great Britain, I 'll sarve every soul of you just the same!'

Such was my first interview with Mrs. Piety Parsons, whose fame had before that reached my ears, but of whose eccentricities I found not the half had been told. Rumor says that she was once young and handsome, but even Madam Credulity herself would shrink back aghast from such an assertion, and in Mrs. Parson's favorite phrase implying doubt, desired that '*that* might be told to the Indians.' Be it as it may, she is neither now, yet there is an indescribable air of shrewdness about her that commands your attention, and after you have once fairly looked into the depths of her clear, gray eyes, that twinkle like stars in a frosty night, or flash out like the light from a pistol, you forget her poverty and carelessness, for you see that beneath that rough exterior there is no common intelligence.

Whether it was luck or accident, nobody knows, but Aunt Piety once got married, and is still permitted to grace the conjugal estate. This might have been accomplished in those days of youth and beauty that are matters of tradition; but people do say that Barzillai Parsons, smart man as he is, was a lazy youth, and that being first cousin to Piety, he married her because she was the easiest possible, lawful connection. It has so happened that this better-half of hers should be a Quaker, one whose straight coat and broad-brimmed hat belong to the society of Friends, and can be laid aside, or put on to suit his convenience or practice. He is nevertheless a harmless member of the community, 'never cheats,' according to his own showing, 'save when there is a necessity for it,' never quarrels, because 'it is less trouble to be peaceable,' and 'keeps the seventh day as a day of rest, with more pleasure than he labors the other six.' He never interferes with Aunt Piety's concerns. If his three meals each day and a blazing fire await his return from his out-door employment, he rarely speaks to her. She is fond of making little personal sacrifices for comfort, and of telling him of them, thus keeping up conversation; and when she has earned a small sum of money, she finds great satisfaction in giving it to him, and accompanying the same with remarks on her own excellences; while he, good soul, listens to the chink of the silver in his buck-skin purse, and to her lecture with the same imperturbable composure.

They have a piece of land just out of the village, partly cleared, and with its produce and a little cash, (Aunt Piety must have a little money to buy snuff,) they live in their cabin with its 'shakes roof' and mud-chimney, and go up a ladder to get pumpkins and bran for 'the creatures,' and down a ladder to get pork and potatoes for themselves, just as they have done this many a year, contented and happy, ever ready to be hospitable or helpful, as occasion may offer. Her hospitality to be sure, is oftener offered than accepted, for truth must be told, and the feeling that she seasons too liberally with her 'yellow pepper,' prevails with those who know her and her ways, so that the Piety Parson's hospitality is somewhat shunned. Piety is her name, but the exercise of piety is not her forte. It has been affirmed that names, especially those of the abstract virtues, have an influence on character. If Aunt Piety's has had any on hers, it has been by bringing about its opposite. I will not undertake to say that she should be called Sinful Parsons, for she means 'to be clever,' and under that comprehensive phrase she classes the exercise of most of the every-day charities and kindnesses of life. She has a 'fellow feeling' for suffering humanity, loves to nurse the sick, to do for the feeble, and with children about her, is as happy as a queen. But she has 'no faith in religion,' and 'is too strong-minded to believe the Bible, the Koran or the Mormon oracle,' for all are put in the same category by her, and she thinks she has wisdom enough out of her own private stock to get up her own belief regarding the future. Her main concern is with the present, and about that she luxuriates in expressing her ideas, according to her own notions.

Facts are stranger than fancies, and with this fault of Aunt Piety's must be coupled the former weakness. She *is not neat.* The first step into her log-cabin shows it; the first glance about her room proclaims it; and the first whiff of air that greets your olfactories has an energetic way of telling it. Open the door and the gentle breeze from without will waft aside the blue woollen 'bed-rug,' setting lint and feathers flying as if endowed with vitality. Let the dingy curtain of chintz be drawn back from her shelves, and what do you see? Alas! alas! look at her unswept and spotted floor; see her dark pillow coverings and smoky windows; look at her herself! After this you will ask no questions, for you will know all about it. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' and when she parted company with the latter, how could the other remain?

It was a cold day when I first let down her bars, crossed her chip-yard, and stood before her habitation. 'Come in,' was the answer to a knock, which I afterward found to be a superfluous ceremony. I pulled the leathern-string, and the door opened. A high foot-board was nailed against its lower part, as if to keep toddling babies in; no, it was to keep hungry pigs out, and this required no little skill to surmount. A gathering up of garments, a high step, a long step, a firm grasp on the side log, one spring, and you were over.

'Glad to see a human creatur',' said Aunt Piety, her gray eyes fairly gleaming with satisfaction. 'Set right down, and off with that bonnet, for now you must stay and eat;' and she wiped out the seats of some splint-bottomed chairs with her calico apron; then rolling up her arms

in it, covering them and her hands as if with a muff, she seated herself on a low three-legged stool in the corner.

'Why don't you off with them things?' was her next salutation.

'I 'm a dreadful-looking old creatur' to-day, but my feelings is worse than my looks. This is ague-day, and the shakes just off. Take a pinch of snuff? Ain't you going to stay and eat?'

'We only came for a call, Mrs. Parsons.'

'Don't Mrs. Parsons me! *I 'm Aunt Piety,*' was her reply, 'and a dreadful pious creatur' I am. I believe in taking things easy in gettin' along in the world, and in making the most of yourself. (N. B. She has had little success.) I was just putting some wood on the fire as you came. Thinks I, folks are just like wood. See that old fellow there — he has been sissing, steaming away there two hours. He never will blaze, never even smoke, never make a human creatur' warm; only kind of slowly ashes away, of no account anyhow, *dead at heart,* and so's some folks. Now there 's that ugly, crooked little fellow — he won't lay any way. I reckon I was e'en-a-most half an hour trying to put him underneath, but he 'd no notion of being out of sight. He 'd twist and turn and wriggle in my hands, till I put him top of the heap, and there he 's of no account, for he 'll burn right through and fall in the corner. There 's that other stick — snap, snap, snap away, just like Miss ———, no matter who; 't aint perlite to be calling names when you 're talking about folks. Both of them will snap till they die, and take a body's time to put out the little fires they kindle. That other blessed little creatur' would have laid any where, and wherever I put it; would have blazed right up, and helped all the rest along. And that chunk there is the t'other end of a back log that Barzilly drew in when he got the oxen up tother day. Them red coals that 's a-fire all the way through are some of its leavings, and they are as good as new now. Folks will sometimes last good, and I 'm glad of it; but there 's a heap that make more smoke than blaze, and more blaze than heat. One stick will burn alone, another cannot go it without company, and some are nothing but noise. Now say, ain't they like folks?'

'Yes, Aunt Piety, but what will you do with the chips?'

'Chips! bless your heart, they are the little children. Out in the yard and by themselves they ain't good for nothing; but put them in the right place, and I 'll tell you what, they 'll do sore eyes good, and make a fire that will warm a human creatur's heart. Oh, yes, chips are like little children; some trouble, to be sure, but worth taking care of. This is the dreadfullest country for young ones though,' she continued. 'What with the fires and the pigs, and the bilin' kettles and the fever n'ager, a woman ought to be thankful when her's have got no odd looks but what 's nateral.'

'I see, Aunt Piety, that, as Shakspeare says, you can

> "Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing!"

'I don't know who Shakspeare is,' was her reply. 'Some great *sea-poet,* I suppose, as Van Heltic said of Napoleon. I never reads none. Learning 's like matrimony — *easy to begin, but hard to continue.* And as for sermons, I do my own preaching. Preaching ain't of no

account, as I see. There 's Bazzillair — he preaches. He 'll sit by the fire two hours upon the stretch, twist his thumbs, and never speaks only just afore he begins. He says: 'Piety, I 'se goin' to hold meetin', so does thee hold thy tongue.' Meetin' it may be, but I reckon it 's sleepy meetin'. There 's the methodist, but 't ain't no matter. Every body likes their own notions about such matters. One's meat is another's p'ison; and to my thinking, they 've all got a *little something about them that a'most spiles them!*'

'Do you like to live out here in the woods, Aunt Piety?' I asked, trying to turn the conversation.

'Woods! like to live in the woods!' she repeated. 'Bless your lawful sakes, you do n't call this woods, do you? There ain't no bears, nor many wolves, nor *mas-san-gers* round here. Why, we 've all got bedsteads, and do n't sleep in hollowed logs, as we used to. The stumps are out of the roads, and, bless you, we 've got fences! We raise our own pork and have tame hens, and pumpkin-pies, and every such nice cookin', and you go and call it woods!'

So heartily did the old woman laugh at my ignorance, that I joined her merriment, and did that difficult thing, laugh at myself.

We staid the fire out, which, in her zeal for conversation, Aunt Piety did not replenish. After pacifying her for not having 'come to eat,' and making a promise to come again soon, and '*stay long enough to rest our faces and hands*,' we rose to depart. She looked at the fire, and rather mournfully said: 'Like it, we must go out too.'

Barzilla was in the yard, and as we passed, gave us the greeting: 'How does thee do, friend?' Aunt Piety followed us to the bars, and after we had passed them, and they were restored to their places, she leaned over the fence to bid us 'Come again, and never mind to let her know aforehand. Some folks need it; 'be ye *also* ready;' but in this western country it is better to say, be ye *always* ready, and so I am!'

Thus lives Mrs. Piety Parsons, '*aunt*' to this and the surrounding counties.

G. R. M.

—— *County, Ill.*

SONNET.

ON A PORTRAIT OF BEETHOVEN.

Thou broad-browed prophet of the harmonious art,
Thou seemedst most like some sky-visioned seer,
Dwelling upon a mount from men apart,
And list'ning with hushed soul and holy fear
To sounds that ne'er before dropt on a mortal ear:
And then, at times, from down that lonely height
Swept the full wind of thine ecstatic lyre,
Now awful as the rolling thunder's might,
And hurrying as the rush of wings of fire;
And then as mild as if an angel flown
From Heaven had sighed to breathe again its air:
Others who sit crowned kings on Music's throne,
May with sweet force our eyelids close to care;
But when we *visions* see — thou monarch reignest there. J. M. E.

'LEAVES FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.'

MINE ELDER-BORN, ABBY; AGED FIFTEEN.

SHE faded, alas! in her girlhood,
As the balmy spring away:
Or the dew of the morning in summer,
That scarce waits the opening day.

And so have I seen in the forest,
The wind-flower lift its head;
As it were mid the shade meekly blooming,
A spirit among the dead.

And I 've thought of the sweet water-lily,
With its foliage on the wave;
As kissing the sun with its fragrance,
It smiled o'er its watery grave.

Ay, did they not speak of skies brighter,
Of holier mansions above?
And soon, like GOD's messengers speeding
To us with the tokens of love.

When thou, my first born, I committed
To earth, cold earth, with a sigh;
I wept not — how could I? for sorrow
Reached not from its deeps to the eye.

'T is past — ah! 't is past; and the fountains
Of grief suppressed at first,
Are now gushing forth like the waters
That have their strong barriers burst.

Sad, lonely, I go to thy earth-bed,
With footfalls soft and slow;
And noiseless as the wind's soft breathing,
My tears to thy memory flow.

Thou didst 'fade as a leaf,' in thy girlhood,
From this cold clime, my child;
Ah! how may a beautiful flower
Breasts scathless the rude winds wild!

And now hast thou gone to thy sky-home,
Since thy soft hands pressed mine;
And though to my soul, *here* most lovely,
Thou art *there* almost DIVINE.

LITERARY NOTICES.

STANDISH THE PURITAN: A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION. By EDWARD GRAYSON, Esq. In one volume. pp. 320. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS entertaining volume was briefly alluded to in the 'Gossip' of our last number, and a general synopsis of its character, from the pen of the discriminating and accomplished literary critic of '*The Tribune*' daily journal, was presented. There were several extracts, however, which we marked in the perusal of the book, which we should have been well pleased to insert, but which even now we can do little more than indicate. We would like the reader, who may chance to have a little love of broad fun in his composition, to turn over the leaves of the volume before us, wherein is recorded the history of a certain ginger-case before a Dutch jury. It is in a vein of true humor and keen burlesque. The judge had occasion to admonish one of the jury that he must 'keep awake and hear the cause:' 'Vy musht I keep awake?' asked the unconscious Dutchman, 'my mind ish made up!' The picture of this sage jury in council is exceedingly HOGARTHIAN; sitting in a row, with their hands in their breeches-pockets, their legs stretched out, their cheeks protruding and red, and their pipes twisted in their hat-bands. An officer breaks in upon their deliberations to inquire if they have agreed upon their verdict, to which he receives the civil answer, 'Minds your pishness!' They are all for bringing in the defendant guilty, (of mixing Indian meal with his ginger,) and adjudging him to 'be vipped von hondred splows;' but HANS VAN TRIPE, the foreman, was a man of good feelings and some romance of character, and he thinks of his own boyhood, and of his once robbing a hen-roost, and he gives vent to his reminiscential reflections in these words: 'Vat!' said he, 'I had no fadder, no mudder. I vash a boor poy, and shno vun do tell me var I vash right or var I vash wrong. Vun could push, and annudder could push, and say: 'Get avay, you poor fedder! vat bishness you to come in my vay?' So I vent about, and vash in every podie's vay; and I could n't keep out of de vay. SANTA CLOOSH never come daun de shimney to me; and ven he did, he vould put a vip to schwitch me in my stocking. So I vould go to de river ven de poys who had fadder and mudder vash gone, and see de little vishes swim, and look so happy ven de big vishes was after them; and de little pirds in de pushes sung, and I vent ashleep. I dreemed my boor mudder came to me and said: 'HANS, my boor poy, be happy. If you be hungry, you musht n't shteal; but be a goot poy, and you 'll have enough to eat. A little time, HANS, and you 'll pe old, and if you are goot, you 'll come to vere heffery pody is happy and heffery pody is goot.'' These reflections prompt HANS, the fore-

man, to bring in a verdict that the defendant 'be vipped, and de chudge to tell 'em ven to shdop!' — whereupon the judge advises them that 'the case before them was a civil action, and that their verdict should have been for a sum of money!' Of the two elements, love and war, which enter into all novels, there is in the one before us no lack, and both are well and graphically described. There is an under-current of satire, too, in many of the limnings, one especially, which proves the author an adept in the use of the polished rapier. Altogether, the work is one of decided merit and still more decided promise; and we are not surprised to learn that it has already attained to a wide popularity.

THE HOMŒOPATHIC THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE. By E. E. MARCY, M. D. In one volume. pp. 631. New-York: WILLIAM RADDE.

WE shall enter into no discussion of the relative merits of rival schools in medical philosophy. We leave such matters for the doctors, and are very sorry that they cannot agree upon them. The work before us, whatever may be thought of the theories asserted and illustrated in it, is of such unusual merit in scientific and literary points of view, however, as to deserve more than the brief notice we can give to it; and we conceive that no apology is ever demanded for commending to attention, if not to approval, any production of a scholar which relates to a subject of such universal and altogether vital importance.

It is admitted by the most wise and profoundly learned physicians of the allopathic practice, that the laws of that practice are for the most part vague and uncertain. The cumulative experiences of many ages have shown indeed that certain substances have certain effects in certain conditions of the human organism; but the processes by which these effects are induced are unknown, or not so established as justly to be regarded as a part of science. Facts have been observed, and hypotheses have been formed, but there has been no demonstrative generalization, really no philosophy of disease and cure; and while in almost every other department, investigation and reflection has led by a steady and sure advance to the establishment of positive and immutable principles, medicine has made, except in a few specialities, no advance at all, unless the theory here disclosed shall prove a solution of its secrets. Of these specialities, the most important has been the discovery of the homœopathic law in the isolated case of smallpox. Every body knows how difficult and slow was the reception of the principle of inoculation — of *similia similibus curantur* — in this disease; but it was received at last universally; and then arose HAHNEMANN, to claim for every disorder of the human system the application of the same principle. Right or wrong, the father of Homœopathy gave us a system, perfect in its parts, universal in its fitness, and eminently beautiful in its simplicity. It has been half a century before the world, and though all the universities have parleyed and made truce with other innovations and asserted heresies, and opened against this their heaviest and best plied artillery, it is not to be denied that homœopathy has made more rapid, diffusive and pervading advances, than were ever before made by any doctrine of equal importance, either in morals or physics.

We cannot but admit that we have been accustomed to regard the theories of HAHNEMANN with distrust, and that the principle of the attenuation of drugs, etc., viewed as it was by us through the media of prejudiced and satirical opposition, seemed to be trivial and absurd. We heard frequently of remarkable cures by

HAHNEMANN's disciples, and even witnessed the benefits of their treatment, but so perfectly had the sharp ridicule of the allopathists warped our judgment and moulded our feelings, that we felt a sort of humiliation in confessing an advantage from an 'infinitesimal dose.' We could never forget the keen and brilliant wit with which our friend HOLMES, for example, assailed a system which threatened to take away his patience and patients, deprive him of his income, and consign his profound erudition and ingenious speculation to oblivion. But the work of Dr. MARCY displayed these matters to us in an entirely different light, and guarded by walls of truths and arguments quite impenetrable by the most finely pointed or most powerful satire. His well-known abilities, great learning, and long and successful experience as an allopathist, gave us assurance that his conversion to the school of HAHNEMANN could have been induced only by inherent elements of extraordinary force and vitality in its principles, and we looked to him confidently, when we understood that he was preparing for the press an exhibition and vindication of homœopathy, for such a work as should at least screen the layman who accepted its doctrines from the reproach of fanatical or credulous weakness. We are not disappointed. He has given us a simple and powerful appeal to the common sense upon the whole subject. In language terse, direct and perspicuous, and with such bravery as belongs to the consciousness of a championship for truth, he displays every branch of his law, with its antagonism, and leads his reader captive to an assenting conclusion.

Our limits, and the professional character of the work, forbid particular criticism, and we shall add but a recommendation, in the general, of this first book by an American upon the Homœopathic Theory and Practice of Medicine, as at least a very able and attractive piece of philosophical speculation; and to those who are still disposed to think with little respect of the Hahnemannic peculiarities, we specially commend, before they venture another jest upon the subject, or endure any more needless nausea and torture, or sacrifice another constitution or life upon the altar of prejudice, the reading of Dr. MARCY's capital chapters upon Allopathy, Homœopathy, and the Attenuation of Drugs and Repetitions of Doses.

SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK FORRESTER'S 'FISH AND FISHING OF THE UNITED STATES, and British North America.' By WILLIAM HENRY HERBERT. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

BESIDE the corrections of certain natural and perhaps unavoidable errors in the previous larger work, the present well-printed quarto contains very considerable additions on trolling for lake trout and on fishing with a fly, together with a table, explaining the seasons, bait, etc., of the principal salt-water fishes of our waters. The 'Supplement' is divided into two parts; the one treating of the structure, habits and classification of the fishes; the other of the implements, the materials, and the art of angling. The SALMON family come in for a large share of Mr. HERBERT's attention. Of this interesting group he has inserted descriptions of six new species peculiar to the Columbia and other rivers of the Pacific coast, now growing into so great importance, together with the new varieties from the north-western lakes. Much new information is also here collected, touching the habits, quality, instincts, and mode of capturing TROUT. Would that at this moment, with our choice of flies from the score or more so well depicted in the frontispiece to this 'Supplement,' we were away in the woods of the Calicoon, listening to hear its 'waters croon,' what time we drew from the deep eddies the speckled prey! But alas! this is a *work*-day world.

MANUAL OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, for the year 1850. By D. T. VALENTINE. New-York: McSPEDON AND BAKER.

WE take blame to ourselves for not having before noticed this corpulent volume for the present year, from the pen of the indefatigable and popular clerk of the Common Council. It is a most comprehensive compendium of all that is worth knowing of the early history and present condition of the city. Minute information concerning every department of our city institutions, tables containing statistics of every description, and in fine, *every thing*, as we have said, that it is necessary to know may here be found, admirably classified, and so arranged as to be perfectly accessible for immediate reference. There are maps and pictures in abundance, representing the old and new metropolis, public edifices, etc.; and what adds an especial charm to the book, aside from its usefulness, are the copious extracts from the records kept by the good burgomasters and schepens who ruled the city in the olden time; records which of themselves, to say nothing of the entertainment which they will afford to modern readers, exemplify the homely virtues and just spirit of our good old KNICKERBOCKER fathers.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY of the State of New-York, of the Condition of the State Cabinet of Natural History, and the Historical and Antiquarian Collection annexed thereto. Albany: WILLIAM PARSONS AND COMPANY, Public Printers.

WE are indebted to an obliging friend, the Secretary of the Regents of the University, for a copy of this valuable, and in some respects very beautiful work, which was presented to the State Senate on the eleventh of January last. We find in the report itself a brief *résumé* of the transactions in, and present condition of, the different departments of the State Cabinet of National History. In its appendices are catalogues of the quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, amphibians, fishes, etc.; and a report, one of the most interesting in the entire work, upon the articles furnished to the Indian collection. Many of these, consisting of articles of male and female Indian wardrobe, are engraved in the first style of art, and colored with a delicacy and truth to nature that we have never seen surpassed. We trust that this report has been widely circulated, for the facts which it contains, and the manner in which they are preserved, reflect honor upon the State.

HISTORY OF THE POLK ADMINISTRATION. By LUCIEN B. CHASE, a Member of the Twenty-Ninth and Thirtieth Congress. In one volume. pp. 512. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THIS very handsome and clearly-written volume delineates, and we have no doubt with conscientious partiality (albeit ourselves wedded to the 'Principles of Ninety-Eight,' those 'fundamental principles of our government,' concerning which we have no sort of 'notion,' and never knew the first partizan who ever *had*), the various transactions which signalized the eventful epoch of Mr. POLK'S administration. Mr. CHASE was in Congress during the entire presidential term of the late democratic PRESIDENT, and many occurrences are recorded in the pages before us, which passed under our author's own observation, and which greatly facilitated his researches. He has incorporated copious notes, containing arguments upon both sides of important questions, for the purpose of presenting the views of Mr. POLK'S contemporaries.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'THE OLD WHITE MEETING-HOUSE REVISITED.'— When we wrote, in our number for May, a few brief sentences concerning the above-entitled sketch, and presented a touching and beautiful extract from the same, we were not aware that we were quoting from a published volume, but only from the columns of a journal to which a correspondent had directed our attention. We have before us, however, from the press of Mr. ROBERT CARTER, of this city, a well-printed little book, of some two hundred and fifty pages, bearing the title of '*The Old White Meeting-House, or Reminiscences of a Country Congregation;*' and upon perusing its pages we are not surprised at the words 'fourth edition' which we find upon the title-page. It possesses in an eminent degree the elements of a true popularity. It is written with uniform simplicity of style, and is informed with beauty and deep feeling throughout. We propose to show, by a few segregated passages, 'what is that better way' of writing, when one would reach the hearts of his readers. We commence our extracts with some reflections upon the difference between city and country funerals:

'THERE was a simple beauty and solemnity in those country funerals that I have not observed for years. A death in the country is a widely-different event in its relations and effects, from one in the city. The other day I observed an unusual gathering at the house of my next-door neighbor, a man whom I had never known even by sight. Presently a hearse stood in front of the house, and I soon learned that it had come to take away the body of my neighbor to his burial. It was sad to think of, that I could have been living with only a thin wall between me and a brother-man, who had been for weeks struggling with disease, and who had finally sunk into the arms of death, while I had never even *felt* the tenderness of sympathy with him or his, in the days and nights of suffering and sorrow which they had known. Yet so it is in this city. Your nearest neighbors are utter strangers, and may sicken and die and be buried, and you will know nothing of it, unless you happen to be at home when the hearse comes or goes. It is not so in the country. There in L ——, when one was sick all the neighbors knew it and felt it; kindness, like balm, fell on the heart of the sufferer from every family near, and when death came, solemnity was on every heart. All the countryside, from far and near, without being *invited*, came to the funeral, and filled the house and the door-yard, and when the services were concluded, the coffin was brought out in front of the house, and the multitude were permitted to take a farewell look of the departed. Then the remains were borne away to the grave, followed by a long train, not of hired carriages, but of plain wagons filled with sympathizing friends, and the procession moved on slowly and silently, often many miles, to the place of burial. As it reached the yard, those who lived near would drop in and join the crowd that was now gathering at the open grave, and the children of the neighborhood, especially, were sure to be present at such times. Frequently have I been deeply moved by the scenes around those graves — for there in the country, nature revealed itself in its simple power — and the deep but half-stifled groan that has come to my soul when the first clods fell on the coffin, was as if they fell on the warm breast of a sleeping friend. We see no such funerals here in this great city — itself a mighty charnel-house.'

Well do we remember the first funeral we ever saw in the country, when at the age of five years. It filled the hearts of the two little twin-brothers who followed hand in hand after the slowly-moving bier, borne upon men's shoulders, with wonder and awe. The very smell of the first coffin we ever beheld, and the sound of the first grave-clod we ever heard, we can recall at this moment with the most vivid recollection.

We cite the annexed, simply because it is a most graphic description of a scene which also occurred in our native town in the country. It should be premised that a great excitement exists in the community, a report having arisen that a grave in the peaceful church-yard had been violated, and the lifeless tenant carried off by the doctors:

'THE appearance of the grave led to suspicion that there had been foul play. It was examined, and the suspicions were found to be too true. The body of a girl some fourteen years of age, of respectable family, had been stolen from the sepulchre to be cut up and made into a ''natomy,' as the people expressed it. The whole town was aghast. Such an outrage had never been heard of in that part of the world, and the good people could scarcely believe that such monsters lived, as men who dig up corpses to hack them in pieces. They met in righteous indignation, and appointed a committee of investigation, who never rested till they got upon the trail of the hyenas; they never rested till the perpetrator of the deed was in prison. . . . THESE events naturally led to great apprehensions respecting other graves, and many were searched by anxious friends, who now watched the tombs with more vigilance than did the guards set over the holy sepulchre. The impression became very strong that a certain grave had been robbed. It was the grave of a lovely woman, the wife of a drunkard; and the fact that he was dead to all feeling, and consequently would not be likely to care what became of the body of his wife, seemed to confirm the grounds of suspicion, and finally it was determined to make the examination. It was the afternoon of a warm day in the midst of summer, when I, a mere child then, was attracted into the yard by seeing a number of men around a grave. I soon learned what was going on, and creeping between the feet of those who were standing nearest, I was soon immediately over the head of the grave which they had now opened down to the coffin. Having cleared off the earth and started the fastenings of the lid, which were all found secure, they raised it, and the full light of the sun flowed upon the most horrid spectacle which my eyes before or since have seen! . . . I waited not for a second look, but ran from the spot in awful terror, and have, from that time, had an image of 'death's doings,' which I never could have obtained but for the loathsome revelations of that grave-yard scene. These are not the things that I intended to record of that hallowed spot. Yet they are, perhaps, among the most vivid impressions that I retain of it; unless it be my fears to pass it alone after dark! And I should as soon have thought of setting fire to the church, as of playing within the enclosure. I looked upon it with reverential awe as 'GOD's acre;' and I wish with all my heart that the feelings of regard for sacred places, and times, and things, which we felt in our childhood, might return.'

There is a good deal of very faithful limning in the sketch of '*Our Minister*.' He illustrated, in his own person, the extraordinary sacredness with which young minds in the country invest the parson. 'That he ever sinned,' says our author, 'I never supposed; and if any one had mentioned any thing to his disadvantage in my hearing, it would have shocked me very much as it would now to hear of a peccadillo in an angel.' We like an independent pastor, and 'our minister' seems to have been one: 'The pastor *was* the pastor. As shepherd of the flock, it was his office to watch over them and keep them, as far as in him lay, from wandering into dangerous ways, and from the covert or open assaults of enemies who go about, like their master, the devil, seeking whom they may devour. And when any one or any dozen of the *sheep* took it into their heads that they knew more about the proper mode of managing the flock than the *shepherd* whom the LORD had sent to tend them, they soon found that they had mistaken their calling, and would consult their happiness and usefulness by quietly minding their own business.' We are glad that 'our minister' was not

> —— 'Too great and good
> For human nature's daily food.'

The first pastor of *our* boyhood was frightfully holy. Notice that 'the minister was coming' would send us little people up stairs in a twinkling. It might with truth be said, in Yankee phrase, that he was 'a *dreadful* good man.' He was a well-meaning, half-educated, very dull, and uncommonly 'protracted' preacher, and we have no doubt he has 'gone to his reward.' It has come to be seen, we are glad to say, in these latter days, that a lugubrious face, a sepulchral voice, and a smileless countenance, are not the necessarily outward signs or significant concomitants of that religion which 'maketh *glad* the heart of man' and inspires him with the hope of glory. There is something very affecting, as we have already shown, in the writer's visit, after years of absence, to the old meeting-house. These are his first thoughts:

'Come from your graves, old men and women of my native parish; come, stand up before me, while I draw your portraits and write your history! But they come not! Of all that were the men and women grown when I was a boy, how few of them are there now!' No one knows him; some bow, indeed, as is the country custom to all, but there is no smile of recognition. The meeting-house itself has a new fashion, but that is nothing to the change in the faces of the people, those 'old familiar faces.' They are gone — all gone! From among the reminiscences of '*Scenes and Characters in the Meeting-House*' we select the following. The first is a rebuke of what, on the score at least of good taste, if nothing else, was always our aversion:

'ONE Sunday, there was a family in church from the far city of New-York. They had come up there to visit some country relations, and two or three of these gay city girls burst out laughing in the midst of the sermon. The cause was this: the old aunt whom they had come to visit had stopped in at one of the neighbors on the way to church, and had borrowed some little yellow cakes, called *turnpikes*, and used, I believe, for some purpose or other in baking bread. She had thrust them into her work-bag, which she carried on her arm, and during sermon, having occasion to use her handkerchief, she drew it forth suddenly, and out flew the 'turnpikes,' rolling and scampering over the floor. The city girls tittered at this, as if it were very funny. Their seat was on the side of the pulpit, so that the pastor did not see them, or he would have brought them to order by a look, or a blow on the desk, which would have sent the blood out of their cheeks, though their cheeks would have been *red* after that. But JOSEPH BUTLER saw them, and rising in his seat, struck with his psalm-book on the top of the pew; the preacher paused; the congregation sat dumb; the good elder spoke, calmly, but with energy: '*Those young women will stop that laughing in the house of God!*' They did stop; the pastor proceeded; JOSEPH sat down, and the city girls gave no occasion for the exercise of summary church discipline during the remainder of their summer visit.'

The second is a picture of a personage not altogether uncommon, we fear, in the country meeting-houses of the present day. We remember us of more than one church-gossip, such as is described below:

'I WISH you could see old Mrs. SNIFFLE, the gossip of the congregation, in her rounds of absorption, fastening herself upon every one, to take in, like a sponge, whatever they would impart, that she might have the sweet satisfaction of leaking it to others. Her harvest time was at the close of the morning service, when the most of the people remained in their respective pews to eat their dinner, which those from a distance brought with them. This was the favorable moment for Mrs. SNIFFLE's expedition, and darting out of her own seat, she would drop in at another, out with her snuff-box, pass it round, and inquire the news. Staying just long enough to extract the essence of all the matters in her line to be met with there, she would make all haste to the pew of some one from another neighborhood, where she would impart the information she had just received, with her own edifying comments, pick up as many additional fragments of facts as she could find, and pass on to another pew, spending the whole of the interval of divine worship in this avocation, and the leisure of the week to come in spreading among her neighbors these items of news, especially such as come under the head of scandal. It is only just to the people, however, to add, that Mrs. SNIFFLE was a black sheep in the flock; there was not another like her; and we may well say, 'Happy is that people which is so well off as to have only one Mrs. SNIFFLE!'

'*Our Singing Schools*' would do no discredit to the historian of 'PETER CRAM, of Tinnecum,' a narrative which we hope and trust our author has encountered. If not, he shall be furnished with one, 'on application to this office.' Deacon SMALL, 'a very large man, who could sing nothing but bass, and that very basely,' had sung *tenor*, and 'led the singing' for ten years, until those of the congregation 'whose nerves were not made of steel wire' began to take steps for improving the music. The deacon, who was as jealous of his prerogative as was Mr. JONAS WEATHERBY of Tinnecum, said, that 'for *his* part, he should be glad to do any thing reasonable, and he had sometimes thought the singing would be better if the young folks would come together once a month or so and practise the tunes with him; he would give his time for nothing, and perhaps something might be done.' 'But this,' says our historian, 'was not the thing. The deacon's singing was as bad as the choir's, in fact worse; for what he lacked in skill and taste he made up in volume; and his voice, in a part for which it had no fitness, would swell above all the rest, so as to make such dire music as no gentle ears could endure without grievous pain, causing strong temptations to *feel wrong* even in church. When therefore the reformers heard that Deacon

SMALL proposed to drill the choir into harmony, they thought of hanging up their own harps; for the deacon's instructions could manifestly avail nothing but to make bad worse.' A new singing-master was at length procured, a war broke out between the 'Fors' and the 'Againsts' of that measure, and the result was, that a lasting feud arose between the contending parties in the congregation. We quite agree with our author, that 'it is intolerable that GOD should be mocked with such 'praise' as is offered to him in some of our country churches;' and yet we could well wish that in *some* of our city churches a few of the good old country tunes might be sung to the words, at least, with which they have been so long associated. It grieves us always to hear the wedded lines of 'Windham' (a grand old tune, dear Sir, in all its 'parts,') 'Alesbury,' 'Florida,' and the like, sung in our churches to a species of undefinable, operatic, 'difficult' music, which one cannot help wishing was not only difficult but impossible. There are some things in the chapter on '*Old-Fashioned Revivals*,' concerning which we should be glad to have our present 'say:' perhaps we may recur to the subject, for it is a fruitful one, hereafter. The pictures which ensue, of 'Spinning-Bees,' 'Country Weddings,' etc., 'RICHARD ROGERS'S First Sermon,' and 'The Dismissal of Mr. ROGERS,' are exceedingly graphic, and will well reward perusal. But we are 'at the end of our tether,' at this present writing.

THE LESSONS OF ART: CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, THE AMERICAN PORTRAIT-PAINTER. In the literary department of the last number of that truly national work, '*The Gallery of Illustrious Americans*,' under the head of '*Glances at our Artists*,' there is a well-written and discriminating article upon CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, who stands by the universal verdict of the public and the concessions of his brother artists at the very head of his profession of portrait-painting. We have read the article to which we have alluded with so much pleasure, and it contains so many valuable lessons for young artists, that we cannot resist the inclination to quote from it a few passages, for the edification of our readers. Following an interesting description of his subject's early history, while living in the country, and the artistical 'bent' and practice of his boyhood, we find the subjoined:

'HE came to New-York, with an introduction to Colonel TRUMBULL, who had at the time a studio in the Old Academy of Fine Arts, of which he was then President. The Colonel examined all his drawings, and one or two of his essays in oil, and then strongly advised him to give up all idea of being a painter, and apply himself to architecture. 'I do this,' said the Colonel, 'for two reasons. You don't seem to me to possess so much genius for painting as for architecture; and you will make a better living in this country by the latter profession. America will yet be a great field for the architect, and you certainly indicate uncommon talents that way.' ELLIOTT replied that he had gratified all his architectural ambition up in the country, and was fully determined, and had been, ever since he was ten years old, to be a painter, and live or die by that business. It was very natural for Colonel TRUMBULL, on the evidence he had before him of ELLIOTT'S drawings, to give him this advice; for he had never practised any department of art with the slightest care, except that of architectural drawings; and we have been assured by those who saw these early works, that they were admirable in their design and execution.

'Let me dissuade you from that resolution, my young friend,' continued the Colonel, 'by the history of my own life. I have devoted many years to my art, and, in my career, you can judge what you may hope for, if you are even very successful. I have, it is true, received some commissions from Congress for national pictures; but this was only a piece of good luck. Aside from this, what can I say? I have painted a great many pictures that have been praised by connoisseurs and amateurs and artists; and yet you see hanging around this room nearly all the works on which I have expended the principal energies of my life. People come and admire them, and go away; and yet here are nearly all the pictures of almost half a century of labor. I am now an old man, and time and disappointment have chilled my ambition. I have waked from the dream of life, and its reality, death, is looking steadily on me. My principal solicitude now is, to make some good disposition of this Gallery, which I think will yet have value even in the estimation of my own countrymen. I must take time to look about me, to see if I have friends enough in the world to give these pictures to.

'This was said,' ELLIOTT has remarked, 'with a sad feeling. He seemed to feel that the world had not done him justice, and I have long felt so myself; but, although I could hardly help weeping at the sight of the gray-haired painter, grown sad and perhaps misanthropic by disappointment and neglect, yet it did not discourage me much. I thought the world would treat other painters better, and I was determined to run my chance. Seeing me resolute, he said he would trangress the rules of the Academy, which admitted students only during the winter, and allow me to visit the Antique Gallery. He had a good deal of leisure time, and would give me instruction in drawing, and furnish me the necessary apparatus. I began immediately, and I am happy to say that he more than redeemed his pledge. I owe much to the good old man, and I shall always be proud to own it.'

After remaining several months with TRUMBULL, vigorously prosecuting the study of drawing, and evincing great progress, ELLIOTT went to study with QUIDOR, a fellow-pupil with JARVIS and the lamented INMAN. Here for a time, and 'for bread and butter,' he employed himself in copying prints in oil, but at length began to paint portraits, at such prices as he could command. It was at this period, too, that ELLIOTT painted a grand composition 'called and known' by the name of '*The Battle of Fort Christina*,' drawn from IRVING'S inimitable history of it in his KNICKERBOCKER'S history; a memorable contest, which terminated, after ten hours' hard fighting, without the loss of a single man on either side! In the intervals of portrait-painting, not profitably followed 'about those days,' even by the best artists, ELLIOTT threw off two compositions of considerable merit, 'The Bold Dragoon,' and an illustration of PAULDING'S 'Dutchman's Fireside,' that were exposed for sale in a shop window. TRUMBULL, who had heard nothing of ELLIOTT since he left his studio, happened to see them in the window, while walking leisurely by, in the style of a 'gentleman of the old school.' He stepped into the door, and inquired, 'Who painted those pictures?' 'ELLIOTT,' was the reply. 'Where is his room?' He no sooner heard the answer, than he hurried to the painter. He knocked softly, entered uncovered, with all the stateliness of the last century, and said to the artist, 'You can go on painting, Sir; you need not follow architecture, Sir; I wish you good day, Sir,' and disappeared. He did 'go on,' and with what a triumphant result, is well known to our readers and to the general public. The reflections of the writer upon the inadequate encouragement afforded to young and struggling artists of merit, are forcible and 'well put.' 'Let all true friends of art remember,' he says, 'that if they wish to serve an artist they must *help him when he needs help*. And when you give an artist a commission, do n't think of 'getting a good bargain,' in other words, more than your money's worth, but give him a scope for his genius, if he have any; let him give some play to his imagination; let him consult his own taste, and work out his own ideal in his own way. We join in the general regret expressed in the annexed paragraph, that our departed friend INMAN could not have lived to be 'handed down in immortal color' by the pencil of an artist the characteristics of whose genius, in more respects than one, most resembled his own:

'INMAN had none of the jealousies that so often mar the magnanimity of rival artists. He had heard much of ELLIOTT lately, and although he had known him years before, they had not recently met. It is well known of course to our readers, that long before he was called hence, his friends felt a very deep solicitude for his life, but he himself seemed to entertain the brightest hopes of his own speedy recovery. It would have been cruel to pluck from his brow those last beams of light that the kind sun was casting over it, as he went to his setting. One pleasant day he called at ELLIOTT'S studio, and at the end of a long and kindly conversation, he said, 'ELLIOTT, when I shall have recovered somewhat my health and spirits, we must exchange portraits. I have never been so well painted as I desire to be. Nothing will give me more pleasure than to paint yours, except in having you execute mine.' They pledged each other that the first artistic labors they performed, when INMAN should be ready, would be this courteous exchange of the fruits of their gifted pencils. Poor INMAN pressed kindly the hand of ELLIOTT, and gave him the 'good-by' with the careless cheerfulness with which we speak when we suppose we shall meet again in a day or two. He returned to his home and never left it again. The friends of art will never cease to regret, that the two portrait painters, who so immeasurably excelled almost all others in their departments, should have thus lost the opportunity of transmitting to the future those inimitable works which they must have executed of each other, if Heaven had only given them the opportunity.'

We close our extracts from the paper upon Mr. ELLIOTT with the following observations touching his pictures, and his peculiar powers of portraiture:

'IN the first place, we apprehend that it will hardly be questioned by any who have studied ELLIOTT's pictures, that one of his great attributes as a portrait painter is the extreme fidelity of his likenesses. Whenever we look on one of his portraits, we feel that he must have known not only the peculiarities of the person's face and features, but that he had read profoundly, intimately and genially, the prevailing character of his mind. In all his pictures we can read the *individuality* of the person he has painted, and not the general expression, which reminds us of some one or more individuals. We feel sure that he must have turned the head and eye in such a position as to bring out the prevailing expression by which the character of the individual would be best understood and soonest recognised by his own acquaintances.

'In the second place: Having observed that the portraits of ELLIOTT, like those of Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE and VAN DYKE, all look well, we have often inquired why this was so. Surely every body is not good-looking. We solved the mystery in the following manner: In order to produce a picture which should, while being a good likeness, make an impressive and pleasing portrait, it is necessary to resort to the liberty which art has the right of claiming, of painting the subject with the best expression he wears, and under the most favorable circumstances. It is the attribute of art, as it is of love, to usurp those golden hours of enchantment, when every smile breathes voluptuousness, when every glance flashes with the fire of passion, or the inspiration of poetry. 'There is a honey-moon in love,' is a proverb which comes from the Arabs. There ought to be some holy spot left in the heart of every man and woman, from which should beam forth on the face joyous, gleaming, touching, loving, humane, and we will even say divine expression, that will often clothe the faithful portrait with the charm of poetry, if there were any enthusiasm left in the heart.

'We take it then for granted, that when ELLIOTT paints a portrait, his first rule is, to make a faithful likeness, and then to make a pleasing picture. The one is gained by accurate lines, the second by a proper arrangement of light, shadow, and position, with a skilful and artistic distribution of all those little accessories which make up the sum total of the 'sunny side' of life, art and poetry.

'In summing up then what we conceive to be the popular opinion among those who are capable of judging of the merits of ELLIOTT, as a painter, it seems to us that there is a universal conviction that wherever his pencil traces a face, it is sure to follow its outline with the utmost fidelity; to make a picture which can never be mistaken for the portrait of another person; and then when those prime objects are accomplished, to clothe the whole with that warm, genial, and glowing atmosphere which will make the man he paints, when he looks at it, a better man; which will inspire him with purer imaginations, higher purposes, and more exalted resolutions; which will make him more generous in his actions, more genial in his heart, and more courteous in his manners. In a word, we mean to say that there is something in the style of ELLIOTT's painting not unlike the moral air which pervades the writings, and still more, which pervaded the manner of Dr. CHANNING, who has won for himself the fame of the largest, the most genial, the most generous philanthropy of any philosopher or scholar who has lived on this continent.'

We are sure it will be conceded, by all who have ever had an opportunity to examine any three of ELLIOTT's portraits, that the above tribute to their peculiar characteristics is as well deserved as it is felicitously conveyed. In self-evident honesty of likeness, in earnestness of expression, in geniality of feeling, in spirituality, and in deep rich flesh-tints, his paintings have few equals and no superiors. The writer speaks as follows of the picture of Captain ERICSSON, which was almost the first picture of ELLIOTT that excited the universal admiration of the visitors to the National Academy: 'It was regarded by competent inspectors and critics as one of the noblest portraits which had been executed in this country since the time of STUART, and there were not wanting those who unhesitatingly pronounced it superior to any work of that great artist.' This portrait, after the exhibition was over, was sent to Mrs. ERICSSON in London; and we well remember the enthusiastic letter of thanks for the picture returned by that lady to her husband; indeed, if we are not mistaken, an extract from the letter appeared at the time in these pages. Thinking at night of her husband's necessarily prolonged absence, and with that 'hunger of the heart' for his presence which that absence inspired, she would frequently rise from her bed, light a candle, and again and again survey the beloved lineaments. English artists, of the highest merit, she added, pronounced it a master-piece of art. We close this article with the single remark, that ELLIOTT, as has been said of INMAN, has 'none of the jealousy that so often mars the magnanimity of rival artists.' No man ever heard him praise his own works, on the one hand, nor détract from the merits of a brother-artist, on the other. On the contrary, the young artist has no warmer friend, and merit, however obscure, a more honest and frank admirer, than CHARLES L. ELLIOTT.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—It was a *Visit of Pleasure and Patriotism* which we paid the other day, in company with an esteemed friend, to the '*Old Seventy-Six House*' at the little village of Tappaan, some three miles from Piermont, and about the same distance back from the northern end of the Palisades. As we rode through the level valley, in the lap of which the little village nestles, the sun was going down behind the far-distant Shawangunk mountains, with a pomp of many-colored clouds in his train; the air came loaded with fragrance from the meadows and clover-fields; and we were made aware of that 'audible stillness' so perceptible to one whose life is passed amidst the hum and turmoil of a vast commercial metropolis. Arrived at the 'Seventy-Six House,' we reëxamined the room where Major ANDRE was confined, and from which he went forth to die. But all this we have described before. Our friend and the jotter-down hereof were made happy by a present, from the obliging proprietor of the house, of two of the pictured tiles which compose a frame-work around the fire-place. Pocketing these interesting mementoes of the past, we next repaired to an old, crumbling, low-roofed mansion, once the head-quarters of General WASHINGTON. We drew rein at the gate, and passed into a little patch of meadow which lay between us and the house. It was about half-mown; the sweet-scented grass lay in swaths around; and where the mower had stopped in his labors, there lay his scythe and whetstone. Little faith had our companion that 'Old KNICK.' could deftly wield that instrument of 'Old TEMPUS;' but ask him *now!* Ask him if we did n't make the little meadow resound with the cling-clang of the whetstone, and then, seizing the sharpened implement, with long sweeping strokes lay as close-cut and clean a swath around that field as he ever saw in his life? There are several things that we can't do—but we *can* mow! Well, rejoicing in the glow which that best of all exercise had given us, we next repaired to the old house. It was more than a hundred years old, and was the very personification of decay. It almost seemed tottering to its fall. We entered, and were courteously welcomed by its occupants, two elderly ladies, who were born in the house. Nothing could be in more perfect keeping with the mansion than those two women. One was nearly eighty, and the other turned of seventy; but both were most agreeably lively for persons so old, and were obligingly communicative. 'Many and many a time,' said the elder of the two, 'in this very room, has General WASHINGTON held me in his lap. I remember it just as well as if it was but yesterday. He was a most lovely man, General WASHINGTON was—lovely! Here,' she continued, going to a cupboard, 'he used to keep his 'things,' and here 's the very bowl he used to make his wine-sangaree into; and they used to pass it round from one officer to another when they 'd come to see him. He see a good deal o' company, General WASHINGTON did.' We spoke of Major ANDRE. 'Oh,' said the old lady, 'I seen him more'n fifty times. He was a handsome man, and he was a kind man. I seen him the very morning they took him onto the top of the hill to hang him. Every body felt sorry for him.' We asked how General WASHINGTON seemed to feel on that occasion. 'Oh, he must ha' felt dreadful! He walked back'ards and for'ards all that morning in this very room; and I 've hear'n Pop BLAUVELT say that he never see him feel so bad afore. He kept looking at his watch every now and then, and was oneasy till the time had come, and Major ANDRE was hung. I seen Major ANDRE myself when he was a-swingin', and I seen him when he was dug up; so did *you*, too, POLLY,

did n't you?' The old lady mentioned a circumstance connected with the revolution and with this spot, that struck us as interesting and somewhat instructive. The enemy, it would seem, were in the habit of coming sometimes into the rich valley of Tappaan, and driving off cattle, sheep, etc.: 'One day Pop BLAUVELT's little nigger boy JIM, hearing some of 'em coming, drove all our cattle into the swamp, and when they come up he told 'em he had n't seen no cattle, and so saved 'em. Pop BLAUVELT liked him so much for this, that he told him he might have his liberty, but JIM would n't; he stayed with him more 'n forty year a'ter that.' And thus these good old people beguiled an hour with reminiscences of the revolution, to some others of which we may have occasion to refer hereafter. Our ride home in the gloaming was made doubly pleasant by all that we had seen and heard, and we retired to rest to dream of other days, and of the 'times that tried men's souls.' . . . 'S. M.'s story of '*A Jaunt to the Wedding*' is a prose version of an old piece of poetry which we remember to have read as many as twenty years ago. PETER, with his wife seated behind him on an ass, starts for the church, but the ass, with characteristic obstinacy, won't budge an inch:

'SAYS PETER, says he, 'I 'll whip him a little,'
'Try it, my dear,' says she:
But he might just as well have whipped a brass-kettle;
The ass was made of such obstinate mettle,
Never a step moved he.

''I' ll prick him, my dear, with a needle,' says she;
'I 'm thinking he 'll alter his mind;'
The ass felt the needle, and up went his heel;
'I 'm thinking,' says PETER, 'he 's beginning to feel
Some notion of moving behind.

''Now give me the needle, and I 'll tickle his ear,
And set t' other end too agoing:'
The ass felt the needle, and upward he reared,
But kicking and rearing was all that appeared
He had any intention of doing.

'Says PETER, says he, 'We are getting on slow;
While one end is up, t' other sticks to the ground;
But I 'm thinking a method to match him I know:
We 'll let for an instant both tail and ear go,
And spur him at once all around.''

The result of this combined movement, this 'concert of action,' was, that the ass *did* alter his mind, for he started so suddenly that he left his load behind, in sad plight, on the ground. . . . THE following was crowded out of this department in our last number: We take blame to ourselves for not having before noticed '*The Lorgnette, or Studies of the Town.*' It is conducted, after the manner of 'The Spectator,' by a writer who has evidently seen the world, and who wields a satirical and humorous pen with no common skill. We subjoin one or two extracts, commencing with this recipe for a male town-celebrity:

'A GERMAN, with his guttural sounds, and with his taste in music, which, by dint of foreign terms, can be very well assumed, is almost certain of being hunted down and bagged by all the good-natured celebrity mongers; and if he can scrape a fiddle daintily, or talk, with his eyes rolling to heaven, about GOETHE, or cultivate a FAUST intensity of look, he will be in demand all over the town by German-loving young ladies; and all this, notwithstanding he may drink all the small beer in the world, or smoke the filthiest of meerschaums. It is of but little account what name or position he may have held in the Fatherland: we *democratize* with a vengeance where a distingué sandy whisker is in the case, and our autocrats can open their doors to the veriest valet if his lingual acquirements and *naive* foreign air will but make him a taking card in the *salon*. As for the Frenchman, though now, between the valorous POUSSIN and the long-faced BONAPARTE, a little under the weather, yet a good polka education, delicate perfumes well laid on, and a roundly-uttered '*Superbe!*' and '*Magnifique!*' in a lady's ear, will do for him vast execution. And as for a genuine Cockney, in ex-

ceedingly sharp shirt-collars, straight-brimmed hat and plaid tights, who mouths his words and says 'I de-say,' and 'It's very odd,' and 'nice person,' and who talks easily about 'VICTY' and 'The Duke,' he will bewitch half the women of the town. And if he can manage to drop a compliment, not too clumsily contrived, into the ear of some *respectable*, established lady, who doats upon herself, her suppers, and her equipage, he will be heralded presently in the town gossip as a 'distinguished son of Albion,' with supposed acquirements enough to make him a ten days' wonder. Of course, if a shrewd fellow, his acquaintance at home will be all be-duked and be-duchessed, and he will prove a rare trump for such ladies as turn up their noses at 'money' and who have a keen scent for 'blood.'

Here is graphically sketched a travelled lady, a subject for *salon* celebrity:

'SHE wears an air of most captivating impudence, and pronounces the names of a great many foreign towns unexceptionably, even to the Gaelic guttural in 'Munich.' She wears gloves from BOIVIN'S in the Rue de la Paix, and hopes she shall never be obliged to wear any others; she subscribes to the '*Courrier des Etats-Unis*,' and criticises the American translations of French authors. She drops her cards about town, dating from the Rue Lavoisier, or de Lille, and leaves a regret with the servant that she has no American cards about her. She talks in a hurried, broken, epigrammatic way of Paris shops and *soirées*; assumes that air of easy languor which becomes the elegant *faineant* weary of admiration, and gives such interesting details of city life abroad as dazzle her beardless devotees, but which it is plain to see are picked up from a gossipping French *femme de chambre*. It is wonderful how much pretty talk of travel, and scandal of Paris life, can be accumulated from the morning chats with a little piquant grisette; and if any ambitious conversationist is desirous of lighting up her evenings with richer foreign tattle than can be gathered from any 'scissorings from foreign files,' there could scarce be a happier method hit upon than to import for private service a middle-aged, faded Paris *femme de chambre*.'

'If thou never wast at court,' says TOUCHSTONE, 'thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation.' Many of our would-be fashionables think as highly of Paris, as a school for manners, as TOUCHSTONE did of the court. Well does TIMON of 'The Lorgnette' say:

'ARE we not, under GOD, the administrators of a grand political, and even social experiment? and shall we not have pride enough to reckon successes by their agreement with the great principles of freedom and equality, of manly dignity and individual earnestness, rather than the factitious standards which belong to an older, and what we righteously deem a false system of polity? Let us not bow down to courts, though we have warmed our vanities in their blaze; and let us not bespeak courtly sanction, though it rise like sweet incense in our nostrils. When shall we cease to be provincial in our tastes and judgments, and begin to be American, and earnest? . . . When, in the name of heaven, are we to have an honest, simple, republican basis for our socialities, which shall not need nor ask the meretricious adornments of foreign style, and which shall reject all miserable pilferers of those trappings which belong to the lordly state of the Old World, as incapable of manly intent and a severe republican dignity? The jackdaw may steal peacocks' feathers, but they will not make him an eagle.'

'*The Lorgnette*' is beautifully printed, and we believe its general diffusion would exercise a favorable influence upon the town. . . . How much more pleasant is is to the true heart to do good; to kindle the more gentle and noble feelings of our nature, than by misrepresentations, hints, or dark inuendoes, to break in upon long-established friendship, and disturb the feeling of years of intimacy! In all our associations, commend us to him who ever presents the sunny side of life's picture to the gaze; he who has always a 'pleasant word to speak,' and is ever disposed to fling the mantle of oblivion over the foibles of erring man. Such a man we could wear in our 'heart's core, ay, in our heart of hearts.' But from the mischief-maker, whose bosom is filled with a canker-worm, which knows no other pleasure except that which torments others, 'Good LORD, deliver us!' . . . '*Uses and Abuses of Air*,' by DR. JOHN H. GRISCOM, is the title of a volume just published by Mr. J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall. It is a treatise, by one who thoroughly understands his subject, upon the influence of air in sustaining life and producing disease; with remarks on the ventilation of houses, and the best methods of securing a pure and wholesome atmosphere in dwellings, churches, work-shops, and buildings of all kinds. The work is one of exceeding value to the public, and we look to see it obtain a circulation commensurate with the great importance of the subjects whereof it treats. . . . THESE are pathetic sentences by a modern German author, and will remind the reader of

similar thoughts in verse by the Bishop of Chichester: 'Why should I die after thee, thou faithful, good wife? Every morning and every evening I shall calculate how deep thy grave is — how much thy form is crumbled away, ere mine shall lie near it. Ah! how lonesome I am! — there is nothing to listen to me now, and *she* hears me not!' . . . '*Rambledom in Brief*,' a friend and correspondent entitles an epistle just received, dated 'Caldwell, Lake George,' and written on the sixth day of June 'instimo.' Would we were gazing at this moment upon the matchless view to be commanded from the windows of the apartment whence our friend addresses us his pleasant missive! It is just one year ago this very day, 'of all the days in the year,' since, in company with two or three cherished friends, we inscribed our names upon the window-pane 'hereinafter mentioned:'

'HAVE you any recollection of diamonding your name on a nine-by-twelve pane of glass in room number 63, SHERRILL'S 'Lake House,' on the fourteenth day of June, 1849? If you were not the marker, some fellow, regarding your immortality above writing it in the sand, has thus forged your name. You see, by what is written, that I am again on the shores of our beloved and glorious Horicon, gentlest and fairest of lakes; and curious coincidence has roomed me where it did you a year ago. The fact inspires me with a delightful feeling of nearness to you. I think I hear you on the piazza, cachinating over some clever joke, while your eyes wander over balcony and lawn to drink in a pomp and beauty of mountains and waters such as old Earth hoards nowhere else. Last June you were a first guest at SHERRILL'S — SHERRILL'S the renowned — than whom was never better landlord or man. *This* June *I* am the first. The spirit of Spring, not untinctured with frost, still lingers over the hills and valleys; ÆOLUS puffeth his cool breath hugely, and travel is not yet come abroad to luxuriate on the shores of Horicon; but the spirit of surpassing beauty is here, and the loss is to those who come not to drink it in. Is not the lawn before me a spot such as described by SHELLEY, where one could

— 'Lie down like a tired child,
And sleep away this life of care?'

Is not all this abounding glory of Nature, in all her elements, a fit altar-place for the beauty-loving heart? I deem it so. Whether I lie upon the lawn, cast my line among the trout, sail among isles laughing in the sunshine in the yacht 'GAYLORD CLARK,' or hold me in communion with the spirits of the old battle-fields near by, I feel the same deep joy pervade me. Could I live as now forever, that joy would be perpetual. 'Old KNICK.' is held in devout as well as merry memory here. As WAGSTAFF would say, every 'suckumstans' touching his visit is noted down, and the query now is, 'When will he come again?'* SHERRILL has entirely and superbly refitted his 'Lake House' for the coming season. Every thing, from table to sleeping-room, is *comme il faut*. He is ready to welcome his friends and 'the rest of mankind' to Horicon, and such fare and such sleep as he will give can't be beat in these 'United'n States'n.' This is my *private* opinion, and I believe you can swear to it. He has engaged most of his family rooms for the season, but there are always a 'few more of the same sort left,' and nobody who is deserving will be turned away. The new steamer 'JOHN JAY,' Captain H. B. FARR, begins regular trips on the tenth instant: 'The CALDWELL' commences on the first of July. On the tenth, therefore, the lake season will be fairly open; and who will tarry in Saratoga when Horicon lies (over a beautiful plank-road) only a few miles beyond? Who will swelter elsewhere, when all is so cool at Horicon? Travellers will regret the absence of Captain LARRABEE, so long Commodore of the Lake, this season. He will tell his stories and quote the poets in some other region. All the 'boys' are at their posts: Commodore SHERRILL, Captain GALE, Lieutenant WELCH, etc., etc., all send their love to 'Old KNICK,' wishing him GOD-speed in every good word and work, and the writer of this 'joins in' to the same effect. Whoso wishes to see the beauty-spot of the world must come to Horicon.'

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OBSERVE the touching simplicity, true feeling, and natural grouping of picturesque accessories, in the following stanzas by our old and fresh-hearted country correspondent. But for the late rainy weather, which kept the writer from planting corn, and other out-of-door avocations, we should not, it seems, have been favored with his

* OH, pshaw! now you git eout! 'T aint so, is it? — ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

effusion. We do not lament, with him, nor will our readers, that the 'wet cold weeks' brought out his pen and ink-horn. We are right glad it rained:

SONG: THE OLD FARMER'S ELEGY.

BY 'THE PEASANT BARD.'

I.

On a green grassy knoll, by the banks of the brook
That so long and so often has watered his flock,
The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep,
While the waters a low, lapsing lullaby keep:
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

II.

The blue-bird sings sweet on the gay maple bough,
Its warbling oft cheered him while holding the plough;
And the robins above him hop light on the mould,
For he fed them with crumbs when the season was cold:
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

III.

Yon tree that with fragrance is filling the air,
So rich with its blossoms, so thrifty and fair,
By his own hand was planted, and well did he say
It would live when its planter had mouldered away:
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

IV.

There 's the well that he dug, with its water so cold,
With its wet dripping bucket, so mossy and old,
No more from its depths by the patriarch drawn,
For 'the pitcher is broken'—the old man is gone!
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

V.

And the seat where he sat by his own cottage door,
In the still summer eves, when his labors were o'er,
With his eye on the moon, and his pipe in his hand,
Dispensing his truths like a sage of the land:
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

VI.

'T was a gloom-giving day when the old farmer died:
The stout-hearted mourned, the affectionate cried;
And the prayers of the just for his rest did ascend,
For they all lost a BROTHER, a MAN, and a FRIEND:
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

VII.

For upright and honest the old farmer was;
His GOD he revered, he respected the laws;
Though fameless he lived, he has gone where his worth
Will outshine, like pure gold, all the dross of this earth.
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

J. D. C.

Gill, Mass.

To our conception, this is a beautiful tribute to one whose days have been spent in the peaceful pursuit of the most honorable and worthy calling to which man was ap-

pointed. 'Fewer temptations and more pleasures,' says an eloquent modern writer. 'cluster around the path and home of the farmer than of any other man. Of all earthly callings there is none in which there is so much to lead the soul to GOD, to take it away from the vanities of the world, to train the mind for communion with heaven, and prepare it for unbroken intercourse with heavenly and divine things, as is that of the farmer, who with his own hands tills the field, breaks up the fallow ground, sows the seed, prays and waits for the early and latter rain, watches the springing of the grain, rejoices in the ripening ear, gathers the sheaves in his bosom, and with thankful heart fills his store-house and barn, and sits down content with the competent portion of good things which have fallen to his lot.' . . . A FRIEND of ours told us the other evening that he had lately encountered a curious specimen of a *Yankee Picture-Exhibitor* in a town of the far West. Among his collection was a picture of 'DANIEL in the den of Lions,' and one of his several minute illustrations to the audience struck him as somewhat unique: 'You see,' said he, 'when you look at that fellow in the red cloak, which is DANIEL, that he do n't care a brass farthin' for the lion, and by lookin' *clust* you 'll perceive that the lion do n't care a tinker's d——n for *him!*' That last idea never struck us before as a very remarkable part of the miracle! . . . THUS, under date of June seventh, writes a far 'down-east' friend to the EDITOR hereof: 'I have been reading your KNICKERBOCKER this morning by the open office-window. I can put my arm out of the said window and drop a stone into the Kennebec. I can look across the wide waves of this old hearty river, and what do I see? Not buildings and wharves, 'by a good deal;' but green and gloomy pine-trees, glowering into the water, in whose ebony shadows are clustered the dead bodies of their brethren, the pine-logs. How one does love and become attached to an object of nature from long familiarity therewith! I think that I love this river as I should a living, sentient being. The wind blowing in at the window is as if it were dipped in oil; there is a smoky mistiness in the air, and the songs of the 'jolly raftsmen' come faintly and with mellow richness down the waters. Down the river, abreast that bluff, are men hauling in a net, wherein I dare be sworn are the fat, stout, fifteen-pound salmon. To-morrow, an' I live, I track up a certain brook I wot of, and will essay to beguile the speckled beauties from the waters, and will try to forget certain rooted sorrows, in

> 'THE sweet reliefs to weariness and care
> That friendly streams to fainting spirits bear.'

It is not many weeks since, slow-trickling with the still unmelted ice of far-off Maine, there 'comes us up' at the sanctum an oblong box, from the veritable hands of the writer of the foregoing, containing two trout, which were 'humbly submitted as beauties;' and beauties they were, past all peradventure. 'They are the picked and culled,' said the kind donor, 'of a little batch of thirteen which TOM L—— and I took out of 'Seven-Mile Stream,' which empties into the Kennebec about fifteen miles north-west of this place. We took them yesterday. The seven-pounder came to land compelled by the nerve of *my* right arm; the five-pounder with TOM'S. They will arrive at New-York on Saturday morning, I hope fresh and in good order; they are stiff as bars of iron now. Do you know FRANK FORRESTER? If yes, tell him when you see him what a couple of youth fresh from BLACKSTONE did — albeit not 'exactly' unused to the rod and angle. The capture of them was most ineffably glorious; but I can't go into particulars, as the mail is closing. Again do I pray

that they may reach you in good order, and if you are a christian, write me and tell me how they *did* come; and *if* good, how they tasted.' '*Tasted?*'—a feast for APICIUS! One went, carefully enveloped in a white linen napkin, to 'JOHN WATERS,' best of appreciators; and the other, with its antecedent potage and subsequent courses, alternating with vinous potables in authentic, 'educated keeping,' made a repast so delicious that the savor thereof still remains as vividly in the memory of the guests at that table of ours as when they joined in pledging the kindly-thoughtful friend of its host. . . . 'I OBSERVE,' writes a Baltimore correspondent, 'in the June number of your Magazine, a translation of the '*Last Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots.*' At college, 'down-cast,' we used to have the following, or something like it; although I believe nobody can claim the authorship. It has I think the merit of being tolerably consonant with the original:

'O Domine DEUS, speravi in te,
O Care mi JESU, nunc libera me:
In dura catena, in misera pœna,
Desidero te,
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro imploro ut liberes me!'

'O LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, my hope is in THEE:
O dearest LORD JESUS, now liberate me!
In durance repining, in sorrow declining,
I long after THEE:
With sighs never ending, and knee ever bending,
I worship and pray THEE to liberate me!' ST. BERNARD

THE recent death of Mr. DANIEL SEYMOUR, a native and long a resident of this metropolis, involves a loss which is keenly felt and deeply lamented by a wide circle of firmly-attached friends, and by our public generally. We have known Mr. SEYMOUR for many years; he was an early and favorite correspondent of this Magazine; always a friend, and not unfrequently a kind and judicious adviser (without perhaps inferring that he was such) of its EDITOR; a young man of rare accomplishments, of various learning, and as modest as he was gifted. We fully and cordially concur in the following tribute to his memory, which we take from the '*Evening Post.*' It proceeds from the heart and the pen of one who knew him well; and we judge, from internal evidence only, that it is Mr. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK who thus truly expresses the particular and general regret at the loss of one so qualified by nature, education, and taste, to reflect honor and happiness upon himself and his friends:

'THE sudden death of this excellent and accomplished man has produced a profound sensation of grief in the large circle of his friends. He was a man of rare and extensive literary acquirements. He possessed a mind of the highest cultivation, embracing in its accomplishments an extensive and thorough knowledge of the language and literature of the nations of Europe, and an equally profound acquaintance with the classical literature and languages of antiquity. With an assuidity that never wearied, and an ambition that the temptations of easy enjoyment could never dissipate, he studied thoroughly every thing he undertook, and became, in the prime and vigor of his manhood, one of the most learned and accomplished men we have ever met. Nor did these, his varied acquirements, destroy the practical and thoroughly sensible character of his mind. Possessing the grace and refinement of the scholar, with the energy and aptitude for the ordinary purposes of life of a man of the world, he combined in an eminent degree, qualities which are rarely found among intellectual men, and which peculiarly fitted him for great and extensive usefulness. These accomplishments were united in him with an unaffected modesty that gave a charm to his character, and rendered him the idol of the circle in which he moved.

'Mr. SEYMOUR graduated at Columbia college, where he distinguished himself, and was admired for his extraordinary abilities as a scholar. He pursued the profession of the law for a few years, but relinquished it for other purposes, until ill health induced him to go abroad. While in Europe, where he spent several years of his life, he continued his studies, perfecting himself in a knowledge of the languages, nearly all of which he both spoke and wrote with remarkable precision and correctness. In a knowledge of the literature and intellectual resources of Europe, few men of his age have excelled or equalled him.

'Those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance will bear witness to the truth of these remarks, and will long remember him, as the ornament of a circle in which he was admired and loved for the charms of his conversation, and the modesty and manliness of his character.

'It is much to say, that we who have known him intimately for more than twenty years, have never heard him speak evil of any man, nor at any time cease to observe in manner or speech the most refined and delicate proprieties of life. We wish that he had been more extensively known, that we might with greater efficacy offer his life as a model for the imitation of the young men around us; in his unceasing industry, which accomplished so much; the delicacy and refinement of his tastes, and in the successful attainment of the respect and admiration of all.

'Mr. SEYMOUR devoted the last years of his life to the interests of our public schools, and to other benevolent public institutions of our city. He was an active manager of the House of Refuge, and until within three days of his death discharged the duties of that station with all the fidelity and zeal of his active and benevolent mind.'

Another correspondent, in a subsequent issue of the same journal whence the above paragraphs are taken, observes:

'Mr. SEYMOUR was, as you know, highly accomplished in many branches of erudition, and in many of science. His mind was a treasury of various and exact knowledge. He spoke French so well that in Paris they only knew he was not a Parisian, and German so well, that among Germans he passed for a native of the north of their country; and in the literature of both countries he was well versed. Of ancient learning, he had so much that he might pass for a ripe scholar any where out of Germany. In mechanics and engineering, he was so much at home that he met the most experienced men in these branches of science on scarcely less than an equal footing. He had studied carefully the political and social institutions of the principal countries of Europe, their institutions of education, and the character of their people. With all his wealth of knowledge and erudition, he was not a man of the closet, but a man of great practical good sense, and the most perfect readiness in making his acquisitions serve both the ordinary and extraordinary purposes of life. . . . HE had resided much in Europe, for the benefit of his health, and had made the best use of his time in collecting information of all descriptions; but he had grown weary of the old world, and returned to live in his own country, with a sense of what he owed to it, and a benevolent willingness to be unostentatiously useful. He is taken from the community just as he was beginning to dedicate his faculties, in their highest strength and ripeness, to its service.'

These tributes through the press will express the estimation in which Mr. SEYMOUR was held by all who had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance. His death, by intestinal inflammation, was sudden and unanticipated. Scarcely three days before his decease he was present at a metropolitan club of gentlemen, where it was always a pleasure to meet him, and to whose interests he devoted himself with characteristic assiduity and effectiveness. As we saw the remains of the departed borne through the broad-aisle of the Episcopal church in Amity-street, near which he had lived and died, we remembered the words of the venerable PATER ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA, of Vienna, which thirteen years before he had translated from the German for these pages: 'Life is like a cloud, that fantastic child of the summer, which is no sooner born than the rays of the sun begin to make an end of him. Just so our life, *vix orimur morimur!* Life is certain only in uncertainty; it is like a leaf on the tree, a foam on the sea, a wave on the strand, a house on the sand. To-day red, to-morrow dead; to-day a comfort to all, to-morrow, under the pall!' There is a pregnant lesson to the living in the death of such a man as DANIEL SEYMOUR. One feels that many and rare powers, such as his, are not destined to be lost; that faculties so wisely trained are not to be thrown into after disuse; that 'the dead, as we call them, do not so die, but carry our thoughts to another and nobler existence.' . . . 'WHILE turning over the leaves and examining the contents of 'Cosmos,' in a book-store recently,' writes an agreeable western correspondent, 'the clerk stepped up, and opening the first volume to the beautiful engraving of Baron HUMBOLDT, exclaimed, in the utmost simplicity, by way of recommending its purchase, 'A beautiful likeness, Sir, of COSMOS!' In relating this circumstance to a brother bookseller shortly afterward, he mentioned the following: A farmer, after examining his books for a long time, one day came up to him with a volume labelled on the back, 'YOUATT on the Horse — SKINNER,' and asked him the price of the 'Horse-Skinner!' He was also inquired of, at another time, if he had JOSEPH CEPHAS's works, meaning, of course, the works of JOSEPHUS!' . . . THE piece entitled '*Recollections of Childhood*' has some feeling and tenderness to recommend it, but it is too carelessly written to

secure it a place in the KNICKERBOCKER without more revision than we have either leisure or inclination to give it. One portion of it reminded us of these pretty stanzas of Miss H. F. GOULD's:

'I WONDER what they have done with the pine
Where the red-breast came to sing;
With the maple too, where the wandering vine
So wildly used to fling
Its loaded arms from bough to bough,
And if they gather the grapes there now.

'I should like to know if they've killed the bee,
And carried away the hive;
If they've broken the heart of my chesnut-tree,
Or left it still to survive,
And its mossy burrs are showering down
Their loosened treasures of shining brown.'

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CERTAIN of our critics have laughed at our friend and correspondent, CARL BENSON, for mistaking, in his clever and trenchant reply to Hon. HORACE MANN, '*Phonetics*' for a sect, when it is merely a science. Hardly *either;* but if the former, then 'CHAWLS YELLOWPLUSH' is the first 'Phonetic.' His style of orthography was especially rich. 'Sumtimes,' he says, speaking of the various treatment he received at different times from his mistress, 'Mrs. SHUM,' 'Sumtimes I get *kisis* and sumtimes *kix*.' There is another 'Phonetic' at the West, according to the Boston Post, a lazy boy, who spells ANDREW JACKSON 'ANDRU JAXN.' . . . 'A YOUNG lady of my acquaintance,' says a friend in a recent note to the EDITOR, 'married recently, and the mother of her husband being in very poor health, she was taken immediately home by her liege lord to nurse and take care of the 'old folks.' In the course of a few months the mother was removed by death. The dutiful and sympathizing daughter-in-law thus expressed her grief at this event, to a company of her neighbors, who called in to take tea with her on an afternoon soon after her sad bereavement: 'Oh, dear!' said she, 'how much I miss my poor, dear mother! Why, seems to me I can see her now, just as she used to sit at the breakfast-table, *reaching out her fork for the best potato!*' This reminds us of 'a man without a tear,' a Missouri husband at the grave of his wife: 'I have lost cows,' he said to a neighbor, as the coffin was lowered into the grave, 'I've lost sheep; I've lost hosses, and I've lost caäves; but this is the wust of the whole lot!' . . . LOOKING through an old and well-selected scrap-book the other day, belonging to a friend in the country, we came across a story by the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, which has never appeared in any of his re-published writings. It was written, we think, when he was quite young; but it seems to us (such perhaps is our fraternal partiality) to possess more than common merit. It is entitled '*Retribution.*' We annex a single passage as indicative of its style, premising merely, that a Hessian, a violent, cunning, revengeful villain, having been repulsed by a beautiful girl to whom he had proffered his bad heart, engages an Indian to kill her as she sleeps. The closing incident is striking and picturesque:

'ON the evening appointed for the nuptials of JULIETTE PERCIVAL with GEORGE LESLIE, a stranger might have discovered a flickering light on the yellow and crimson leaves of a cluster of huge ash-trees, which darkened the road-side a few hundred yards from the mansion of Captain PERCIVAL. It proceeded from a lantern, held by an old and withered Indian. As its rays fell upon his ploughed and painted visage, they disclosed a keen and restless anxiety of eye. His long hair hung in straight and damp masses on each side of his furrowed temples, and a huge *drop* depended from his nose, of silver, and shaped like the rattle of a snake. Over his close deer-skin vest, trimmed with the fur of the mink, was braided a wide wampum belt, upon which hung several scalps, of different colored hair, the melancholy relics of murdered white women and children. His whole appearance indicated a spirit familiar with blood, and thirsting for deeds of rapine and cruelty. He assumed an attitude of listening attention for a moment, and turning to the middle tree of the group, which was hollow, he exclaimed:

''*Sagowah — ah!*'

'The word was one of recognition, and the person summoned rushed out from the hollow tree before him. It was the Hessian soldier.

''Well, SLEEPLESS PANTHER,' said he, 'what did you see? Is the young soldier at Captain PERCIVAL'S, and does the pale gray-head stay below?'

''Yes!' said the SLEEPLESS PANTHER. 'His house is filled with so many pale faces.' As he said 'so many,' he lifted the four fingers of his right hand. 'The dove-eyed squaw no there. She is 'sleep. They keep watch. I no kill 'em. I blind; no see good in evenin'.'

''Then the deed be mine!' said the Hessian. 'Go thy ways, PANTHER. Here is money. Keep thy mouth shut and thy ears open. Go!'

''Hooh!' said the PANTHER, as he dropped the lantern into the hand of the soldier. 'Good by. The big cannons of MANITOU are firing in the sky. The storm-spirit is coming. I go down to my wigwam where the big lake runs.'

'The SLEEPLESS PANTHER darted away into the darkness of the woods, and the soldier was left in his solitude. A tempest had been for some time gathering in the west, and the flashes of lightning were vivid and almost incessant; while the howling of the thunder on the hoarse and cloudy wind, that sighed deeply amid the dry leaves around him, added to the dismal fearfulness of the scene. A few drops of rain were pattering on the leaves. He lifted his finger to his forehead in deep thought.

''It is decided!' he muttered to himself. 'She cannot *live* for me. To decoy her is impossible, against odds so fearful. She must *die* for me then! I have said it, and it shall be accomplished!'

'He drew from the cavity of the tree a long bright musket. It was of the kind denominated '*Queen's-arm*,' very heavy and massive in its construction. He blew out the light in his lantern, and moved toward the house which sheltered the object of his wicked solicitude.

'In the rear of his mansion Captain PERCIVAL had erected a long shed, in which were kept sundry bee-hives. The sweet produce of the summer industry of their frugal occupants compensated abundantly for this care. The shed extended some distance into the garden from the end of the dwelling, at the base of which a few vines had been planted—had grown up, and hung in beautiful festoons about the window-shutters of the chamber appropriated to Miss PERCIVAL.

'The Hessian approached the shed; he placed his gun in a water conductor which run along its humble eaves; and mounting into the branches of a peach-tree not yet disrobed of all its rich fruit, he gained the ridge of the rude shelter, and lifting his musket, walked stealthily up to the window. He drew aside the still green vines which mantled about it, and looked carefully in. It was the bed-chamber of the lovely and innocent girl, about whose steps he had hung like a hungry lion. A lamp stood on a plain but rich table beneath a mirror. Miss PERCIVAL was in prayer. Her polished shoulders were carelessly and but half invested in her shawl, and her fine chesnut hair fell in glossy waves upon her neck and bosom, as she knelt in her night dress by the bed-side, with the Bible open before her. Her little sister lay in bed; her light tresses breaking out from a lawn cap, and shadowing a fair young cheek, which seemed stained with roses. The small hands of Miss PERCIVAL were clasped together on the inspired page; and as she occasionally lifted upward her tearful and spiritual eyes, or drooped the long lashes over them in the humility of devotion, her face seemed impressed with the passionless sanctity of an angel.

'The Hessian was moved, and for some moments seemed panting in the indecision of a supernatural suspense. The storm had now arisen in its fury; the rain came down in heavy floods; while the voice of the thunder was deep and almost continual. The wide and distant landscape which surrounded the cottage would ever and anon open from afar at the glance of the lightning, only to be swallowed in a moment by the 'jaws of darkness.'

''I will do it *now!*' muttered the soldier as he drew back; 'I will send her to the GOD she is entreating; I shall but add an angel to heaven.' He retreated a few paces on the roof, beneath the shadow of a tall poplar, whose sere branches trembled over the shed; he raised the musket to his breast; he pointed it directly at the heart of JULIETTE PERCIVAL, and fired. The instrument missed its fire. 'Curse the gun!' he whispered, as he drew it to his side. He renewed the powder in the pan, and drew the weapon again to his breast. A motion of Miss PERCIVAL caused him to move; he slowly lifted his gun, as if to pause for a steadier hand and more composed nerve. It was but for a moment. Again he elevated the deadly engine, and proceeded to take aim. It was his last movement. In an instant the tree above him was rent and crackling in the lightning of heaven. The subtile fire struck his glittering instrument of death and crime; the barrel was fused in the fierceness of the flame; the stock was splintered into countless atoms in his hands; the red torrent rushed into his bosom; one loud groan, blended with the thunder, and the guilty soul of the Hessian was before its GOD!'

The young lady whose life is thus providentially saved marries her chosen lover, and the dénouement is just such as is proper in all similar cases. . . . 'C. L. E.' relates an inimitable story, which illustrates *one* kind of 'human natur'.' It is to the following effect. The scene is a cock-pit, which is a good way ahead of any personal experience of our own. There is a '*High*-comb Cock and a *Low*-comb Cock' representing the 'high' and 'low' of 'the game,' and the warfare has begun. A few bouts, a few sharp 'digs,' and the 'sport' is at its height. 'Hoorah!' says a confident better, leaning on the railing of the pit with both elbows, and peering intently at the feathered combatants, 'Hoorah for the high-comb cock! Hoorah! Hoorah for the high-comb cock! A dollar on the high-comb cock!' A negro, 'his next friend,'

accepted the challenge, and took the stake. 'Hoorah!' continued the better, 'hoorah for the high-comb cock! hoorah — for — the — high —— hoorah! hoorah! hoorah!'— Here the 'high-comb cock' began apparently to get the worst of it; and the better continued more cautiously: 'Hoorah for the — for the — hoorah for the *high*' — here a severe 'dig' laid 'high-comb' for a moment on his back, and this was the turning-point: 'Hoorah,' continued our hedger, 'hoorah for the *low*-comb cock! hoorah for the low-comb *cock!* give it to him, little fellow! go it! that 's right! put it into him! Hoorah for the *low-comb* cock!' And well did the 'low-comb' deserve this applause, for he 'straitened out' his antagonist in the next round; and as 'high-comb' could n't 'come to time,' victory was declared in his favor. 'Well, give me the stakes,' said the hedger to the negro. 'E'yah! e'yah! guess *not!*' replied CUFFEE, 'you bet on dat high-comb cock, and de money is mine!' 'No, no; did n't you hear me hoorah for the low-comb cock? Did n't I hoorah *loud* for the low-comb cock?' 'Yes, e'yah! e'yah! you did *so*,' answered the negro, 'but you *bet* on the high-comb cock, s 'elp me Bos!' 'Well,' said the artful dodger, scratching his head, 'I ain't goin' to get into a dispute with you, and I do n't want to quarrel; but I tell you what I 'll do; you give me my dollar, and you keep your 'n; and d—n me if I 'll ever *bet with a nigger ag'in!*' And in this way a 'settlement' was effected. . . . APOLLO AND COMPANY may as well shut up shop. Their vocation is done; they are 'dead broke,' and can't pay ten cents on the dollar. 'THOMAS RANDALL, a resident of Eaton, New-Hampshire,' in his '*Farmer's Meditations and Shepherd's Songs*,' has eclipsed the whole concern, and driven them from the market. His verse is in the form of the psalms and hymns of WATTS, and the volume looks like a small sheep-skin hymn-book. We must afford our readers a taste of its contents. In the preface we are told that the writer 'may be considered by some as incapable of imparting any useful instruction to the *literati;* but let the reader of these poems be careful, and judge not rashly concerning the work. With a pleasing variety of metre, our author has composed this volume of poems, which cannot fail to *amuse* both the aged and the youth.' There *is* some amusement in the book, certainly, as we shall proceed to demonstrate. The author, in his 'introductory remarks' in verse, says of his work:

'IT is design'd for to amuse,
And not design'd for to abuse;
But to awake the human kind,
And give a lustre to the mind.

'For I have pass'd from thing to thing,
Assisted by a generous spring;
My passions lighted to a flame,
While reason held a steady rein.'

We proceed at once to present our readers with a selection from Mr. RANDALL'S 'various writings' in verse, in order that they may be able to judge of his great versatility in composition. Poem third, '*The Flowery Mount*, in common metre, is on the eleventh page:

'T WAS on a distant, flow'ry mount,
I sat me down for to recount,
And call'd to mind those distant things
Which in vast creation springs:
There in pensive silence sit,
With the earth beneath my feet.

'I turned my eyes for to behold —
A thousand planets round me roll'd!
While earth stood by in living green;
Beasts and birds, they might be seen;
Fish and insects, it is true;
All were present to my view.

'Trees and shrubs did wave in air,
While lilies show'd a spotless fair:
Pinks and violets, it is true,
Show'd a red and crimson hue:
The grove, the orchard, and the field,
O what beauties they did yield!

'The ox he reared his lofty head;
The horse moved off with nimble speed;
The lambs were skipping o'er the hill;
The sheep were sipping at the rill;
The ants were grovelling in the dust:
They cull'd the worm to quench their thirst.'

On the thirteenth page commences a poem in long metre, which in vigor and strength

of execution is fully equal to the preceding lines. It bears the felicitous title, '*God's Works demand Attention.*'

'When we do behold both the land and the sea,
And think of their Author, how great he must be;
When we survey the valleys and mountains all around,
We 'll tune up our voices his praises to sound.

'The stars now in heaven were made by design,
And each by reflection do brilliantly shine;
They show their great Author both powerful and wise,
Who set them all in order to beautify the skies.

'The earth, when she is clothed in her green attire,
Her complicated beauties we much do admire:
It shows the great Author both powerful and kind,
And in his acts of wisdom is human and divine.

'The wind is now blowing, it sweeps o'er the land;
The sea is always tumbling and dashing on the sand;
The fishes they are sporting and skipping in the sea,
Or in the briny ocean, wherever they be.

'The beauties of nature I positive declare,
They fill us all with wonder, for every thing is rare;
The lovely pear and apple, the peach and cherry too,
Whose taste is most delicious and pleasant for to view.

'The wheat, corn and barley, that grow both rank and good,
Potatoes, rye and onions, are quite delicious food:
The earth it will support them and keep them by her side,
And constantly defend them from the old roaring tide.

'The earth is our mother, with her ten thousand springs;
She opens wide her bosom, and round her blessings flings;
She will support her children, right from one common stock:
They feed upon her bounties, and round her body flock.

'Her sons they are various in every state and clime:
The orange tree of India, the lemon and the lime:
The cocoa tree beside them, it is both tall and trim;
While lovely nuts are growing and gracing every limb.

'The earth she is generous to all her sons of need;
She nurses them with caution, and will preserve their seed:
Her sons they are various in every state and clime;
She paints them with good colors upon the shores of time.

'The lily and rosy, the pink and violet too,
She paints them with good colors, which makes them fair to view;
Some have rosy faces, and some are blue or white,
And all present good graces for to enchant the sight.

'Earth opens wide her bosom, she nurses every child,
And to their wanting appetites is ever good and kind:
Her joys they are moderate, and in her sorrows mute;
She gives them all good juices, still working at the root.

'She is a fruitful mother, likewise a constant bride,
And heaven is her husband, now standing by her side;
He blesses her with breezes and sends her light and heat,
And water in a plenty to wash her humble seat.'

A striking poem, in irregular short-metre, may be found on page sixty-sixth. It is entitled '*Matrimonial Comforts.*' We annex two powerful stanzas:

'Where husband and wife do agree,
And never give passion the reins,
Their comforts will flow like the sea,
And save them much trouble and pains.

'If nought but a dinner of herbs,
Contentment will sweeten the meal,
Exceeding a feast of the herds,
Where hatred is nipping the heel.'

Mr. Randall visits '*Prodigals*' with the entire weight of his 'lofty' arm. *What* a picture he *do* draw of 'em! Listen:

'How lofty and proud is their talk!
Their necks they refuse for to bend;
Quite often we find in their talk
Some bitter expressions they send.

'They pompously whiff the cigar,
And swell at the snap of the whip;
Sweet parental feelings they mar,
And every endearment they nip.

'The prodigal sons, to be sure,
Do ever give loose to their rein;
Despising all counsel that 's pure,
Their filthy designs for to gain.

'When parents are said to be rich,
Great treasures are laid up in store;
How this does their children bewitch,
When they do those treasures explore.'

'*The Cholera*' proved a theme suitable for the 'lofty' reach of Mr. Randall's muse. The effect of that dread epidemic in this city was as follows:

'New-York city, I've been told,
This contagion through it stroll'd,
Let its deadly vengeance fall,
Laid them lifeless by the wall.

'Wit and beauty were defied;
Wealth and honor push'd aside;
No distinction could be plead
To save them from a dying bed.

'The doctors each began their drill,
Tried the force of lance and pill;
Physic in profusion flow'd,
Stomachs fill'd and bowels stow'd.

'Noble means were well applied,
And the wisest skill was tried,
But abortive mostly proved:
Cholera like a giant moved!'

Very touching, in 'Poem XCVIII,' are the '*Remarks on the Death of Miles Shorey.*' 'They breathe the very spirit of'—THOMAS RANDALL. We quote six random stanzas, the best in the 'poem:'

'When accidental death appears,
'T is doleful to the eyes and ears
Of all who hear the solemn sound,
And see processions forming round.

'When accidental death takes place,
Soft tears bedew the friendly face;
Like crystal pearls run trickling down,
With sighs and sobs upon the ground.

'MILES SHOREY, fifteen months of age,
In haste has quit his favorite stage,
By oil of vitriol spill'd on him,
And was consumed by the flame!

'This child, who suffer'd by this fire,
His father's name was NEHEMIAH,
Who is a real friendly man:
His loving mother's name was ANN.

'To gratify his childish wish,
He spill'd the oil upon his flesh;
Ran o'er his frame in various ways,
And swept him off within three days!

'But MILES — we hope his spirit flies
In purer climes beyond the skies;
Finds pleasure far beyond the jar,
With vitriol fire his face to mar.'

Mr. RANDALL, in his closing 'poem,' which he impiously dedicates to his 'Heavenly FATHER,' tells us:

'THOUGH my writings are not handsome,
Yet some beauties may be seen;
And if never termed handsome,
Every rank they may convene.

'Fit for saint and fit for sinner,
Fit for all the world at large;
Giving each or all a dinner,
If from it do not emerge.'

'What I've wrote and what I've spoken,
Much of it is rare and new;
And it is a real token
Lifted up to public view.

'It's a sign to every party,
That is round earth's mole-hill;
This I write both pure and hearty,
It's designed for one and all.'

We must now take reluctant leave of our great poet, with the assurance, that in our humble opinion he is a stupid, ignorant ass. There is not a single decent *unstolen* verse or line in his whole book of two hundred and fifty pages. Second only in inanity to the writer of the execrable doggerel that makes up the contents of this volume, is Mr. BENJAMIN R. JORDAN, who *edits* it, and makes it still more ridiculous by the specimen which he gives us of *his own* powers of composition. RANDALL and JORDAN! '*Par nobile Fratrum!*' . . . WE had proposed to ourselves the consideration, in the present number, of several pictures in the *National Academy of Design;* but the great length of several of the articles in the body of our Magazine has compelled us to omit much that we had prepared for insertion in this department. We had dwelt at some length upon the great pictures of DURAND, the first of our landscape-painters, as well as upon the well-conceived and executed works of KENSETT and CHURCH. Mr. THOMAS DOUGHTY must look to his laurels, for he is about being eclipsed in his own field by the younger members of his beautiful profession. Mr. DOUGHTY has two clever pictures in the collection, which have less of the *mannerism* that has characterized his previous efforts; a mannerism which, in our humble judgment, greatly lessens the value and interest of a picture from his pencil. Speaking of painting, by-the-by, reminds us to say, that Mr. HENRY J. BRENT, the distinguished landscape-painter, has now upon his easel, at his residence in South-Brooklyn, two of the finest paintings we have ever seen from his facile pencil. We know of no modern artist whose improvement has been so marked as that of Mr.

BRENT. His clouds, aërial perspective, distances, and especially his foliage, in these later pictures from his hand, are very rarely surpassed. His landscapes command a ready sale, at his own prices, which we may add are by no means extravagant. . . . WE perceive, from a passage in the last letter of the able London correspondent of the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal, that 'ANDERSON, the Tragedian,' who had taken Drury Lane Theatre, has been compelled to close that establishment, through the influences of 'old pieces, an inefficient company, and a most egotistical reliance upon his own powers.' ANDERSON himself, however, as it appears, charges his failure upon the 'vitiated tastes of the public and the machinations of his enemies.' 'Vitiated tastes of the public!' The truth is, ANDERSON in this country was an actor of 'tertiary formation,' geologically speaking. He had no *genius*—not a particle: he had 'stage talent' merely, with a thin varnish of *borrowed* 'genius;' and hence the man was never lost in any character he assumed. We heard him several times, and our first impression of him was confirmed and strengthened by all we afterward saw of him. The '*Courier*' mentions an instance of personal ingratitude on the part of Mr. ANDERSON which does him little credit. It is precisely such men, however, whom a transient, ill-based reputation inflates and lifts above the memory of the lower rounds of the ladder, from the insecure heights of which they so soon 'topple down headlong.' We remember a kindred instance of 'bad taste,' to say the least, in Mr. ANDERSON. We were dining with a party of friends at the table-d'hôte of the Astor House, and chanced to be seated in the near vicinity of Mr. ANDERSON, who had received from several kindly-meaning but not perhaps sufficiently self-respectful persons invitations to take wine with them. They had perhaps seen him in 'the mimic scene' at the Park Theatre the night before, and wished to pay him a compliment. *Kindness* certainly was intended; and therefore it was that our estimate of Mr. ANDERSON'S appreciative gratitude for a well-meant courtesy was effectually established, when we heard him say to the servant, who had presented a gentleman's wine to him, looking at the circle of glasses around him, 'What did you say *your friend's* name is?' That insolent, snobbish question should have gone back with the bottle. . . . MESSRS. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND have issued, in a large and handsome volume, a third edition of '*The Literary Remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clark.*' It contains the 'Ollapodiana' papers, various other miscellaneous prose-sketches, and his poetical writings, together with a memoir of his life, criticisms upon his writings, etc. . . . WILL some reader oblige us with the name of the writer of the ensuing stanzas? They were lodged in our memory many years ago, and we have quite forgotten, if we ever knew, the name of the author. The lines bore as a motto the aspiration of the sacred poet, 'Oh that I had the wings of the dove, that I might flee away and be at rest:'

'So prayed the Psalmist to be free
From mortal bonds and earthly thrall;
And such, or soon or late, shall be
Full oft the heart-breathed prayer of all;
And when life's latest sands we rove,
With faltering foot and aching breast,
Shall sigh for wings that waft the dove,
To flee away and be at rest.

'While hearts are young and hopes are high,
A fairy dream doth life appear;
Its sights are beauty to the eye,
Its sounds are music to the ear;
But soon it glides from youth to age;
And of its joys no more possessed,
We, like the captive of the cage,
Would flee away and be at rest.

'Is ours fair woman's angel smile,
All bright and beautiful as day?
So of her cheek and eye the while,
Time steals the rose and dims the ray;
She wanders in the spirit land,
And we, with speechless grief oppressed,
As o'er the mouldering form we stand,
Would gladly share her place of rest.

'Beyond the hills, beyond the sea,
Oh, for the pinions of a dove!
Oh, for the morning's wings to flee
Away and be with those I love!
When all is fled that 's bright and fair,
And life is but a wintry waste,
This, this at last must be our prayer,
To 'flee away and be at rest.''

GEORGE H. BOKER, Esq., author of '*Calaynos*' and '*Anne Boleyn*' has, we are informed by a literary friend, finished a new tragedy, which will be produced before publication. We are not at liberty to give the name of his last production, but from what we know of Mr. BOKER, we can assure his many admirers that it will not disappoint their expectations. Our opinion has already been expressed, that he is not only the first and only truly dramatic poet in America, but one of the first of modern times. Strong, idiomatic and terse, full of sweetness and pathos, his plays are no less remarkable for their poetry than for the deep insight into human nature, and the thorough knowledge of stage business and scenic effect, which they evince and demonstrate. . . . THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, the poet and artist, has recently sailed for Europe for the benefit of his health. Mr. READ intends making the tour of England, Germany, Italy and Greece, writing letters by the way for the '*Tribune*' daily journal. He has our best wishes for a pleasant tour and a speedy recovery of his wonted health. . . . A GOOD deal amused to-day in the perusal of a note from a genial and cordially-esteemed friend. We annex a passage which we conceive 'too good to be lost:' 'Since I saw you last I have written a poem upon 'Happiness.' I will not trouble you with the whole of it, but merely give you the four lines which I consider best, by way of sample, viz:

'HE drained the cup of happiness,
When flowing to the brim,
And turned the cup the wrong side up —
What was there left for him?'

'Now I am not insensible to the criticisms which may be made on these four lines: As for instance, that they should be divided into five parts, more or less; nor do I fail to see that they are liable to the same misconstruction which I put upon the act of KAVANAGH, when 'he sat down on a *mossy trunk* (which gave way beneath him) and crumbled into dust.' In my poem it is left doubtful whether the cup of happiness or the hero of the tale himself was the thing flowing to the brim. It may be argued that the cup of happiness could not be drained when or while flowing to the brim. This would seem conclusive that it must have been the man who was flowing in this unusual manner. But then if *he* were flowing to the brim how could he hold any more? — much less drain an entire cup? Upon the whole, although I wrote the poem, I am at a loss how to decide this question, and waive the whole criticism entirely. What *I* look at is the admirable sentiment of these lines, and the action of the man himself. He not only drained dry the cup of happiness at a draught, but to render the thing conclusive:

'He turned the cup the wrong side up.'

Of course, here is for him an end of the whole matter, as one would naturally suppose. In fact, the poem goes on to say, that such was the remark of certain intermeddlers who were attending to this man's concerns instead of their own:

'BUT soon a wonder came to light
That showed the rogues they lied.'

He turned the cup the right side up, had it filled again, and *now* he did not toss it off at a single throw, as did the friend of JOHN WATERS his glass of 'Scuppernong wine,' but quietly sipped it through the long straw of a strict morality, and at last in the maturity of his age, was gathered to his fathers in peace, leaving a few drops of the precious liquor in his cup, just sufficient to tell what had been in it. This poem,

in my judgment, is altogether beyond the age, and therefore I have transmitted it directly to the 'latest posterity;' and I fear that in my haste, I may have sent it a little beyond the mark. In short, it is *burnt!* The day after I left you I went to Cape Cod. There I stopped at a beautiful place within a few rods of two crystal ponds in which the owner assured me were at least a million of spotted trout, weighing from two pounds downward, all of which he gave me permission to 'take, carry away and convert to my own use.' There are boats in which you can be conveyed in twenty minutes to the sea, and when there, you can catch any quantity of blue fish, tautog, etc., while your boatman are gathering for you the fattest oysters. When shall we go there? Answer the question. Rely upon me that this is no fiction, like that tale about the cup of happiness.' When we go 'down east,' which we hope at some period during the summer to do, there be many places which we shall hope to visit — and Cape Cod (in the 'good company' of our correspondent) is of them. . . . 'CAN you inform a lady-friend,' writes a northern correspondent, who is the author of the lines:

'THE church-yard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair?'

Yes, Madam; they are by HENRY NEELE, an English poet, long since dead. They are from a poem entitled '*An Ode to Memory*,' with the motto from JOB, 'Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' We give the stanzas entire:

'AND where is he? not by her side
Whose every want he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend;
That form beloved he marks no more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see:
Those scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair — but where is he?

'Ah, no! the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favorite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him,
Are dear to life and nature still;
But, ah! his home is not as fair —
Neglected must his garden be;
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, 'Where is he?'

'His was the pomp, the crowded hall,
But where is now the proud display?
His riches, honors, pleasures, all
Desire could frame — but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong — oh, where is he?

'The church-yard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair,
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there;
The life is gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been no more shall be;
The well known form, the welcome tread,
Oh! where are they, and where is he?'

—

AN old and true friend has been so good as to forward to us an account of the services at the recent *Dedication of the Reformed Dutch Church, of Syracuse, New-York;* an edifice whose architectural beauty is an ornament to the flourishing city to which it owes its erection. The Sabbath on which it was dedicated was one of remarkable brightness and purity; the 'solemn courts' of the beautiful temple were crowded with members of the church and other auditors, and the services were of the highest interest. In the evening a sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. DEWITT, of this city, who seems to have won all suffrages by his fervor and eloquence. His text was in PAUL'S words: 'Nevertheless I am not ashamed, for I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that HE is able to keep that which I have committed unto HIM until that day.' We annex a brief sketch of this discourse in the words of our friend. It has in it, to our conception, the materials of a great moral picture, such as COLE'S 'Voyage of Life,' or such as might be, and indeed has been, painted from the 'Pilgrims' Progress' of BUNYAN:

'AFTER soliciting a clear perception of the light he desired to throw upon the subject, namely, the *light of the soul*, by which he meant, not the light of reason or nature, the light by which we perceive the relations of *material* with spiritual things, but the light by which we recognise our com-

munion with GOD, and the relations of '*spiritual* things with spiritual;' the light by which, through faith, we receive hidden truths with a stronger and clearer conviction than by the other light we receive natural truths through the media of analogies and syllogisms and demonstrations; thus describing the light, he proceeded to paint a noble picture of gospel, evangelical religion; one which opened to my soul fuller, more sustaining, and more sublime conceptions of the plan of salvation than I have ever received. He pictured in the back-ground, with a free, bold pencil, the mountains of sorrow and sin on which the wicked stumble; in the deeper distance the fierce thunder-storms of wrath; and nearer to the light, on the other side, the rugged paths of life, with varying scenes; here a verdant meadow, bright in the sunlight, and there a craggy mountain, swept by storms and covered with precipices; here a rill, and there a torrent; here a thoughtless throng, and there a mourning family; here a congregation of defying blasphemers, and there an humble publican; until, reaching the free, broad fore-ground, he spread a light upon the canvass that seemed fresh from Heaven, and introduced a sublime portrait of the REDEEMER, reclining, amid the green pastures and by the still waters of salvation, with a little child (awhile ago weary and penitent, but now reposing with a peace that passeth understanding) in the arms of HIS eternal love. And as he touched the last finished line of its beautiful form, he alluded to its significance of that faith which is the only condition of the bestowment of the knowledge that 'maketh wise unto salvation.' And yet the magnificent painting was not finished. He here turned again to the middle-ground, and poising his pencil a moment, proceeded to sketch among the worldly multitude, and amid the rugged paths, the form of a manly pilgrim, steadily and cheerfully pursuing his journey; once the child in the foreground, but now the resolute and confiding apostle, who, though passing through clouds of affliction and persecution that darkened his way, still knew in whom he had believed, and was sure that the great bright orb revolved with as broad a disk and a light as exhaustless and pure as when first it shone on its way to Damascus. Having now finished his spiritual picture, with great dignity of emotion he held it up plainly before his hearers, and with words of tender and manly eloquence exhorted them to become first as a little child, then as the steadfast apostle.'

We can well conceive the effect which our eminent townsman would create by his treatment of such a theme; and we are glad to be enabled to present this 'picture in little' of his eloquent discourse. . . . IF ever there was a day that was 'marked with a white stone' by us, it has been this. This morning, after reading our proofs at the printing-office, we repaired to the publication-office, took our unopened letters and documents, and soon after found ourselves seated in a nice phæton, with two native townsmen, school-companions, friends of our boyhood, crossing the Fulton ferry, for a day on Long-Island. The day was the purest of June days; the air came cool and refreshing from the west; each one of us felt that juiciness of heart which belongs to true, unselfish communion with friends whose 'adoption' has been 'tried;' and we each felt an 'out-going' toward each, which can *only* be felt — it cannot be described. But let us, as we ride through flourishing Brooklyn, (airy New-York that she is, and 'nothing else,') open our letters; 'white-winged messengers, commissioned by Friendship, with tidings from the absent' — the first from 'H. W. L.,' whose words we have quoted; the second from ELLA, first daughter of the house of KNICK.; the third from 'F. W. S.,' genial, LAMB-like, cordialest of good friends; the fourth from 'W. B. G.,' in far-off Maine, for all the world likest unto his corresponding predecessor, and his epistle a counterpart of his heart; and, not to pursue the list farther, a missive from 'T. McG.;' appreciative, frank, strong-minded, sensitive-hearted, humorous 'McG.;' these in one morning 'lot' of letters, and in such pleasant 'keeping,' were things to be remembered — and they *will* be. Well, as we rode, 'we could not choose but talk,' as WORDSWORTH says; and by-the-by, one of our friends talked of WORDSWORTH too, for it had been his happy fortune to meet the good old man at Rydal Mount, of which, and of what else he there saw and heard, he has promised us some account hereafter. As we rode on, we brought up in long review the incidents of our school-days; of the time when he, 'J. B. B.,' was wont to bear letters to and from 'Old KNICK'S' first

love, the 'general *male* delivery' being effected while passing out of the recitation room, and the *female*, through the leaves of a borrowed book. It was but for a moment only that we thought of a beautiful stanza in 'The Morning Watch :'

'Oh! the happy days of boyhood!
Oh, the days that are no more!
Oh the years that push us onward,
Far and farther from that shore!'

It would have been ingratitude to a beneficent Providence not to have come speedily back to the matured joys of the 'glorious Present.' Passing Fort Greene, where scores of Irishmen with wheel-barrows are daily trundling off the sacred soil thrown up in days of yore by the 'patriotic diggers,' wherewith to de-'grade' the streets of our daughter-city, we journeyed leisurely on, 'beguiling the way with much pleasant discourse,' until we reached 'Snedecker's,' near the 'Union' race-course;' Snedecker's — the most perfectly-appointed, best kept country-inn which it has ever been our good fortune to visit. Our friend before-mentioned had come hither from the country to examine the stud of 'eminent' horses here assembled, with a view to a comparison with his own; 'Henry Clay,' 'State of Maine,' and other the like personages, whose 'fame is the common property of the ked'ntry.' An hour was pleasantly passed in the best horse-society to be attained to — at 'the North,' at least; although, as a general thing, the palm of distinguished personal appearance must be awarded to the males rather than the females in 'the community' hereabout. Many of the latter, however, were perhaps 'as well as could be expected' under the circumstances in which they had been placed. It was a 'sight to see' the little colts 'skipping on the hills,' or scampering gracefully around the rich clover-fields. But a lad has come out to tell us that our dinner is ready. Step in with us, reader, and glance at one of *Snedecker's Dinners*. You observe that the windows of this well-shaped, calm, quiet dining-apartment open into an adjoining garden, whence there floats in the aroma of flowers, and through which you may see the verdant shrubbery trembling in the soft breeze of June. The ice is in the broad flange-topped cut-glass goblets, and Heidseck sparkles not *scantily* therein. The fine-linen table-cloth and napkins are as spotlessly white as those of John Waters; and lo! Trout! that were disporting this very morning in the cool Long-Island brooks; and Terrapin, look you, with golden sherry; new potatoes, like oblong balls of dry flour; peas, small and of even size; with asparagus, late from the adjacent garden; Spring-chicken; strawberries and cream; each and every potable and edible in their appropriate order and best condition; served without the slightest fuss, eaten without the slightest haste, enjoyed without the slightest excess. A glass of iced maraschino, and we are again in the open field, checkered by the shadows of 'round white clouds' rolling slowly in the breeze between us and the sun, with spirits as natural and elastic as ever. After witnessing a sublime feat of horsemanship, 'in a single act,' which we never saw equalled, nor even approached, in any circus we ever visited — *home*, in the pleasant gloaming; in the sanctum, jotting down this; two little folk, awaiting our good-night salute, asleep on the sofa, in 'high' and 'low' dresses, but in attitudes of unstudied grace; and *now*, it is eleven o'clock, and 'what is written *remains*,' for it has come from the heart and memory, as fresh as the trout whose delicious flavor even yet regales our palate. Good night! good night! . . . The correspondent who sends us '*Our Notables*,' will oblige us by continuing his sketches. He can write, *he* can :

'Whoever has lived in our town for any length of time, must have become familiar with the figure of a man plodding along our streets, sometimes with a long wand in his hand, sometimes with

an old-fashioned gun, and occasionally, with only a big stick. His hair is grizzly, and he has a hooked nose, ridden by a pair of iron-rimmed, round-eyed spectacles, glaring from under the shade of a broad-brimmed hat; nose, spectacles, and a general prowling air, giving him a remarkably owlish look. I won't tell his name, and then nobody will recognise the picture. When he has the long wand, he is a wood-corder; when he has the old gun, he is a dog-killer; and wo to the luckless cur that gets loose in the street when the dog-law rageth! The owlish man spies him from afar, and sets off after him in a loping trot, with his gun trailed in his hand; peering sharply through his great spectacles, lest the dog should dodge round the corner, and so run away with his half-dollar.

'By-and-by, having got nearly within shooting distance, he changes his trot for a stealthy, tiptoe walk, until almost close enough to knock him down with the gun, he takes a long aim: bang! goes the gun; yelp! yelp! goes the cur, scouring away with a notch cut out of his ear, while the ball spatters on the stone-step on the other side of the street. Then the owlish man resolves, in his grievous disappointment, that he 'll shoot with ball no more, but shot 'll fetch 'em. So he goes to the store and buys a pound of number one, and goes after more dogs. After awhile, you hear his gun again, and soon see him carrying his trophy, (I forget whether it is a paw or the ears or the tail) to the treasurer. This is in the beginning of the season. After it is a little advanced, it is curious to see what a wide berth the dogs give that particular gun and the round-eyed spectacles. When he can't find any more, and the wood is all corded, he becomes disgusted and goes a-fishing. He is a very successful angler; for he sits him down on the bank of the creek, and never gets up nor moves until he has the fish; as sailors having once begun, never cease whistling for the wind until it comes. And there he will squat under a big, projecting rock the live-long day; now soberly hauling up an eel, now a 'catty,' or a 'fall,' or a 'parch,' and, occasionally, a poor little 'minny,' which he pulls off and indignantly flings back again.

'He is a great walker; old and grizzly and bent as he is, he will (or rather would, for I believe he is out of office now) in his capacity of constable, with the aid of the big stick, tramp forty miles a day in delivering those nasty little slips of paper which are generally entrusted to constables.

'When he *was* at the head of our police-department, consisting principally of himself, but occasionally strengthened by one assistant, he always preferred the *suaviter in modo* in taking a drunken fellow to prison: 'Come, come now, IKE, you 'd a-better go; you know you 've got to; here, set down in the wheel-barrow,' (IKE was usually too drunk to go in any other way,) 'and you 'll be like riding in the stage;' backed by divers other persuasions. IKE's first response was, 'Hurrah for JACKSON!' then followed a kind of dismal song, and a dissertation upon society at large; when he would let them lift him on the wheel-barrow, and a stout darkie would trundle him off. This IKE was something of a character himself: he had but one leg, the other having been amputated in consequence of a fearful burn caused by falling into the fire in a drunken fit. Afterward it was a service of some little danger to take him when drunk; for he would lay about him savagely with one crutch, and the only way to manage him was for some sly fellow to creep behind him and kick the remaining crutch from under him.

'Another of the multifarious avocations of my hero is that of clerk of the — weather, I had nearly said, but I meant market. Then the owl-eyed spectacles, (how very wide awake they always look!) go exploring among the butter-kids. He finds nothing wrong for some time; but at last, he pounces on a couple of pounds that look scant. He tries them in the balance, and lo! they are full half a penny light! The clerk exults; and thus encouraged, thinks he spies another. It is tenderly laid in the balance, and behold! it has a full penny over-weight! Whereupon he goes away hurt and indignant, and the rude people laugh. The butter being all tested, the hooked nose glides along the butchers' stalls, with dilated nostrils, like a war-horse that snuffeth the battle, only it is snuffing after tainted meat; of which, in justice to our butchers, I must say he do n't often get the scent.

'In the palmy days of our town, when there was a fine for buying and selling in market before the hour fixed by the authorities, it was amusing to watch the people waiting for the clerk's big hand-bell to make it half an hour after sunrise. As the time drew near, every buyer's knee was slightly flexed, ready for a spring. The sellers stood in a fidgetty state of restrained excitement. At last, after solemnly marching up and down the market-house, to see that nobody was infringing the rules, the bell was slowly raised. Every eye watched it with intense anxiety. Knees were a little more bent; muscles were tightened a little; money began to jingle. As the clapper came down there was a simultaneous bound and rush to the butchers' stalls: each unfortunate butcher was soon in a state of mental 'obfuscation,' being besieged by twenty people, all clamorous and raging to be served first. Of the twenty, at least eight *must* have kidneys. He has but one pair, and the strongest bears them off triumphant. The woman who succeeded in getting a liver for breakfast, marked that day

to be remembered. And then the way they ran distractedly up and down the market, in a mad chase after butter, was very complacently viewed by those wise ones who had taken the precaution to engage theirs for the season.

'The last and perhaps most important function of our friend is that of tip-staff when the court is in session. How he does punch his long staff about, poking the ribs and pounding the toes of the luckless front-rankers pressed into the passages to the bar by the crowd behind them! How he aggravates some of the students too, forgetting that they have, by courtesy, a prescriptive right to put themselves in every body's way; with the importance of which right they, the students, are sufficiently impressed.

'But the owlish man is failing. His step has become hobbling and rheumatic, and I much doubt if he could make even his twenty miles a day now. And the hooked nose will become sharper, the eyes will sink and grow dim under the owl-eyed glasses, and the iron-grey locks will change to silver, and the old man will lie down in his last rest, and no sign will be left of him but this foolish sketch.

A. O. P.'

'How did you like my discourse to-day?' asked a somewhat pompous and quite affected young clergyman of an old church-goer, a 'man of mark' in the community, and whom it would be necessary to consult in the selection of a new minister, in the place of a superannuated pastor; 'how was my manner? — how did I speak?' 'How did you *speak?*' asked his interlocutor; 'why, you reminded me, in one respect, of Saint PAUL.' '*Did* I?' said the young divine, with evident chuckling; 'in *what* respect?' 'Why,' replied the other, '*you spoke like a fool!*' The young man did n't 'settle' in *that* place. . . . IT is said that the venerable poet ROGERS is fond of repeating the following stanza, believed to be from the pen of Mrs. BARBAULD. We remember that LAMB quotes the last two lines in one of his essays or letters:

'LIFE! we 've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
'T is hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear:
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night, but, in some happier clime,
Bid me good morning.'

RIGHT well pleased shall we be to hear from 'TIMOTHY TWIGGETT.' Guess his vein is well worth working. . . . OF all the 'killing' inventions of modern days, commend us to '*Jennings' Patent Rifle.*' We have examined it thoroughly, and heard the agent of the patentee explain its mechanism, than which nothing could be more simple, or less liable to get out of order. It is loaded at once with twenty-four balls, all of which are fired in one minute! 'Click! click! click!' and by what COLERIDGE would call 'a short and easy motion' of the fore-finger, twenty-four men or twenty-four buffalo, as the case may be, lie dead on the field. It is truly a *terrific* weapon. It takes full effect at eight hundred and fifty *yards;* and if it should chance to get out of order, it is as easily repaired as the commonest musket. Mr. C. P. DIXON, Number 177, Broadway, up stairs, is the agent of the patentee. Drop in upon him, and secure a 'new sensation' in the way of surprise. . . . 'I WENT last evening' (writes from up the Hudson a little boarding-school girl whom 'well we wot of,' to one who, next to her mother, loves her best,) 'to hear a Mr. T —— deliver a lecture upon '*Education.*' He told us things we had never heard of before. He said that COLUMBUS discovered America; that it was steam which made the cars go; that General WASHINGTON asked COLUMBUS if he could make an egg stand on end, and COLUMBUS tried, and could n't do it, but that General WASHINGTON tried and *did* do it, by breaking the shell! I did n't know before that WASHINGTON and COLUMBUS were acquainted; and I always thought it was COLUMBUS who stood the egg on end. But

this was a lecture on '*Education*,' and I 'live and learn.'' . . . LOSSING's '*Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*,' published by the HARPERS, is acquiring the wide popularity which its pictorial and literary merits are well calculated to command. Externally and internally it is an admirable work. The engravings, especially, are superb. . . . WE had a delightful ride, on a recent glorious afternoon, to Bath, on the sea-shore, with our excellent friend the editor of '*The Evening Mirror*,' where we 'assisted' at the opening of '*The Bath-House*,' recently enlarged, renovated, and improved, and now kept in superb style by Mr. ORMSBY. Pure air and good fare are found there; (unconscious rhyme!) and there are plenty of agreeable walks and pleasant amusements. But why should we enlarge on this topic? 'The Bath-House' is always full in the summer, and always will be. It never had so many comforts and luxuries as now, and could not be better kept. If there were no *other* watering-places near New-York than the noble Rockaway 'Pavilion,' the superb 'HAMILTON House,' and 'The Bath-House,' we think all our sea-air disposed citizens could be amply accommodated. . . . IN answer to a query of 'P.', who writes to us from Oneida county, we reply: Yes; Dr. WILLIAM TURNER, chrono-thermal physician of this city, *has* cured cases of the most obstinate, *obdurate* epilepsy. One excellent gentleman, well known to us, who for twelve years had not passed a day without an epileptic fit, and more frequently had two in a day, was entirely cured by Dr. TURNER: he has not had a single fit for three years, and his health is perfect. A similar case in this city, with similar treatment, and similar results, have very recently attested the efficacy of Dr. TURNER's method in this disease. We shall have more to say of this hereafter. We speak now, and briefly, of 'those things which we *do know*.' . . . AT the beginning of the last line in the first paragraph of the leading article in the present number, the first syllable of the word '*summons*' is omitted. The reader is respectfully requested to supply '*sum*' of the deficiency. Apropos of that article: it is the result of assiduous personal research on the very ground described, and is replete with anecdotes and facts which have come down to our day in an entirely authentic 'line of succession.' . . . WE wish our readers could hear the writer of the following simple and graceful lines describe the subject of them as he did recently to us. She was a lovely girl, of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, named MARY OLOLA, who died in the spring of 18—, at the age of eighteen years. 'A more beautiful creature,' said our friend, 'surely never walked the earth. Her features were perfectly regular, almost Grecian. She had the most pensive, dove-like, liquid hazel eyes I ever saw; her mouth, which was small and exquisitely-chiselled, had an expression of tenderness, of affection in it, that I never saw surpassed. Her figure, her shape, her unfettered movements, were the 'observed of all observers,' and she had many 'observers,' who came, sometimes from a distance, expressly to see her. She had the grace and timidity of a fawn. During the winter preceding the spring in which she died, she became silent and melancholy, grew more and more so at length, and at last died of what was considered a 'quick consumption'—a concealed consumption of the *heart*, I have no doubt. The 'worm in the bud' fed on that cheek of purest olive-and-red; and at length DEATH 'changed her countenance, and sent her away:'

'ALAS! wild flower, the wintry storm
Has stripped thee of each leaf and tress;
Has spoiled for aye the fairest form —
The wild-rose of the wilderness!

'Thou shouldst have lived in sunny bowers,
Amid the dark Italian dames;
This cold and northern land of ours
Will wither all such feeble frames.

'Thou shouldst have lived in marble halls,
Been fanned by warm and spicy gales,
And listened, by the water-falls,
To some young wooer's witching tales.

'But the cold earth was all thy bed,
Thy canopy the cloudy sky;
Thy story-tellers were the winds,
That chilling said, "T is time to die!"'

And there she lies, that beautiful Indian maid, amid the green forests of far-away Maine; not unmourned, not unforgotten; one of Nature's loveliest children, 'lulled on her sorrowing mother's breast.' But let us ask those who will now be interested in her untimely fate, in the words of our friend WHITTIER:

'DEEM ye that Mother loveth less
That bronzed form of the wilderness
She foldeth in her long caress?

'As sweet o'er *her* the wild flowers blow,
As if with fairer hair and brow
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below!'

WE have just returned from a very delightful *Trip to Huntington, Long Island;* a place which perhaps not one in a thousand of our metropolitan readers ever visited, and concerning which, or its situation, they know nothing. Yet it is very accessible by steamer, and easily reached by rail-road; and *when* reached, is one of the most beautiful places in the like near neighborhood to the city. You take the good steamer 'Croton' at Fulton ferry at half-past three in the afternoon, and passing the city's picturesque islands, the pleasant villages upon either shore, the famed 'Hell-Gate,' and the great fort that looks seaward, you soon find yourself in the open Sound, one of the most beautiful sheets of water to be found in the world, combining ocean vastness with an unsurpassed variety of scenic beauty on either shore; on the one side, indented with lovely bays and coves, and on the other presenting a blue variegated line of coast, sprinkled with villages, whose white steeples are faintly relieved against the higher lands in their rear. At one moment you are sailing up some picturesque cove or bay, and the next again in the broad Sound; and thus pleasantly alternating, you find the steamer turning around the point of 'LLOYD'S Neck,' and entering the beautiful harbor of Huntington. An abrupt bend in the stream soon brings you in sight of the little town in the distance, with its scattered white houses, surrounded by verdant foliage, the white spire and modest turret of its two steepled churches breaking the top-level of the village, which lies in full relief against the bright green hills that rise behind it. It was our good fortune to join an esteemed friend at his lodgings in a pleasant house near the landing, where the voice of the small waves is heard in the still night, and the sheen of the full round moon lies bright upon the calm waters. Now when the morning was come, for we arrived on Saturday evening, we 'hied to kirk' by a charming road, lined with a great variety of trees, leading along the very border of the bay, and opening now and then the most lovely vistas to its sparkling bosom. The little church, on its green sloping mound, was itself a curiosity, being more than a hundred and seventy years old. In the grassy grave-yard in the rear we remarked several mossy stones that recorded deaths which occurred more than a century ago; and one of these was broken by a cannon-ball fired during the revolution. After listening to the beautiful service of the English Church, and enjoying an eloquent (and not too long) discourse from the lips of the young pastor, we returned homeward with the rector; thinking, as we rode along, how much more effective upon the mind are religious services in the country than in the city. The cordial greetings between neighbors and friends on the shaded green before the church-door; the simplicity of the edifice itself; the hallowed, 'audible stillness' that prevails within, broken only by the minister's voice and by the whispering of the trees in the summer wind without; all these greatly add to the effect of religious observances in the country. We remarked with especial pleasure, in returning, that almost every house, however humble, had its flowers and flowering shrubs around the porch. We had the happiness to visit one modest cottage near the landing, that of 'Squire P——,' which was literally overrun with

flowers of every hue and odour. The bland air was full of sweets and musical with bees, who were improving the 'shining hour,' and, contrary to the divine statute, 'working on Sunday' with the busiest industry. A selected cluster of roses, from the hand of a charming young lady, 'herself a fairer flower' than any of them, made our apartment redolent of June for hours. In the afternoon, it gave us unwonted pleasure to visit the adjacent country-seat of Dr. R——, now retired from the arduous labors of his profession in the metropolis. We can recall no similar place which we have ever visited, not excepting that of Mr. CUSHING, near Boston, which presents so many natural attractions as this superb seat. The edifice itself, which is spacious, commodious, and simple and elegant in its architecture, is surrounded by flowers and flowering plants, of the richest variety and profusion; conservatories enclose and shelter the rarest tropical specimens; the grounds are ornamented with fine trees, of every variety of foliage; there are glades and glens; cold spring-waters 'run among the hills;' and on a little artificial lake, stocked with trout, sail stately swans, 'floating double' on the pure blue water. But it is the series of views obtainable from the site of this mansion which, to our eye, impart to it its chiefest charm. On one side, a scene perfectly English in its character may be commanded from the open windows of the library; the farther end of the bay is cut off and isolated, and like a polished mirror is set in a frame-work of 'living green,' while beyond rises the white spire of the village church, and a little farther on swell the undulating green hills; on another side, the bays and 'necks' of land penetrate, permeate, and diversify the charming landscape; and one may sit at the proprietor's well-spread, hospitable board, and command from the open windows a view of that noble body of water, the Long-Island Sound, for fifty miles in extent, the pale-blue shores of distant Connecticut bounding the view, overlooked, nearer by, by 'upland, glade and glen.' A pleasant ride of two miles from this country-seat isolates the visitor entirely from this scene, and he passes for a mile or more along a road, the sides of which rise like the walls of an amphitheatre, and are literally *covered* to the top with white and pink wood-laurel, until the eye well-nigh tires of its beauty and abundance. Such is a single example of the attractions, by no means rare, to be commanded at Huntington. We visited in the evening, near the picturesque point of land which conceals the farthest end of the bay from the Sound, the beautifully-situated and pleasant mansion of Mr. T——, a retired merchant of New-York, who is cultivating one of the neatest 'model farms' in the state. We have nowhere seen such corn as waved, broad-leaved and green, in one of his fields; and other grains, we were informed, are equally promising. The approach to the house is most charming. Now you are walking along a path through the woods, which arch high above you, flecked by the struggling moon-beams; anon you wind around a green crescent of the shore; presently you cross a verdant lawn; and then for the first time you are made aware of the mansion, surrounded by trees, with the entrance and porch completely embowered in flowers. An adjacent wood terminates in a bluff, from which a view may be obtained that for variety of landscape and 'water-scape' *need* not be, if it *can* be, surpassed. Opposite, and near by, on the shore of an adjacent bay, is '*Calmia*,' the seat of Hon. C. C. CAMBRELLING, ex-member of Congress, a courteous invitation to visit which we greatly regretted being unable to accept. We left Huntington, however, with the hope of being enabled hereafter to test the justice of the praises which are in every villager's mouth, touching the beauties of this fine country-seat. 'Old KNICK.' came out of the harbor, at five o'clock in the morning, white with fog-rime; but we had not been long

in the open Sound before the mists and exhalations rolled away to the east and rested on the sea; the curtain lifted from the far blue shores of 'old Connecticut,' and we 'went on our way rejoicing' at what we *had* rejoiced so recently. We mean to go again. . . . THE reader may remember that nearly a century before a steam-boat or a locomotive was invented, or either of them thought of as a practical thing, that DARWIN predicted the use of both, through the aid of that imagination which is only another name for the loftiest forecaste, lightly as it is sometimes estimated by those who have none themselves. But are you aware, reader, that the ***Magnetic Telegraph*** was fairly shadowed forth, if not well nigh described and illustrated, nearly one hundred and fifty years ago? An obliging correspondent in Washington sends us the subjoined interesting communication:

'PERUSING '*The Guardian*' the other day, I was so much impressed with the singularity of a kind of prophetic spirit which seemed to have seized upon the mind of its illustrious author, the renowned NESTOR IRONSIDE, that I cannot refrain from giving it a corner in my 'omnium gatherum,' and referring to the practical illustration and application so ingeniously shadowed forth in the days of old, upward of a century thereafter, by the world-renowned inventions of MORSE, BAIN and LOCKE. Thus discourseth the venerable and second-sighted NESTOR, disinterring the memories of the heathen days, in his '*Guardian*' of Tuesday, July twenty-eighth, 1713: 'STRADA' (and this carries us back to the far-removed days of pagan Rome), STRADA, in the person of LUCRETIUS, gives us an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at ever so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate; they then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates, in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend in the meanwhile saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities and mountains, seas or deserts.'

'NOW I will not go so far as to assert that this 'chimerical correspondence' has anticipated and forestalled the 'lightning communication' 'over cities and mountains, seas or deserts,' so ingeniously bodied forth and secured by patent-right upon full specification, in the nineteenth century, by MORSE and BAIN; but surely I shall not be accused of instituting a strained resemblance and comparison between the two systems, thus so remarkably alluded to in the times of yore, and realized and made to minister like a charmed spirit to the every-day wants and practical business transactions of money-making moderns. Thus it seems that the wise saying of the great SOLOMON, 'There is nothing new under the sun,' is here most strikingly illustrated; thus has what was quoted by NESTOR IRONSIDE, as an ingenious freak of ancient fancy, been actually realized in these later times; thus is it that 'reality is stranger than fiction;' and hence should we of this generation learn to bear more respect to the teeming past, and secure to ourselves the praise of modesty and gratitude by claiming less for genius and originality than seems to be the fashion.'

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WE are glad to announce the arrival among us, by the last steamer from Glasgow, of our friend, WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER, after a prolonged absence. Good music awaits us from this admirable master of song. . . . NOTICES of 'The Viking,' HARPERS' New Monthly, 'The International Weekly Miscellany,' 'The Old Judge,' 'MOHAMMED, a Tragedy,' etc., for reasons elsewhere mentioned, are unavoidably omitted.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXVI. AUGUST, 1850. No. 2.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.*

WITHIN a short period of time, many of the important questions which perplexed the savant, and alarmed the theologian, have been settled. Phenomena profound and mysterious, extending from the microscopic world of wonders to the more astonishing revelation of the telescope, have yielded to the successive steps of knowledge. New and interesting territories have been subjected to the dominion of mind by the increase of instrumental power; and scenes of grandeur and beauty spread out before us, tending to elevate and ennoble our conceptions of the great and beneficent ARCHITECT, which is the natural and inevitable result of all faithful scientific inquiry.

If we except astronomy, no branch of knowledge has been more rapidly advanced within the last quarter of a century than that connected with the physical geography of the globe we inhabit. In the apparently irregular figures and careless distribution of the continents, in which Paley could discover no evidence of original design, science has detected a systematic arrangement, sustaining a most intimate relation with all terrestrial phenomena, and highly important in the diffusion and development of vegetable and animal life.

Independently of the relations our planet sustains to the celestial bodies, in the economy of the solar system, it is significantly marked with the evidences of harmony and design. And it matters not whether we contemplate the figures, division or distribution of its continents; the position and adaptation of its fertile valleys; the character and arrangement of its mountain chains; the number of chemical properties and affinities of its constituent elements; its atmosphere, orbit, axis, or rotary motion; upon all the same impressive lessons have been written.

The earth is an oblate spheriod, varying in its equatorial and polar

* 'HUMBOL. Cosmos,' 2 vols. 'Earth and Man,' by Prof. GUYOT. This article is not intended as a review of these works. We have used them so frequently in our reflections on the science, that we think it due to make this acknowledgement.

diameters about one three hundredth part of its greater diameter, or a little more than twenty-six miles. Whether this is the figure a fluid mass would naturally assume when revolving round a centre is a question not necessarily connected with our subject. This difference in the equatorial and polar diameters, the existence of which has been demonstrated by various methods, is comparatively small, but is, notwithstanding, a very important element in the economy of our globe. By it the solar rays are unequally distributed, and the temperature of the greater zones of the astronomical climate secured. Thus in the earliest period of the world's existence, in the morning of its creation, according to the prevailing opinions and theories, we see the evidence of an intelligent and designing primary cause written out on its spheroidal figure. And it is not important, so far as the inquiry itself is concerned, whether the centrifugal force of the revolving fluid mass was the agent employed to secure it, which appears most probable, or whether it was effected by abrasion and deposit, or by internal upheaving forces; it is necessary in the economy of the world, and must have been designed to perform its part, and adapted to the physical relations it sustains.

The spheroidal figure of the earth is connected with its diurnal revolution. The reciprocal attraction of the component particles of a fluid mass at rest would produce a *sphere;* but the earth is not an exact sphere, therefore it is not at rest. This is not the only, and perhaps not the most satisfactory evidence of its motion. It is, says Sir John Herschel, in accordance with all the phenomena of the apparent diurnal motion of the heavens; and, as they are explained by the supposition of the earth's rotary motion, it has been adapted. To this motion we are indebted for an alternation of light and darkness, of labor and rest, corresponding with our physical necessities. It is also an indispensable element in the complex machinery by which the solar heat is measured out in due proportions to the various sections of our globe. While the earth revolves around its own axis, it moves in an elliptical orbit around its primary, the sun. In this annual motion the axis of the earth is inclined from the perpendicular to its orbit at an angle of twenty-three degrees twenty-eight minutes; and during the time of the motion, the diameter is kept parallel to the same direction. By this simple but stupendous contrivance the changes of the seasons and temperature are effected. Had the axis of the earth been perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, like Jupiter's, (and we see no physical cause to have prevented it,) the same places would have had the sun always vertical. Under such an arrangement the equatorial regions would have been parched with intolerable heat; and that which is now the fairest portion of our globe doomed to sterility and desolation. By this inclination the northern and southern hemispheres are alternately brought under the solar influence, and the fervor of the tropical climate rendered less oppressive, and the cold of the northern greatly modified, while the more delightful and productive regions of the temperate zones are extended between the torrid and frozen zones.

The surface of this elliptical planet of ours is differently affected by, as it is unequally exposed to, the solar rays, and therefore has been

divided into various zones of temperature. These would be uniform, were it not for the modifying influences in nature, such as the contour and geographical distribution of the continental mass, and the terrestrial elevations or reliefs; which, in connection with the oceanic and aerial envelopes, secure, through the instrumentality of the infinitely multiplied physical laws, those important modifications of temperature upon which the beauty and usefulness of so many sections of our globe depend.

'The temperature,' says Baron Von Humboldt, 'is raised by the proximity of a western coast, in the temperate zones; by the divided configuration of a continent into peninsulas, with deeply-indented bays and inland seas; the prevalence of southerly or westerly winds; chains of mountains acting as protecting walls against winds coming from colder regions; the vicinity of the oceanic current, and the serenity of the sky in the summer; and that it is lowered by elevation above the sea, when not forming part of an extended plain; the compact configuration of a continent having no littoral curvatures or bays; the vicinity of isolated peaks; mountain chains whose mural form and direction impede the access of warm winds; and a cloudy summer sky, which weakens the effect of the solar rays. With a knowledge of these interesting and important facts, for which science is chiefly indebted to that most extraordinary man to whose inherent love of knowledge and philosophical observations the secret chambers of nature seem to have been opened, we proceed to trace the distribution of these modifying agents. In them we shall be able to discover more perfectly and distinctly the original design of the Infinite Author.

By casting your eye over a correctly-marked globe, you will discover that a large proportion of the continental element lies north of the equator, and that the oceanic element greatly predominates on the southern side. Humboldt says the area of the solid is to that of the fluid parts as one to two and four-fifths. In round numbers there are thirty-eight million square miles of land, two-thirds of which lie north of the equator. From forty degrees south latitude to the Antarctic Pole the earth is almost entirely covered with water. 'The fluid element predominates in like manner between the eastern shores of the old and the western shores of the new continent. The southern and western hemispheres are therefore more rich in water than any other region of the whole earth.' Here we have the proportion and distribution of the two elements. But there is a third, as important as either of these: the atmosphere, 'an elastic fluid,' by which both of the former elements are surrounded. Through its agency the reciprocal action of the land and sea is effected. It constitutes the connecting link between them, by conveying the vapor of the one to the mountain chains and isolated peaks of the other, when it is collected and carried down their declivities, or condensed and precipitated on their slopes and intervening valleys, in the form of rain and snow. The climate of a country is not therefore the result solely of its geographical location, but depends on the relative extension of the solid and fluid parts of our globe, and their action upon each other, which is variously affected by the terrestrial reliefs and local compensations.

Leaving these for the present to trace the distribution and configuration of the continents, we shall find that the eastern hemisphere has a much larger area of elevated land than the western, and that it has its greatest expansion from east to west, while the new continent has its greatest length from north to south. But notwithstanding the difference in the position of their major axis, there is a remarkable regularity in the general figures of the continents, and in the arrangement of their reliefs, which seem to have been thrown up by some determinate power. We are indebted to the German physicists for much of all that is known of the analogies which exist between the continents, and particularly are we indebted to Humboldt and Professor Guyot. The latter, by pointing out the remarkable adaptations in the relative expansion of land and water, and in the distribution, figures and reliefs of the former, has converted 'science into a christian teacher.'

It has been said that the continents are arranged in pairs, lying north and south of each other, and united together by a narrow isthmus. Although this is not strictly true, there is sufficient evidence to justify the remark. North and South America sustain this relation to each other, but in the continents of the old world Europe and Africa only are connected in this way. Asia and Australia have a chain of islands between them, which may be considered as the elevated points of the connecting isthmus, the remainder being submerged. The next analogy presented in the different continental masses is the groups of islands found east of their most southern points. 'America has the Falkland Islands, Africa has Madagascar and the volcanic islands which surround it, Asia has Ceylon, and Australia the two great islands of New-Zealand.' A third analogy is a deep inward curve of their western coasts. In America this inflection takes place along the coast of Bolivia; the Gulf of Guinea represents it in Africa; in Asia the Gulf of Cambaye and the Indo-Persian Sea; and in Australia it is seen in the Gulf of Nuyts. However forced these analogies may appear at first view, it will be found on examination that they nevertheless do really exist.

There are, then, three pairs of continents; two in the old and one in the new world; and three northern and three southern continents. Those of the south resemble each other, and the same may be said of the northern group; but the northern differ very materially from the southern. These differences, however, are of the greatest importance. As the physical differences of the oceanic and continental elements, by acting and reäcting on each other, secure not only many important compensations in nature, but, by giving life and vigor to each other, make one entire and perfect whole; so the great variety of soil and climate enables the continents not only to relieve the poverty but to increase the resources of each other by a mutual exchange of products.

The northern continents are uniformly wider than the southern, and attain their greatest expansion in the Arctic circle, becoming more and more narrow as they approach their southern associate. The southern continents, following a similar law, are widest at the north, but continuing to narrow as they approach the southern pole, finally terminate in high and rocky points. Cape Horn, Cape of Good Hope, Cape

Cormorin, and the Australian Cape south of Van Dieman's Land, are instances of their southern terminations. To this general arrangement of the continents there is no exception.

The northern continents contain nearly two-thirds of the continental area; according to Professor Guyot they contain twenty-two and a half millions of square miles, while the southern contain sixteen and a third millions only. In tracing the characteristics of each, we find the northern more indented, more articulated, and their contours therefore more varied. They are also enriched by inland seas and gulfs. The southern are more compact, have fewer indentations, and no inland seas. In these characteristics the southern continents are without an exception to the law of their formation. The northern, from these facts, are more maritime, more commercial, and infinitely better adapted to the developement of the character and powers of man. They are also nearer to each other, which encourages and secures a constant communication between them. The southern are smaller, and are widely separated from each other, and appear designed to act a less important part than the larger and more highly-favored continental masses with which they are connected; and this difference of character is increased by the influence of the astronomical climate. The northern continents are almost entirely in the temperate zone, while the southern are confined to the tropical and warm temperate zones. To these facts of location, form and reliefs may be traced the peculiarities of each; but these dissimilarities are as necessary to complete and perfect the vast machinery, which may be called the economy of the intellectual and moral developement of man, as the concurrent action of land and water and heat and cold is to the constitution of a healthy and invigorating atmosphere.

Their mountains are symmetrically arranged, and by their direction, height and escapements, materially influence the temperature of the continental climates. The principal chains of the old world follow the direction of the parallels; while those of the new world take the direction of the meridian. The law, as in the case of the major axis, seems to be entirely different in the two continents, but in other matters the same economy is observed. The highest elevations of the continental masses, following the direction of the mountain-chains, are uniformly located on the side of the continents, and not as might be expected, at the centre. The mountains descend gradually toward the Atlantic and Frozen Oceans; while their slopes are rapid and precipitous toward the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

'If this order were reversed, and the elevation of the lands went on increasing toward the north, the most civilized half of the globe at the present, would be a frozen and uninhabitable desert.' This disposition of the slopes is most uniform and remarkable. There is nothing in the formation of the continental masses, better adapted to impress the mind with the idea of original design. Admit that the upheaving force resides within our globe; that the irregular but ever active motion of the disturbed molten element at the centre, acting directly on the surface, produced these elevations; yet how came this power to act so uniformly, so regularly? How came the slopes and greatest elevations to be so

perfectly adapted to the form and configuration of the continents, and to their various climatic relations? The highest elevations are found near the tropics; as the Himalaya in the twenty-seventh degree north latitude; and Nevado de Sorato in fifteen degrees fifty-two minutes south latitude. Why are the greatest elevations on each side of the equator, and their distances from it, so nearly corresponding to each other? There is no physical law by which this question can be answered; but herein we notice a most remarkable fact. We shall see hereafter, that the greatest proportion of salt in the Pacific is in the parallels of nearly the same latitudes; and that the saline principle increases gradually from the poles to those points.

The continental masses, however rise, as indicated by their slopes, gradually from the north and south to the equator. The mean elevations of the northern and southern divisions, most clearly establish this fact. Owing to the difference in the density of the atmosphere at different altitudes, on which its capacity for heat, and its radiating power depend, the temperature of the lower strata is always above that of the upper. This atmospheric law has been observed in the elevation of the southern continents, by which the extreme heat of the equatorial regions is greatly modified. Baron Von Humboldt, estimates the mean relief of Europe at six hundred and seventy-one feet; that of Asia, at one thousand one hundred and fifty-one; that of North America, at seven hundred and forty-eight; that of South America, at one thousand one hundred and thirty-two, and that of Africa still higher. But the mean elevation of Europe, depends in a great measure on the vast plains of Russia and Poland; the massive plateau of Spain, and the Alpine chain. That of Asia is greatly increased by the elevation of her southern table-lands. Those of Thibet, which commence with an elevation of four thousand feet only, rise as they approach the south, to the height of nearly twelve thousand; and those of the Decan, which commence with an elevation about equal to the northern portion of Thibet, point to, and are connected with the southern termination of the peninsula, which has an elevation of more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

These elevations and slopes are not only adapted to the astronomical climate, and the distribution of the fluid element; but where their general dispositions, would in themselves produce an effect different from the one we now see, and which appears adapted to the best interests of our race, their influence is controlled by special and local compensations. Thus in the case of North America, the effect of the long northern slope, by which we are exposed to the polar currents of wind, and the influence of the Rocky Mountains, which turn these currents back upon the Mississippi valley, is controlled in a great measure, by the action of the immense chain of lakes on the north, over which these currents must pass, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south. This deep cut as observed by Professor Guyot, opens the south of our continent to the wet winds of the tropics. The return trade winds coming directly from the sea, waters the Atlantic coast, the western slope of the Alleghanies, and the valley of the Mississippi. Owing, therefore, to this 'broad gate,' we are more highly favored with rains than could be ex-

pected from our situation and continental reliefs. A different disposition of the Rocky Mountains would change the character of our climate and country. These mountains and the gulf act upon each other, and appear necessary to make up our continental character.

The longest slope of the Andes, one thousand eight hundred and fifty miles, is toward the east, and is abundantly watered by the trade winds of the Atlantic. The shortest slope, only seventy miles long, is to the west, and embraces the desert of Atacama. 'Deprived of the vapors of the Atlantic by the Andes, these countries (embracing the coast of the Pacific from Peruta Parina and Amatope to far beyond the tropics, from the equator to Chili,) behold the vapors of the Pacific flitting away with the trade-wind, and no accidental breeze to bring them back.' Brazil and Guiana are indebted to their secondary chains for their irrigation; while Peru and New Granada are saved from the condition of Atacama, by a depression of the Cordilleras. A similar depression acting in conjunction with the continental form, secures a sufficient irrigation to Chili, by deflecting the trade-winds. Thus general laws are controlled by local arrangements; and large sections of territory redeemed for the use of man.

Western Europe is indebted for the uniform temperate climate, which distinguishes it from all other countries in corresponding latitudes, to its numerous seas and inland bays and lakes; its mountain-chains, and its situation on the western side of the great continent. The Alps, Pyrenees, Appennines, Carparthians and Ural chain, and the mountains of Sweden and Norway, are so arranged that they protect the interior; while they contribute to keep the atmosphere humid and mild, by condensing the vapor, so bountifully supplied by the Ocean, Mediterranean, Black, Baltic, Adriatic and North Seas. The water on the north, free from ice, modifies the cold winds from that direction, while its configuration opens its western coast to the elevated temperature of the Gulf-stream. Its atmospheric temperature is also elevated by the heated currents of air rushing in from the tropical regions of Africa. This combination of influences, change its astronomical climate; and give it one, which notwithstanding its humidity, is almost unrivalled.

Sweden is a striking illustration of the influence of terrestrial reliefs. It lies between fifty-five and seventy degrees north latitude; but is protected from the northern currents by its mountain-chains; and its atmospheric temperature is greatly elevated by the waters or evaporation of the Baltic Sea and Gulf of Bothnia on the south. It is owing wholly to these facts, that they are enabled to cultivate the *cereals* so far to the north. It will be seen from what has been said concerning the influence of the fluid element; that it tends to lower the mean annual temperature between the tropics, and to raise it in the higher latitudes, which will be explained hereafter. The climate of the two worlds, and of each continent, is the result of all the general features of configuration and relief; and these, we discover, are adapted to the continental masses, and their astronomical climate.

The northern continents, except Asia, have a comparatively low mean elevation, although embracing immense elevated plateaux and mountain-chains; and rise as they approach the south. While the southern di-

visions, including Asia, have a high mean elevation. The necessity of this difference arises from their astronomical climate, and the atmospheric law of temperature, to which we have alluded. But there is no physical cause for it. It is not connected with the elliptical figure of the earth; nor did it result from the same cause. If so, the southern hemisphere would present slopes corresponding with those of the northern. It may be possible that these differences were caused by forces similar to those now acting on the coasts of Sweden and Finland; but if this be true, their uniformity and importance, teach us that the agent thus employed, was obedient to some intelligent power to whom the concurrent influence of the various physical laws was foreknown. By this elevation, the inhabitants of the torrid zones in certain localities, are surrounded with a variety and richness of vegetable life, to which we are strangers. 'Thus,' says Humboldt, 'it is given to man in those regions to behold without quitting his native land, all the forms of vegetation dispersed over the globe, and all the shining worlds which stud the heavenly vault from pole to pole.' But he adds most appropriately and which is a compensation for all that is lost. 'In the frigid North, in the midst of the barren heath, the solitary student can appropriate mentally all that has been discovered in the most distant regions, and can create within himself a world free and imperishable as the spirit by which it is conceived.' No one knows or has felt these truths more deeply than himself.

The great Mexican plateau, although under a tropical sun, is blessed with a climate equal almost to that of Western Europe for agreeableness of temperature. A single day's journey from Vera Cruz, which is situated in the *Tiera Calienta*, enables you to reach the regions of perpetual spring. The same arrangement is observable on the plains of Columbia in South America. 'The contrast,' says Arnott, 'is very striking after sailing a thousand miles up the level river Magdalena in a heat scarcely equalled on the plains of India, all at once to climb to the table-land above, where Santa Fe de Bogota, the capital of the republic, is seen smiling over interminable plains that bear the livery of the fairest fields of Europe.'

Our first glance at the terrestrial surface, revealed the two great divisions of land and water, and their unequal distribution. Our next, the forms and relations of the continents; and our last, the effect of the elevations and local compensations. The necessity of each will more fully appear as we trace the phenomena with which they are connected. But the cause of these important divisions, forms, reliefs and connections, is hid from the gaze of man. The elliptical figure of the earth is explained by its rotary motion; but not so its continental divisions and contours.

'All that we know regarding this subject,' says Von Humboldt, 'resolves itself into this one point, that the active cause is subterranean, that the continents did not rise at once in the form they now present, but were, as we have already observed, increased by degrees, by means of humorous oscillatory elevations and depressions of the soil, or were formed by this fusion of separate smaller continental masses.' The geological formation of the earth's crust; the wide diffusion and ele-

vated position of fossil shells, fishes and marine plants, and the present active forces exhibited on the coasts of Sweden and Finland; induce the belief that the process of elevation was gradual. And the existence of fossil plants and animals in northern portions of our globe, whose nature required a much warmer climate than the one in which they are found, favors the opinion that these upheavels have been sufficiently great to change the character of the continental climate. But when were these mighty changes effected? For more than two thousand years the earth's surface and size have not materially changed. If the whole mass were growing less by the gradual escape of internal heat, and consequent shrinking of the bulk, the time occupied in making a revolution on its axis, would also change; but this is not the case. Laplace, who contributes as much to the annals of science as any one since Newton's time, and whose only rival, as remarked by Professor Playfair, was the genius of the human race, concluded from the comparisons made during the period which history has kept record of these matters, that the sideral day has not changed as much as one three hundredth of a second since the time of Hipparchus. And notwithstanding all the violent shocks of earthquakes to which Greece has been subjected, and all the changes, if any, which the internal forces have produced, the springs of Hellenic antiquity are still found at the same places. Erasinos, south of Argos, still refreshes the weary traveller; Saint Nicholas flows on beneath the temple of Apollo, as of old; the crystal waters of Costalia, still murmur in the shades of Phadriadæ; and the hot springs of Æedipsus, in which Lulla bathed, and those of Thermopylæ, at the foot of Œta, are used now as they were then. No change has disturbed the fountain from which they are supplied. But in other localities great changes have taken place. Rivers have been swallowed up, and mountains and volcanoes have arisen in a single night, showing the power of the uneasy element within our planet. One instance of this character, which excited much attention at the time, was the island of Sabrina, near St. Michael. It was about one mile in circumference, and rose to the height of three hundred feet above the sea, but sunk back into it again after enjoying the solar rays for a few weeks.

Doubtless many tropical plants have been carried northward by the oceanic currents; as the *Mimosa Scandens, Dolicheus Urens, etc.*, which are found on the coasts of Ireland and Norway.

Sir Charles Lyell, has attempted to relieve us from the difficulties these questions present, by showing the high probability of vast but gradual changes in the continental masses, by which the climates of particular regions have been wholly changed. All this may be true, yet it does not affect the grand question involved. The uniformity of the continental arrangements and the general and special adaptations of form and relief, to the various physical laws, which we have thus far pointed out, as strongly persuade the mind that these beautifully adapted and necessary dispositions of land and water, of valley and mountain, did not result from the irregular and accidental force of indeterminate powers. And when we connect them with the form of the earth, its axis and rotary motion, and its relation to and dependence on the sun,

we discover a vast plan of mutually adapted elements, which, however accidental in appearance, act in perfect harmony with the innumerable and profound phenomena of nature. This, if it were the only evidence, would be sufficient to convince the reflecting that the continents took their places, forms and reliefs, obedient to the mandate of a power without and above the physical agents, which are employed to do the behests of the CREATOR. The earth may be molten at its centre, and the continents and terrestrial reliefs may have been thrown up by the agency of these internal fires. It is as easy for the infinite CREATOR to operate in one way as another. But every thing tends to prove the subordinate and determinate action of these agents, in preparing the world for the habitation of man.

SONG.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

THEY will not come to gild again
The skies of our advancing day,
Those youthful fancies, fond and vain,
That early tracked its joyous way:
Then why with cold
Disdain behold
The bliss that youth so soon must lose;
Ah! wherefore scorn
The blush of morn,
Since noon can boast no lovelier hues?

The blossom ne'er regains the bloom
That envious Summer robs it of;
Our hastening year hath only room
For one short spring of hope and love:
If Winter's blight
Must cloud its light,
And wither all the charms it brings,
Then why despise
The flowers we prize,
Since earth can yield no fairer things!

When pensive age hath dimmed our eyes
To all but calmer Faith and Truth,
We shall not mourn that brighter skies
Once decked the sun-rise of our youth:
Then not with cold
Disdain behold
The bliss that youth so soon must lose:
Ah! never scorn
The blush of morn,
Since noon can boast no lovelier hues!

TO NIAGARA.

When the first hunter pierced to Ontario's shore,
And through the darkling forests caught thy roar,
Crept to thy brink, he shook with mortal awe
And through the dim vast veil the Eternal saw:
But no! his blood a moment wilder run,
He gazed, grew calm, and primed his moistened gun.
Thy voice, like God's, Niagara, thy robe
Of cloud, thy flash of em'rald on the globe,
The angel-ray upon thy dangerous brow,
Thy calm above, thine agony below,
Move not the mind where darkness is for light,
Light to an inner spiritual sight,
That sees majestic floods go o'er the soul,
From the high lakes where waves immortal roll.

Salem, May 27th, 1850.

THE THREE VIEWS OF LIFE.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

'The young men shall see visions, and the old men shall dream dreams.'—Bible.

First View.

THE YOUNG MAN'S VISION.

'A CHURCH-ORGAN and a lady's piano met accidentally one day on board of a steam-boat which was bound to New-Orleans. The organ had belonged to Trinity Church, of New-York, but had been taken away and sold when the church was to be pulled down and replaced by the present edifice which adorns the head of Wall-street. The organ had never produced any sounds but the most solemn chants, and frequently performed requiems for the dead, who were occasionally brought into the church for interment. Indeed, it had never heard any tune less solemn than an anthem, except when the city militia, with drums and fifes, passed the church toward the battery; on which occasions the organ always felt so much horror at the profane disturbance, that the church-doors and windows were closed to exclude the unwelcome sounds. Even chains were in ancient days drawn across Broadway, in front of the church, to more effectually prevent the intolerable annoyance by denying a passage to the boisterous intruders. The piano, on the contrary, was almost constantly uttering songs and shouting waltzes and quadrilles. It could play without a book 'The Dutchman's Cork Leg,' 'The Merry Schoolmaster,' 'Three Blind Mice,' and kindred drolleries innumerable.

'As the organ and piano were to associate during a long sea-voyage, and were situated aside of each other in the hold of the steamer, they naturally began a sort of travelling colloquy. The piano, being the less stately of the two, commenced by carelessly stating the new operas that had lately been performed, the new plays that were in preparation, and by adverting to such other topics of gay life as she was accustomed to hear announced by the young gentlemen with frizzled whiskers and moustaches who made morning visits to her mistress.

'The organ listened with designedly marked solemnity to this sudden outbreak of nonsense, and to prevent at once the recurrence of such levity, and demonstrate her own superior ethical education, she began to recount the funerals at which she had recently officiated. She was, however, greatly surprised and not a little shocked to find the piano seized with an immoderate fit of laughter at conversation that was apparently so solemn. 'My dear friend,' said the piano, 'be not offended, but I cannot help laughing when I see how unhappy you make yourself by needlessly contemplating melancholy events, when so many happy ones are constantly transpiring around you. I know as well as you that men and women are allotted to die; and what is more, and worse, pianos and organs are destined to a kindred dissolution. Nay, I have myself suffered the severance of some of the tenderest strings that a piano can lose; yet I have found more wisdom, and more piety too, in enjoying the blessings which remain than in mourning what are irretrievably lost.' Suiting her actions to her words, the merry instrument began again to warble and laugh, till she gradually brought herself into a paroxysm of enjoyment.

'The organ possessed naturally a very sweet disposition, and as she listened with increasing complacency to the merry notes of the piano, she could not help being impressed very forcibly with the contrast in their destiny. She at first sighed, then sobbed, and at length wept loud and piteously. This only made the piano laugh still more merrily; till seeing that the organ mistook the cause of her mirth, she said: 'My dear companion, I am not laughing at your misery, but at your perversity. You are unhappy because you are continually sighing and groaning. Play the lively tunes that I play, and you will become as merry as I am. Providence has so fashioned us that such a consequence must follow.'

''Impossible!' exclaimed the organ; 'such results may belong to the structure of pianos, and perhaps to men and women, as I have sometimes suspected; but organs are too full of sensibility to be merry in this world of misery!' and she cried more profusely than before.

'New-Orleans at length appeared in the distant horizon. The steamer approached it rapidly, and the view gradually assumed the definiteness of an extensive and busy city. Carmen and porters were eventually seen in crowds upon the dock; and soon they were heard shouting, wrangling, and jostling each other on the deck of the vessel, where all was confusion and tumult, consequent to the landing of passengers and the removal of the cargo. At this moment, which is ever dedicated to universal selfishness and uproar, the two objects of our narrative were forcibly separated, without the allowance of any fare-

well or leave-taking; and before the organ could dry up its tears or recover its stateliness, it was transported to the boudoir of a French lady of fortune and fashion, who was blessed with five as merry daughters as ever danced a gallopade.

'The organ was scarcely erected in its new position when the impatient young ladies hastened to make its acquaintance. It had prepared its loudest sighs and deepest groans, to impress its new owners with a proper sense of the miseries of this transitory life; but great was its astonishment when the young ladies compelled it unceremoniously to play sprightly airs and merry dances. The employment seemed irksome and degrading to a high-toned metropolitan organ, and keenly was it vexed at what seemed to be the rude taste of provincial ignorance; but little heeded the sprightly girls sombre reflections, of whose existence even they were unconscious; they accordingly made the organ sound loud and long the merriest peals within its compass, till at length, infected by its own mirth-inspiring tones, and gradually relaxing all its gravity, it became as merry as the gayest young lady could desire.

'In this happy mood it not only continued, but one morning, when the young ladies were preparing to give a night's entertainment to their friends, with dancing and music, the organ began with unmistakable good-will to play a Spanish fandango; and while the frolicsome girls were dancing to its notes and rejoicing in its exhilarating shouts, a noise was suddenly heard upon the stairs, as of a heavy body in the act of laboriously ascending. The door of the room sprang open, and six men entered, bearing on their hands a piano, which the organ instantly recognised as its travelling companion. The organ would have covered its face with its hands, had its formation permitted, in token of its mortification at having been caught in so transformed a character; but the piano only laughed good-naturedly, and before the anticipated ball was half ended they played in concert, and seemed to emulate each other in their mirth-creating efforts; while the organ gratefully confessed that the moment it deserted melancholy topics and adopted cheerful ones it had, as the piano once predicted, become as happy as it formerly had been miserable.'

Second View.

THE STRONG MAN'S FACTS.

'A very good yarn, and very well spun,
And we are three jolly boys every one!'

exclaimed sneeringly a philosopher, who was in the prime of manhood, to a young man who had just related the above fable. 'You really believe that the three great streams of wo, typically the tooth-ache, the heart-ache, and the purse-ache, can all be turned into milk and honey by the prescription which you have recommended? You remember what Ben Jonson said of Shakspeare's 'Taming of a Shrew,' that 'hereafter every man will be able to tame a shrew, excepting him

who happens to have her;' and I much fear, my young friend, we shall be forced to parody the sarcasm, and say of your theory that hereafter every man will be able to be merry excepting him who happens to be sad. I will relate an adventure which occurred to me last summer, and which teaches a lesson that may not be so agreeable as yours, but it accords more nearly with the realities of life.

'I was travelling toward Binghampton in the stage-coach, and when we arrived at Oxford it stopped for the night, though two or three hours of daylight still remained unexpended. Anxious to complete my journey, and with only forty miles further to travel, I called at several neighboring houses to procure, if possible, some immediate conveyance onward. I was ultimately directed to a farmer, who resided about half a mile from Oxford, and owned a one-horse wagon, which my informant supposed I could procure. I walked to the house and found that the owner kept a small tavern, on rather a lonely by-road. He was not in the house, but his wife told me he was in the barn, trimming his lambs. I felt no little curiosity to know what the woman meant by saying he was 'trimming his lambs,' nor was I quite sure whether her words were to be understood literally or referred figuratively to the farmer's children; but as I disliked to expose my ignorance by venturing any questions, I walked toward the barn to satisfy my curiosity, as well as to procure the man's wagon.

'As I approached the barn I was soon relieved from any doubt as to the nature of the lambs; and while their bleating manifested that they were veritable sheep, it indicated that the trimming to which they were subjected was no agreeable operation. I found all the doors of the barn closely shut, and from the commotion within I began to doubt whether I ought to invade what seemed to be designed as an act of private discipline. I however summoned up resolution enough to open one of the doors, and was immediately assailed from within by several voices at once to shut the door, which I had inclined through caution to keep open, by reason of the doubtful light that pervaded the interior; being, however, thus clamorously enjoined, I hastily closed the door after me as I timidly entered this seemingly rural Pandemonium. After becoming familiarized to the surrounding twilight, so as to see distinctly what was transpiring, I discovered several children of both sexes, who were struggling to drag some affrighted lambs toward the farmer; and he no sooner received one into his powerful grasp than he, with a sharp and bloody knife, cut off the lamb's tail, and then permitted him to escape.

'I was shocked at this apparent cruelty, especially as I deemed it one of those wanton and gratuitous mutilations which the caprice of fashion or taste sometimes causes to be inflicted on horses, dogs, and other animals. I even ventured to suggest my abhorrence of the act, though it seemed to the actors, especially to the boys, a matter of much sport; but the farmer assured me the operation was dictated by benevolence rather than cruelty, as the tail, if left unpruned, would, during the summer and winter, contract so much extraneous adhesions, that the sheep would be incommoded by the weight, and the fleece injured by stains and tangles. My wrath was appeased by thus finding that

every lamb was to participate in the benefits which were to result from his present pains, and I began to look on the scene with the coolness that results from a pious consciousness that present evils are but mercies in disguise.

'I now observed that some of the lambs which were brought by the children to the farmer were dismissed without his inflicting on them any mutilation. They cried as lustily as their brothers and sisters till they were dismissed and found themselves safely located in the part of the barn which was allotted to the lambs who had been operated on, when, shaking their tails several times, as if to satisfy themselves that the appendage was still where it ought to be, they gradually ceased their outcries, and became reconciled to the troubles of their neighbors. I thought I could even detect, despite the demure Quaker-like look of the unmutilated ones, that they shook their tails a little more than was necessary to simply satisfy themselves that all was well with them. I was quite willing that the tails should be shaken till all doubt of their safety was removed; nay, I was willing they should be shaken some time longer, in joy that the valued appendages were unharmed; but I was not willing they should be shaken in any spirit of ostentatious superiority over the less fortunate companions of the fold. Still the shaking was continued, and the owners of the tails would turn round and obtrude them into the faces of their unfortunate friends, till I thought I could hear the sly rogues say, as plainly as pantomime can speak, 'Look, brother; I have not lost my tail, though you have yours.'

'I ventured to inquire of the farmer his reason for treating his fleecy subjects so unequally. 'Why,' replied he, 'those whom I leave uncut are fine fat fellows, that I intend for the butcher, who is to call for them in the morning.' 'Alas! alas!' said I, 'their exemption from misfortune, about which they are glorifying themselves, is then but a precursor to their destruction! Oh, lambs! lambs! can you not profit by this lesson! You, I mean, with lacerated tails. Seeing ye know not the end of events, will ye not hereafter bear success with meekness and moderation, and at least refrain from despondency and mutiny under disappointments and trouble.' But I might as well have kept silent, for the farmer and his children stared at me as if they thought I was crazy; and as for the wounded sheep, they made no response but baa! baa! and that, I believe, is all the response real affliction will usually yield to merely verbal consolation.'

Third View.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

'You are somewhat mistaken, my friend,' said an old sage, who, with the two who have already spoken, constituted a trio of philosophers that had assembled to discuss the principles of human nature. 'The fable that we have heard from our young friend is only a little too strongly tinctured with the buoyancy of youth, when usually nothing is necessary to happiness but to will it; while your narrative, to

which we have just listened, is too strongly colored by the vigor of manhood, when the feelings are less controllable than at any other period. As I have passed beyond both these phases of existence, I can speak experimentally of the entire circle of life. Our feelings cannot be wholly subjected to the control of the intellect. Holy writ says sorrow is as natural to the organization of man as to fly upward is natural to the organization of sparks. This declaration is not prophesy, but the revelation of an existing fact; hence an exemption from happiness or unhappiness by any man, whether king or beggar, is as much an organic impossibility as an exemption from disease and death. Our organization, therefore, will ever frustrate the benevolent efforts of moralists to eradicate unhappiness, just as our organization must ever frustrate the efforts of physicians to prevent death. When physicians deplete a man to prevent apoplexy, they only produce dropsy; and when they evacuate a dropsy, they only superinduce gangrene. So a man is no sooner relieved from the unhappiness of poverty, than he becomes miserable from anxiety to preserve his riches; and when he is relieved from the burthen of physical toil, he becomes miserable from the listlessness of inactivity. Men, however, are continually deeming happiness and unhappiness a result of external causes, instead of a result of our organization. As a natural consequence of this fundamental error, we seek happiness in external things, over which we possess but little control, instead of seeking it in a regulation of our own feelings, over which we possess a great control. The truth of this theory is forced upon our observation in many physical instances. The inhabitants of frozen Lapland are as happy under the disadvantages of their rigid climate as the inhabitants of Naples under the advantages of their genial temperature. So in the ever-changeful climate which we occupy, we adapt ourselves to each alternation of cold and heat; until we are as happy under the inclemency of winter as we are under the ardency of summer or the mildness of spring. And even the poor among us, who cannot shield themselves from cold by external appliances, soon educate their feelings to its endurance, until their happiness is as little impaired thereby as the luxurious rich man's, who envelops himself in furs, and fills his chambers with artificial heats. Look also at a young man, vigorous with health, and to whom Nature almost guarantees many long future years of life, and look at an old man, bereft of vigor, and to whom Nature guarantees a speedy death. These opposite circumstances affect not the happiness of either class of persons, for we accommodate our feelings to results that we know are inevitable; and we can equally accommodate our feelings to transient and accidental results, if we will. I affirm then, that happiness and unhappiness, though they are organic necessities, and therefore common to every person, are less dependent on external circumstances than they are on the person's habits of thought. The following narrative, puerile as it is, and hence comprehensible by all persons, will explain my theory better than any more masculine effort, that would be understood by only a few persons.

'I lay last night in bed and could not sleep. I kept reflecting on the two philosophers who lived in Greece some two thousand years ago,

and who viewed all events in aspects so opposite, that while one laughed at every thing which happened, and deemed it a good joke, the other cried at every occurrence, and deemed it only a fresh calamity. These antagonistic results evinced that mirth and sorrow are not necessary consequences of any given event. While I was thus musing I must have fallen into a dream, for I saw a little old woman with a very high cap on her head, and a prodigously long nose on her face. She seemed to be almost all cap and nose. Her appearance was so irresistibly grotesque, that I could not help watching her movements. She saw my intention, and at once kindly undertook to relieve my curiosity. She informed me that Providence had blessed her with two granddaughters, and for which she supposed she ought to be thankful; but one of them occasioned her much trouble. The troublesome one was named Crybella, and she was always in tears; things never occurring exactly as she desired. Nature had given her a pretty face, but she had so distorted her features by frequent crying, that they had become crooked; just as the trees of a forest will eventually obtain an oblique inclination when they are too frequently subjected to strong winds from any one point of the compass. The other granddaughter was named Smilianna, and she was always smiling. The habit seemed to agree with her health; and it also influenced her features, making them look bright, plump and frolicksome.

The old woman performed a weekly visit to her granddaughters, who resided at different boarding schools; and she being thus engaged now, I determined to accompany her. At her last visit she had taken to each of the girls a silver fruit-knife as a present; and she now carried a large basket which contained another present. We found poor Crybella in great distress. Whether her tears commenced their flow as soon as she saw her grandmother, I could not ascertain; but they continued to flow all the time we were with her. She insisted that her grandmother should take back the fruit-knife and retain it safely, as she was sure it would be stolen or broken, or subjected to some other mischance, if it remained at the school. The poor grandmother received back the knife, and was sorry it had occasioned so much trouble; and as Crybella had heretofore complained of sleeping without a pillow, the old woman had brought one in the basket; and hoping the granddaughter would thenceforth sleep more comfortably, gave the little girl the pillow, and departed to visit Smilianna.

Smilianna knew her grandmother's knock, and came bounding to the street door. She seemed delighted with the old lady's visit, and hugged her with so much apparent good will, and looked so happy, that I thought she was the most lovely girl I had ever seen. Smilianna ran up stairs, and soon returned with her fruit-knife. She had greatly improved its appearance by washing its pearl handle, and polishing its silver blade; and she declared that every apple which she had eaten with it, tasted more delicious than any former apples, by reason of its being peeled and cut with a silver knife. The old woman could not help smiling herself, at the good humor and kind feelings of her granddaughter; and she ended her visit by leaving with her just such a pillow as she had left with Crybella.

Time soon passes away when we are asleep. I thought a week had already vanished, and that the old lady again appeared and invited me to accompany her to her granddaughter's. On we walked till we came to the boarding-school of Crybella. We knocked several times before the door was opened, and we waited no short time in the parlor before the little girl was ready to meet us. She appeared at length, but was quite unwell, owing, as we soon found, to the pillow. It had been made of new feathers, and possessed accordingly so unpleasant an odor, that the poor child had been sadly annoyed. She had attempted to correct the evil by throwing over the pillow case a quantity of cologne water; but that remedied the defect for only a few moments, and then made it worse by contrast; hence instead of using the pillow to sleep on, she had used it to cry on till her head ached and she could obtain no rest. The poor old woman was grieved at this unfortunate result of her intended kindness; but she had brought a new present which was very opportune, and could not fail from yielding delight. She had brought a fine fresh orange, rosy and fragrant; and taking it out of her basket delivered it to the granddaughter.

I saw that Crybella was disappointed at this present, her grandmother's remarks having induced her to expect something better. She therefore, only cried still more violently than previously; though she attempted to conceal the cause, and attributed the increased tears to an increase of head-ache. We next went to the other boarding-school and saw Smilianna, who was gay and pleasant as usual. She received her orange with unusual pleasure, because she could experiment on it with her silver knife, which she doubted not would greatly improve the flavor of the orange. She expressed also unbounded delight from lying on her new pillow, except that it enticed her to sleep longer than the rules of the school would permit, and made her too desirous for the arrival of bed-time.

Another week flew away, and I again accompanied the old woman to see her granddaughters. We went first to Smilianna, who was all gaiety as usual. She showed us a flower-pot in which she had planted some of the seeds of the orange with the intention of raising an orange tree. She had been happy the whole week in procuring the flower-pot, preparing the loam and in anticipating the maturity of the tree, which was to gratify her and her companions with oranges; not forgetting that the first fine ripe orange was to be given to her grandmother.

Poor Crybella, whom we next visited, was as unhappy as usual. Having no fruit-knife, she had employed her teeth in taking off the the rind of the orange, and it had blistered her under lip. She had also discovered a small pimple on the tip of her nose, and it must in some way, she thought have proceeded from the acrimony of the orange peel. She cried piteously at this double affliction, and entreated her grandmother to take her from school, where nothing occurred but a succession of misfortunes. The old woman listened with impatience to these unfounded complaints. I saw she was struggling hard to suppress her feelings, but they eventually overcame her judgment. She stamped on the floor with wonderful energy, and raising her hand to

her face, she pulled at her big nose till it broke off: when she threw it at her granddaughter, and it fixed itself firmly where the pimple was alleged to be situated. There, exclaimed savagely the old woman, take that and wear it during the rest of your days. I have been happy despite of it, and you have not been happy though exempt from it. If it shall bring you to your senses you may still be happy, as I have been; and if it shall not, you may as well be unhappy with some cause, as to be unhappy without a cause.' Crybella felt that something had happened to her, she knew not what; till turning toward a looking-glass, she saw the immense nose of her grandmother standing prominently and permanently on her own. She shrieked till all the household ran into the room to ascertain the cause of so much disturbance, and amid the noise I awoke; and immediately wrote out the dream for the amusement of the thoughtless, the instruction of the thoughtful, and a fitting finale of our queer philosophical trialogue.

SONNETS.

'MAN, the lord of creation, will extirpate the noble creatures of the earth, but he himself will ever be the slave of the canker-worm and the fly.' MRS. SOMERVILLE.

How full are we of majesty and might!
We bid the proudest beasts our menials be,
And blithesome birds, forsaking courses free,
With our commissions laden, plume for flight;
We grasp and guide the pencils of the light;
We sweep triumphant o'er the surging seas;
And our uplifted eyes unblenchingly
Find servitors in starry hosts of night.
The subtile lightnings, on the vibrant wire,
Our faithful heralds, swift and silent, thrill;
Wind, wave and wood submissively conspire
To work the mandates of a potent will;
Yet doth the Soul, like flames of rushing fire,
Grow, by consuming, more insatiate still!

How frail we are, and full of impotence!
A twinging nerve, an insect's tiny sting,
Hot throbs of keenest agony may bring,
Wherefrom our strength awards us no defence.
The faintest whisper of malevolence,
A glance, a curling lip may fling,
Despite our loftiness and glorying,
Drear darkness on the spirit's sunny sense.
No blossom trembling in the embrace of air
More insecurely clings to life than we;
When ruthless winds enclasp the floweret fair,
Its odorous beauty and its being flee;
So Death's chill fingers touch us unaware,
And where is all our vaunting majesty!

S. J. P.

Dover, (N. H.,) June, 1850.

HYMNS TO THE GODS.

NUMBER TWELVE.

TO MARS.

GREAT war-god! mighty ARES! hear our hymn,
Sung to thee in the wood recesses dim,
Of dusky Canà, near the Scavian wave.
When war's red storms in lurid fury rave,
And the fierce billows of his hungry tide
Over the groaning land sweep far and wide;
When his wild legions clad in gleaming steel,
And bristling thick with javelins madly reel
In desperate conflict; while the mighty roar
Peals upward, shaking Heaven's great golden floor,
Even as the tumult of the maddened sea
Shakes granite towers, when FEAR and AGONY
And DESPERATION riot hand in hand,
And fire and famine waste the lean, lank land;
Then thou rejoicing ragest through the field;
Like mountain thunder clangs thy brazen shield,
Thy falchion, like the lightning, flashes far;
The frightened earth, under thy sounding car,
(Wheeled swiftly by thy brazen-footed steeds,
FLIGHT and mad TERROR) shuddering quakes and shivers,
And even as the war's red surge recedes,
Swelled brooks of blood run downward to red rivers.

Turn thy wild coursers from our lovely land!
Let not their hoofs trample our golden strand;
Shake not thy spear above our fruitful hills,
Nor turn to blood the waters of our rills;
Crush not our flowers with thy remorseless wheels,
Nor let our grain be trod by armèd heels,
That the poor starve! Let not thy sister ride,
With PESTILENCE and FAMINE, by thy side!
But come with VENUS, in thy nervous arms
Enfolded, radiant with a thousand charms,
Her lovely head leaned on thy massive chest,
Her sweet eyes soothing into placid rest
Thy fiery passions; while her doves glide through
The sparkling atmosphere. Bring with thee too
Thy lovely children, at their mother's side,
EROS, whose form expands and wings grow wide
When his sweet brother ANTEROS is near,
The GOD of tenderest love, and faith sincere,
With fair HARMONIA clinging to thy neck,
And breathing music with her glad caresses,
While the young graces hover round, and deck
With dew-enjewelled flowers thy loved one's golden tresses.

Let thy harsh wheels roll through Abarimon,
Where Mount Imaus glitters in the sun,

Throned like a king in solitary state;
Make these more rugged and more desolate
Than frozen Scythian wildernesses; grind
To dust the Indian rocks; and, like the wind,
Drive thy fleet coursers through the Persian plains,
And over Bactria's barbarous domains.
But spare the isles of our beloved Greece,
And leave them sleeping tranquilly in peace!
Here, under an old, stately, branching oak,
Thine altar sendeth to the clouds its smoke,
Where'er the wolf and hungry vulture breed,
The magpie and the bold and generous steed.
We bow in adoration at thy shrine,
Dark-bearded God, majestic and divine!
Our incense burning loads the eddying air,
And thy CYTHERIS joins us in our prayer.
Wilt thou not listen kindly to the strain
Which now around our vine-clad hills is pealing,
For when did Beauty ever sue in vain,
Even in his sternest mood meekly to Valor kneeling?

ALBERT PIKE.

THE GENIUS OF THOMAS HOOD.*

BY P. W. SHELTON.

IN the catalogue of the recent dead, many will look back with affectionate regret upon the name of THOMAS HOOD. It would be ungrateful not to remember an author who has done so much to captivate our silent hours, and, from the very ills of his own life to inculcate the lessons of cheerfulness and love. When with the continual corruscations of his wit there came also the melancholy token that it hovered over decay, and in the midst of sympathetic smiles the light went out, the tears which followed him vindicated, in his last hour, that he had equal power over both. In some of his latest poetical compositions he may be said to have woven a proper garland for his own grave, and the interest of those who watched his departure, even from this distance over the water, is well represented in those exquisite lines written in the death chamber of a young woman. Thomas Hood is no more. The periodical visitings of his welcome face shall never come again to enhance the pleasures of the winter fireside; and alas! the legacy of his winnowed works, rich as it is, testifies rather what he might have been. There was the inherent power to do better things when the occasion should be granted. No man could hold the rank of a professed humorist — which, if force must be applied, is for the most part a melancholy calling — and so well adhere to the legitimate. Not that he always did or could, under such circumstances; for a compulsory smile will exagge-

* TO THE EDITOR. — The above essay, like the previous one on LAMB, having been somewhat marred in the printing, and interpolated when it first appeared in print, is sent to you in the hope that in its corrected state it may find a place in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER.

rate itself into something broader; and his best compositions are not the ones which have been the most industriously spread before us. Yet his wit was nearly perennial. In the absence, too, of any grand epic or laborious rhyme, we are prepared to assert that he was a true poet; we mean in the application of the broadest sense. For it is a degraded sense which transfers the title from the original of some grand idea to the mere mechanic of some regular structure. Give but the power to express, and the conception may take what form you will, yet it shall be called a poem. It may have the shape of an epic or be written in lowliest prose; be carved in marble, painted on the canvass, touch the heart with the simplicity of a ballad, or with the inwoven harmony of deeper schools. The title is deserved, whether the work be small and unique, or complicate and of grand proportion: Gray's Elegy or Paradise Lost.

Hood has several times, within a few years, been called great; a phrase used not inconsiderately nor in vain, though in a sense quite aside from the common. He had *humanity*, which might be considered a first requisite. The finest fancies are not so much from the contact of intellect as the congeniality of *hearts*. Love is always the best creator. Though the bleak vista convey to it no image, it fashions for itself a new heaven and a new earth. Hood's genius began to open and develop itself in the warmth of an affectionate nature. It was all the cherishing which he received. He was not a 'spoiled child.' His hardy flowers struggled upward through the snows. The object of his noblest developments were the sufferings of the needy. If his song ever became fervent, or his reputation sure, it was when he depicted wretchedness in such guise that luxury must blush for shame. A man must first have a *heart* to be a true poet. Like the Chourineur, in Sue's Romance, he is prepared for the exercise of his faculties, and his first offerings will be given to the benefactor who assured him of the fact. It is the secret of Wordsworth's slow and glorious triumph, that he considered nothing mean, nothing contemptible, if it were linked with Humanity. What lies at the bottom of the reputation of that distinguished poet who wrote Nicholas Nickleby? These men have known how to estimate the unnoticed tear at a costly value, even as the representative of a weight of grief. With a sympathy which drew him in like manner into communion with his fellow-men, Hood's inventive genius began to work. His mind was already full of images and combinations. It was of the nature of a spring, which giving cannot impoverish, but adds a fiercer zest and a peculiar flavor. To be forced or predetermined is death to most men's efforts; for inspiration comes rarely, and arises out of junctures which are occasional, and cannot be contrived of a man's providence. But out of the ever-present occasion he snatched his hints with marvellous quickness. Every individual point of time was good as an era. Such an one can with difficulty be hackneyed. He could write for his bread and his genius not be discouraged. Its very bread was the want of it. This quickness of conception and abundance is a mark of genius, as a tropical voluptuousness bears witness to the fuller presence of the sun. It was one of the bitternesses of Hood's dying, to be conscious of all the wealth and apparatus of his

mind. If utterance were merely a relief from oppression there was a pang in being utterly precluded. But one may also mourn over the noble thoughts to which he never can give a bold and palpable being. To be full of the lights and tints of a noble picture, and never be able to throw a shadow on the canvass; to be eloquent of heart, yet dumb, and attuned to a sweet accord in every sympathy; to look for the last time on the beautiful universe of GOD; these fragments of the imagination are in effect *ruins*. That which has not yet been, is mourned over as that which has been lost.

The writings of this author bear witness to a great invention. No man ever said so many 'good things;' which being his by parentage, resemblance and affection, might in all propriety be entitled 'Hood's Own.' Others have been employed a life-time in collecting the sayings of many which have not equalled the diversified exuberance of one. His works literally sparkle all over like frostwork in the sun. Nor is the general splendor greater than the beauty of the individual gems. Some, it is true, have an inferior or false light, but serve to set off those of an undisputed value. His thoughts were, like Horace's, curiously happy; and their curiosity consisted in their being the *ipsa verba* correspondent with the idea. The thought itself being fetched from a far distance, as if by a charm, the seldom-called-for, overjoyed word left its place in the vocabulary, and hastened to a happy union. The right elements must have been present, for the contagion of happiness spread. The broad tokens of approbation were too immediate to be other than the spontaneous tribute of intrinsic worth. You could not bear the good things to pass away with the subsidence of the first smile, but caused them to reäppear, and pass in review, as a boy permits sweet morsels to linger and loiter on his tongue. 'Hood's Own' were not for an Areopagite judgment, to be held off and scrutinized with a calm, implacable mind, and pronounced upon in due season. Your judge leaped the barrier of all principles; the statement and verdict went together. No more difference than between the hit and the flash. It is to deny wit or pathos with slow arguments, if smiles and tears have broke out already in advance. It is a mistake to suppose that the greater part of Hood's merit consists in verbal quibbles and happiness of that nature. These served *his* turn; never *he* theirs. What came in his way he levelled at with a keen eye, but he did not thrash the bushes.

Hood made puns, but puns did not make Hood. Indeed he redeemed this art, the history of which, with those who have acquired infamy by it, might fill a new paper in the next edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Cicero set forth some bad pretensions. Horace could not prostitute the Latin language to any thing so *infra dig.* Ovid's attempt, as he set forward to the town of Tomi, was so bad that it is good, and so good that it evanesced in utterance, and cannot now be told. Nero began by amusing himself in this way, and at last became hardened to what bloody work! It is said that a subject of Queen Zenobia was charged with perpetrating a thing of this kind, and she consulted her prime minister Longinus, who deemed him worthy of death. This is nearly the history of the art down to *Quid rides.* Then it took a new start, and by force of that very sneer set every body

riding it (some few *de*-riding) as a hobby. Then the great Dr. Johnson, by a single burst of dogmatism, overwhelmed it with contempt. A few stragglers kept up the succession; the Prince, Beau Brummel, and his surrounding wits, brought to light a few novelties, and the last Apollo, Canning, in this way sometimes relaxed his bow. The Latin *punio* and English *punish* are similarly derived; and another *Punicum bellum* we hope the world will never again witness. A mere verbal pun, like the above, is the baldest invention; it only lies in the coincidence of sound. A better kind is that which arises out of a coincidence in thought or comparison. Hood's worst perpetrations (if any can be called even bad) are but the wayside talk by which he beguiles the time until he conducts you to something beautiful. Mark his words in that somewhat melancholy 'Inaugural' written in his last illness, wherein he recommends a cheerful philosophy: 'How else could I have converted a serious illness into a comic wellness? By what other agency could I have transported myself, as a cockney would say, from *Dull*age to *Grin*age? It was far from a practical joke to be laid up in ordinary in a foreign land, under the care of physicians quite as much abroad as myself with the case. Indeed, the shades of the gloaming were stealing over my prospect; but I resolved that, like the sun, so long as my day lasted I would look on the bright side of every thing. The raven croaked, but I persuaded myself that it was the nightingale. *There was the smell of the mould, but I remembered that it nourished the violets.*' And what says he of his own person? 'The very fingers, so aristocratically slender, that now hold the pen, hint plainly of the *ills* that *flesh* is heir to. My coats have become great-coats, my pantaloons are turned into trowsers, and by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemihl's, I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance. In short, as happens to prematurely old port wine, I am of a bad color, with very little body.' . . . 'But the best fence against care is a 'Ha! ha!' Let your 'lungs crow like chanticleer,' and as like a *game*-cock as possible. Smiles are tolerated by the very pinks of politeness; and *a laugh is but the full-blown flower of which a smile is the bud.*'

Grotesqueness, for the most part, is looked on by a Janus-face; outward plaudits are in proportion to the inward silence and contempt. But here are trifles which lead you not to turn away from the harlequin, but to come up and grasp the hand of the *man*. What the cynic would sneer at is the irrepressible freshness of a heart glad as a child, who leaps and laughs on his way to those hard tasks which he will presently turn into a pleasure. Better is the luxury which bears trimming, than the beggary which cannot be supplied. The great Shakspeare, when he has accomplished the triumph of some of his noblest parts, sports through a variety of scenes with a careless assurance, as if he had the right. We say that the *beautiful* is expressed by the general action as well as by the set phrase. True genius shows in this way the symptoms of its perpetual youth:

Νεα γαρ φρονησις ουκ αλγειν φιλει.

Thus much may be said of 'The Comic Annual,' and those many 'good things,' trifles which are not trifles, since they arise out of and

are sure to reach the kindly heart. We put stress on something beside this. Our author has wrought out some creations of small bulk, but of grand conception. We speak of them as fraught with the same expression as the 'Dying Gladiator' at Rome. He has represented the PEOPLE, as one body, in the throes of that suffering which has so long racked the frame, the big muscle of English labor swelled to the utmost tension, a picture of gigantic agony. We have not the work at hand, nor have we seen it for a year; but carry a distinct impression of its energy, with scarce the remembrance of a word. We know that it was the picture of a man, a something gaunt and terrible in the boldness of outline, asserting in sepulchral monotone a right to live by virtue of hard labor, betwixt 'the day-light and dark.' To conceive a clear image of man's distress is to put one in another's stead, and to follow afar off the grandest example on record. The poor cannot speak; or, could he, there would be nothing so convincing as the coldness of his hearth-side and the silent eloquence of his despair. That would present only an instance; but the poet can embody a universal suffering, and excite an active pity over the whole realm. The majesty of art is proudly vindicated, and no theme has grander elements than the convulsive struggling of the POOR. If all who have a reputation to gain in literature would do as much for this class as Thomas Hood! His very smiles are nothing but the light of heaven beautifully shining through his tears. There is no antagonism; dew and sunshine sparkle together on the same leaf. It is the union of nature. A beam shed on a globule reflects a little world of gorgeous scenery, and a heart must be brim-full to mirror the more perfect images of joy. Does not Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' with his other writings, illustrate this? Can one chirrup like the grasshopper, to which Anacreon has written his Ode, without being similarly fed? We find that the realms of mirth and pathos are, for the most part, ruled over by the same potentates. He who could go into so fantastic a discourse upon 'buttons' indited Le Fevre's tender story, and that Tale of a Prisoner, of which the burden is: 'Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.'

An 'Ode to Melancholy' is before us, which, had the author written nothing else, would have entitled him to the name of poet. It is a master-piece of artful contrivance, whereby the rhyme and rhythm are so arranged, by an inflection of exquisite melody, as to accord with the fitful changing, sighs, and whimpering of a half sick heart. The rise and falling are beautiful as a wind-harp's; the vibrations of the dying note almost impalpably fine. Rather we might compare the effect of it to a day in April. First a gleam of sunshine driven away by hurrying clouds; then a short gusty sobbing, with a few rain-drops; then a wrestling of opposite winds, and eddying of the dry leaves; and, without any great violence, fickle and changeful throughout:

'OH, clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
And do not take my tears amiss;
For tears must flow to wash away
A thought that shows so stern as this!
Forgive, if somewhile I forget
In wo to come the present bliss:

As frightened PROSERPINE let fall
Her flowers at the sight of DIS,
Even so the dark and bright will kiss.
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid!

'Now let us with a spell invoke
The full-orbed moon to grieve our eyes;
Not bright, not bright, but with a cloud
Lapped all about her, let her rise
All pale and dim, as if from rest
The ghost of the late buried sun
Had crept into the skies.
The moon! She is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad;
If but to think in other times
The same calm quiet look she had,
As if the world held nothing base
Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad;
The same fair light that shone in streams,
The fairy lamp that charmed the lad;
For so it is with spent delights,
She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad.

'All things are touched with melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weighed down with vile degraded dust;
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring in conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.
Oh, give her then her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There 's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chords of Melancholy.'

Much as our author has written, he has perhaps suggested more, and so fulfilled the idea which we had conceived of a high creative faculty. There is no end of the lights and reflections of a true work; with the first inspiration breathed into it there is the inherent principle of a new life. Every thing grand in art is a conception begotten from something previously grand. If we see bridges, battlements and gorgeous scenery among the accidental coals of a winter's hearth, each according to his degree of fancy, what a temple of beauty may be built, like magic, by intenser scrutiny into the fires of Genius! That is after all a dead work which does not so expand the mind of the beholder as to carry it somewhat beyond the circumference of itself. In how small a compass may be clasped the works of Shakspeare; yet how illimitably does he carry us beyond the sphere to which his scenes are restricted! What 'spirits' does he conjure from the 'vasty deep!' Every great man is his debtor; and this forms part of immortality. The parent lives in his latest progeny.

In conclusion, we believe that the writings of Hood are not doomed to perish; they are too nearly allied to the spirit of that humanity which he loved. We may say of him, in his own words at the grave of 'Elia:' 'However much of him has departed, there is still more of him that cannot die; for as long as humanity endures and man holds fellowship with man, his spirit will still be extant.' We will add that he has left behind him a name transcending even that of a poet: THE FRIEND OF THE POOR.

FIRESIDE MUSINGS.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Sitting by the evening firelight,
When the work of day is done,
And the golden clouds have faded
From the pathway of the sun:

When the stars shine forth in heaven,
And the moon mounts o'er the hill,
Struggling through the flying vapors,
Borne upon the sea-breeze chill:

When I draw my arm-chair nearer
To the blaze upon the hearth,
Brighter glow the fires of memory
Than the burning coals of earth.

Voices from the gloom seem speaking
Of the groups of long-ago,
Who, when evening shades descended,
Gathered to its cheerful glow.

Wide o'er lands and oceans scattered,
Life's rude tempests now they brave,
Or, with the dark struggle weary,
Slumber in the peaceful grave.

With the years all romance leaves us;
Boyhood's mountains are but hills,
And the streams we fished for trout in
Are but streams for turning mills.

Waves that whispered low and wildly
Only tales of sunny lands,
Tell of dangers on the ocean,
Wrecks upon its hidden sands.

'T is for this I love the hearth-stone,
Where, when winter storms are wild,
I may ever find a shelter,
Be in dreams once more a child.

And the fire-light flashing, gleaming,
Laughing at the winter's cold,
Ever welcomes me at evening
With a friendship as of old.

As we hear old Ocean's murmurs
In each shell upon the shore,
So from her deep caverns memory
Wakes the echoes evermore.

e. c. s.

THE OLD TIMES.

BY C. D. STUART.

Let them praise the old times, praise them all who may,
With their racks and gibbets, seeking but to slay,
With their swords and cannon, holding bloody sway;
Still the world keeps wagging, wagging on its way,
Surely growing better, wiser every day,
Spite what bigot doubters otherwise may say.

Let them praise the old times, with their cursing creeds,
With their feudal tyrants and their slaughter deeds,
With their millions trampled under foot like reeds;
Still the world keeps wagging, onward still proceeds,
Giving light for darkness, charities for greeds,
Growing better, wiser as the past recedes.

Let them praise the old times, when the tongue was tied,
When the thought was shackled, else was crucified,
When the sword was master, and might deified;
Still the world keeps wagging since good JESU died,
Growing better, wiser, spite of bigot's pride,
Better spite of slander, wiser though belied.

Let them praise the old times, praise them all who can,
With their sneer at progress, making slave of man,
With their crowns and crosiers stalking in the van;
Still the world keeps wagging, running as it ran,
Spite of kingly cursing, spite of priestly ban,
Growing better, wiser with its lengthened span.

Let them praise the old times, when, for JESUS' sake,
Heretics filled dungeons, fed the block and stake;
When the blood of martyrs flowed in freedom's wake;
Still the world keeps wagging, wagging—it shall break
One by one man's fetters, bidding tyrants quake;
Lovers of the old times the most of them should make.

Let them praise the old times—I am for the new;
For the times that welcome aught that 's good or true;
Times that can defend themselves 'gainst the bigot's view;
For the world keeps wagging, spite the sneering crew
Who would pin to whipping-posts surely me and you,
If, as in the old times, they their will could do.

Let them have the old times; give the new to me,
When the hand is braver, and the tongue more free;
When knowledge maketh empire in heaven, earth and sea;
When science is not scoffed, whatever it may be;
When NEWTON, more than pope or king, is dear to you and me,
And FULTON, with his head of steam and scanty pedigree.

Let them have their old time, mumbling over beads,
With knowledge in the cloisters and freedom choked by creeds;
Give to me the new, with its steam and lightning steeds,
With hearts for braver triumphs and hands for braver deeds,
Which follows not a beaten path, but venturously leads,
And evermore, by faith and will, in what it dares succeeds.

Let them have their old times, praise them as they may,
When the many only knew to suffer and obey,
When the highest lesson taught was ever 'fast and pray;'
Still the world keeps wagging, wagging on its way,
Surely growing better, wiser every day,
Spite what bigot doubters otherwise may say.

TALES OF THE BACK PARLOR.

NUMBER ONE: CONCLUDED.

ASCENDING a flight of stone-steps guarded on either side by two ferocious images, we entered the wide doorway, which swung open at our approach. In the spacious hall into which we were ushered we found the countess herself, who graciously extended to us a welcome which contrasted strangely with the antiquated formality which had been thus far observed. It was a welcome, too, widely differing from that which usually greets the stranger on entering a lordly dwelling in our own time. It was of that free and generous nature, that open and cordial character, which dispels all backwardness and reserve, and places the guest as much at his ease as if he were entering the mansion of his father. Our own age may be in advance of the days of Richard and Saladin in literature, science and art; it may boast of cultivated and tempered refinement, but in my opinion it has proportionately retrograded in genuine, unaffected hospitality.

The countess possessed a remarkable face and figure. Though somewhat advanced in life, her features betrayed none of the marks of long-flown years. The lustre of her eye was yet unfaded, and her neatly-gathered locks were still as thick and glossy as in the days of her maidenhood. She was rather above the usual height, firm and erect in her carriage, and proud and haughty in her air and mien. Not a single article of modern apparel was upon her person; her weeds of mourning were not yet laid aside, but they were cut and fitted in a fashion which I had never seen before.

The furniture and decorations of the room into which we were immediately ushered were such as might have been expected in a building where no invasion had been made upon its antiquity within the memory of its oldest tenant. The room itself was apparently used as the parlor, or rather what we would call the sitting-room of the family; for it was large and commodious, though somewhat cold and gloomy. The

wainscot was of black and solid wood, set in thick and heavy panels; the door was of ponderous size and swung upon four hinges, which had been laboriously brought to their brightest polish. Some old pictures, chiefly of landscape and hunting scenes, hung from the walls in curiously-carved and gilded frames, while a set of large and cumbrous chairs rested their clawed feet upon the cold and polished floor.

The conversation commenced upon the objects of interest which we had visited during our tour, in regard to which the countess displayed a fund of various and instructive information. She had visited in her younger days the most interesting portions of Germany; and having associated with some of the most ancient families, had thus acquired some entertaining knowledge of their fortunes and history. Throwing aside that air of reserved formality which usually characterized her, she discoursed freely on those topics which she soon discovered were most in accordance with my taste and disposition. Like most ladies, however, in her station, she prided herself upon the antiquity of her family, and in speaking of others would often incidentally allude to it with an expression of conscious dignity that forcibly contrasted with the urbanity of her general deportment.

'Since you are so fond,' she said, 'of examining the fortified habitations of those who, like my ancestors, have preferred to live by glorious but profitless turmoil rather than cultivate the less dangerous but humbler arts of peace, perhaps an inspection of the various apartments of the castle which you are in may serve to agreeably diversify an hour or two before dining. You will find it not entirely devoid of interest, for the house of Ivenskoff has had its fights and its forays, its secret passages and its dungeons of torture. Beside, too, we are not without supernatural visitants, it is said, and they must of course have their exclusive apartments. Our major-domo, however, understands these things much better than myself; for he has been in the service of the family for many years, and takes a peculiar pleasure in being esteemed the oracle of its local history. You shall have the benefit of his company, as well as of his information.'

I gladly acceded to the proposal, and in a few moments the old servant appeared, with a ponderous bunch of old-fashioned keys dangling from his arm. His appearance corroborated the remark of the countess that he had been long connected with the household, as well as the suspicion that he was not unacquainted with the contents of the larder and cellar. He had also a look of communicative familiarity which especially recommended him to my respect and attention.

Leading the way, he conducted us through the main hall and up a circular flight of sand-stone stairs imbedded in solid masonry. On either side of the passage-way leading through the second story were ranged apartments of various sizes, which were formerly used as lodging-rooms. Many of them had not been occupied for years, but the furniture in each was carefully arranged, as if a visitor were daily expected. Some were hung with dark and sombre drapery, and others with hangings of a brighter and more cheerful hue; but the windows to all were in the shape of double arches, and admitted through the diamond panes a soft and mellowed coloring. Now and then our guide

would stop and inform us what princess or what distinguished guest had last honored the room in which we happened to be with their presence, and particularly if there chanced to be any incident or strange marvel connected with any one of them, we were sure of hearing it duly garnished and expounded. 'There was the place,' for instance, 'where the baron, many years before, had made a trial of strength with a knight who had defied him before the gates, and challenged him to an encounter; but the crafty baron persuaded him to meet him with his sword in this chamber, and here they fought for three hours before the antagonist of the baron was slain.' The old man pointed to some discolored spots on the floor, and affirmed undoubtingly that they were occasioned by the blood of the conquered knight. He would have gone into a minute narrative of the whole quarrel, and commented on the points of honor which were at stake, had not we signified our inclination to proceed.

We came at last to a large room pleasantly situated toward the south and west, but strangely hung in drapery of the deepest sable. The major-domo shuddered as he applied the heavy key to the lock and forced the door to swing back slowly upon its hinges.

'It is the room,' said he, 'where the old baron died. Strange lights were seen at his death-bed and terrible shrieks of laughter, mingled with mournful moans, were heard as he was struggling in his death throes. The bell of the chapel tolled of itself as he died, and at midnight on every dark and stormy night since, it strikes as it struck full twenty years ago. Others have seen his spirit too, standing on the tower toward the westward, but the blessed Virgin protect me from so terrible a sight. Masses have long been sung for his soul by the abbot of Saint Mary's, but it is to be feared that his spirit is troubled and restless yet.'

He closed the door carefully, as we passed the door way and soon conducted us to the tower which he had mentioned. The prospect which it commanded was most enchanting; the mist of the morning had entirely cleared away and the view of the whole country, with its quiet villages and its pretty villas, its luxuriant vineyards and its undulating fields, teeming with spontaneous profusion was spread out like a map before us. We had a fine opportunity also of surveying the architecture of the castle itself; it apparently belonged to no particular century, but seemed like a union of the tastes of the several ages combined. There were the tall gables and the high pinnacles, which were so much admired in the earlier days of the fourteenth century, while the rich and fantastically-shaped windows which ornamented the southern wing, indicated that it had experienced the benefit of the more elaborate taste, which characterized the structures of the century which immediately succeeded the Reformation. Below us, rose the walls, surmounted by small turrets, which were furnished with loop-holes for the discharge of bolts upon the assailants in case of an attack. The sentinel still paced his lonely walk, but not with that air of watchful vigilance which might have been seen in those who stood at the same post just two centuries before.

We mutually expressed our delight at the varied scene which was

presented to the eye from this commanding situation, and turned reluctantly to descend. I observed that the major-domo seemed little inclined to linger longer than to satisfy our curiosity, and attributing his backwardness to his superstitious fears, I could not refrain from complimenting in a jesting way the taste which the old Baron's spirit displayed in selecting a position so eligible for his midnight observations.

'Hist,' whispered the old servant, as he crossed himself thrice: 'It is not safe to provoke the spirits of the dead, and he was a dark and terrible man.'

We passed through several winding and circuitous passages, upon whose walls the moisture had collected, and was now dripping upon the floor. Stopping now and then to examine some curiously contrived angle in the complicated structure of the building, or to observe the diversified features of the landscape, tinted with different shades and colors, when seen through the stained panes of the windows, I observed that our guide as we were conducted through a lonely corridor, passed a heavy door thickly studded with bolts and hung on hinges of ponderous weight. I inquired for what the apartment was used and why we were not admitted. He informed me that within his memory it had never been entered by any one except by the countess, and she visited it only on some particular nights in the year, and then for secluded devotion. It was built, so I learned from the date on the wall, in the days of Halbert, the first baron of Ivenskoff, who attended, it is said, the Council of Clermont, and joined in the enthusiasm and sufferings of the wandering Peter. On his return from Palestine, it was used as a private chapel, but after his death it was closed to every one except to the inheritors of the baronial estate and name. A sad tradition, the major-domo said, was connected with the circumstance of its being closed, but what it was, strange to relate, he would not inform us, and when questioned more closely, maintained an inflexible silence. Perceiving that on this subject he was as reserved as on others he was tiringly garrulous, we were compelled to satisfy our curiosity by useless surmises and unsatisfactory conjectures.

After visiting the extensive cellars of the castle, which were stored with old wines of the richest flavor, as well as with some rusting vestiges of feudal rigor, we returned to the oaken parlor where we found the countess quietly engaged on a piece of embroidery, after the fashion of ladies of her rank in the days of love and gallantry.

It was now quite late in the afternoon, and we were ushered into the feasting hall, which had so often reëchoed to the song of riotous revelry. It had never been altered, but was as spacious, as cold and as gloomy as when the first hunting party collected within it, to pledge their successful lord in claret and brandy. The walls were variously decorated with the branching antlers of the stag and with the grinning tusks of the boar; here and there hung the black and shaggy skin of the wolf, with the savage teeth still bristling from the gaping jaws; while spears and lances, cross-bows and long swords, shields and helmets, were profusely interspersed among the trophies of the chase. There was also a complete suit of Eastern armor, which had been preserved in the

family for many years, and which had been brought home by Sir Halbert on his return from Palestine.

The servants received us in a long line as we entered, and the major-domo bowed most elaborately, as my friend conducted the countess to her seat. I had expected an unusual display of hospitality, but was surprised at the sight of the tables. There was a profusion for a famished regiment; flesh of almost every known animal, and the breasts of almost every feathered fowl. Most of the dishes were dressed in a style which I had never met with in my travels, but which to the taste far exceeded in delicacy any thing that I had ever seen. The Countess, her relative and myself were the only persons who appeared to partake of it; but far up and down the table were placed salvers and ewers, as if the company of a host was expected. I ascertained afterward, that our visit had happened to be on the anniversary of her marriage, the commemoration of which event she thus singularly and faithfully observed. The service of the table was of massive silver; it had evidently been molten in foreign crucibles and ornamented by foreign tools; they were covered too, with hieroglyphics which I could not decipher, and with designs that I could not understand. I felt my antiquarian spirit rising, but my attention was diverted by the repeated calls of a vigorous appetite, rendered none the blunter by our cool ride in the morning mist, and to this day I am ignorant of their mysterious import.

After the successive courses had been finished, which I will not attempt to enumerate, but of which he who has dined at the *table d'hôte* of a German hotel, can form some conception, wines were produced in heavy pitchers of curious workmanship, but in keeping with the rest of the furniture of the table. It was quite late when we rose, and I fear that my friend and myself became somewhat garrulous; for I talked long, and I fancied profoundly upon ruins and antiquities, genealogies and hereditary titles, to all of which, however, the countess listened with patient and lady-like attention, occasionally correcting my inaccuracies, or detecting the complete history of some legendary occurrence, which I had blunderingly attempted to relate. Again the deep goblets were filled to the brim, and draining wine in a style which I remembered was peculiar to knights when originating a gallant sentence, I wished our hostess a period of longevity, only rivalled by that of Methusaleh.

The evening wore away in delightful conversation. It seemed to me that all the natural reserve which a stranger usually feels before the lapse of a few days has fairly *domesticated* him, had entirely left me. I never was esteemed unusually gifted in verbal fluency, but on this occasion I felt so uncommonly communicative, that my friend, who was aware of my general character, was utterly confounded.

Toward the close of the evening, an immense vessel of German beer was introduced, which was recommended by the Countess as excellent before retiring to bed. At the same time she related how many flagons were drank in the old baronial hall of the castle on the night of her marriage, and assured us, good naturedly, that she would have repeated one of the songs that were sung on the occasion, had our visit

happened only a few years earlier. Fearing that I should be outdone by our hostess in the contest of agreeability, and dreading a consciousness of mental, as well as corporeal indebtedness, I rallied my memory, and marshalled forth all the marvellous events that had slumbered from boyhood in my brain. In return, however, I was repaid by a description of all the mysterious occurrences that had ever transpired within the history of the castle. As she proceeded, my interest became rapidly excited. The remembrance of the heavy-studded door, which our guide had said was never opened, flashed upon me as she was describing some of the localities of the building, and I was burning to inquire into the secret history of the room which it closed. It was too delicate a subject, I was conscious, to be broached rudely. Once I alluded to it, but the question was so adroitly avoided, that I was discouraged from urging it farther.

Perhaps it was owing to the copious potations of ale and wines that I had taken, but that was impossible; or to the associations which were excited by the consciousness of being within a building of which startling tales were related; but as the night advanced, I experienced some unusual sensations. I am not timid or superstitious, but I felt like a child who has been reading the story of Blue Beard, or listening to the cruelties of the Seven-Leagued Giant. I was like the boy who wished to see the Devil, but was in momentary fear that he would present himself before him.

It wanted hardly an hour of midnight, when I requested to retire to my chamber. It was situated at the extremity of a long and intricate passage-way, and at a distance from what might be called the main body of the building. It was a large and airy apartment, with windows opening toward a range of high hills on one side, and a broad sweep of cultivated acres on the other. The furniture was of the oldest and most antiquated kind. Tall and cumbrous posts supported each corner of the bedstead, carved all over by some laborious artist, who had consummated his conception by converting the ends into twisting and writhing serpents. The counterpane was the product of no modern loom, but the slow result of patient and untiring industry. The needlework was of a rare and exquisite quality; and the flowers and birds, which were quaintly wrought with variously colored silks, testified also to the taste of its maker. Several large and awkward chairs, with stuffed seats and backs, were ranged at regular intervals beneath the casements, whose color corresponded well with the gloomy hue of the cold and uncarpeted floor. The walls had assumed a dingy shade from age and dampness; but several fine pictures were hung from them, among which appeared to be several family portraits. There was one old gentleman with a ruddy, good humored face, and powdered wig, who was stationed next to an animated hunting scene. I imagined that there was some connexion between the two, and after examining them farther, I detected, as I fancied, a resemblance between the old gentleman in question and the foremost rider of a dashing party in the stag-chase.

Several ladies, with high turbans and short plaited sleeves, came next in order, who were designed undoubtedly by the artist, in the plenitude

of his imagination, to be models of beauty and affability, but unfortunately an eye squinted in one, a nose with a celestial tendency in another, and a projecting tusk in a third, completely destroyed the effect of the rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, which he had probably gratuitously bestowed upon all. There was also a knight in full armor, who looked impatiently down from his cumbrous frame, as if eager to escape from his confinement. This portrait was of extraordinary merit. The black and shaggy hair waving from under the heavy helmet, the deep, fiery, and lustrous eye, and the dark nut-brown complexion, had been sketched by no unpractised limner. It made the blood fly more quickly, and the pulse to palpitate more nervously, to look upon it. The lips were slightly parted, and in that solitary chamber I almost feared that they would utter one of their accustomed challenges.

I turned from this toward the next, which hung directly over the mantel-piece. It was the portrait of a female, of transcendant beauty; a beauty too which belonged to no northern clime. The eyes were deep, animated, and passionate; the mouth slightly and delicately arched, indicative of firmness, tempered with lamb-like submission. Her hair was drawn back from the forehead, as if with the intention of displaying its fulness and classical prominence, and from the parting on either side the auburn curls fell upon her bared shoulders in the carelessness of negligent profusion. A simple ornament hung from either ear, and a band of pearls was tastefully arranged upon her forehead. Her complexion was darker than that which is usually to be seen among ladies in our rigorous climate; but there was a richness to its coloring, which contrasted well with the snowy whiteness of her drapery.

Upon this portrait the artist had apparently lavished his utmost skill. His genius had caught the animated yet somewhat saddened expression of the features, and had transferred it with startling truthfulness to the canvass. It was impossible to avoid the conviction that the original had experienced some misfortune, which had brooded like a cloud over her existence. There was nothing which indicated any connexion between this portrait and that of the dark knight in armor; but I felt assured that the fortunes of the two had had a mutual dependence, and that perhaps the same circumstances had produced the stern haughtiness in the features of the one, and the melancholy sadness in the countenance of the other.

The drapery of the picture belonged to a distant age, and to a distant country. It was light, flowing, and graceful. A wreath of silken gauze was slightly confined with a single sparkling brooch, and was then suffered to fall in voluptuous folds over the plaits of her satin bodice. A loop of golden threads supported the weight of the flowing sleeve, a bracelet of glittering brilliants shone on either wrist, while in her jewelled fingers she held a golden crucifix, attached to a chain of pearls thrown carelessly round her neck.

After thus surveying my apartment, I drew one of the stuffed chairs toward the pleasant fire, which had been lighted in order to render the room more cheerful, and to remove the unpleasant chill of the evening air. As is my custom when travelling, I drew a volume of Shakspeare from my pocket, and opened it at random, hoping to become soon suf-

ficiently drowsy to overcome the excitement of my imagination. The first sentence which struck my eye was the wild exclamation of Macbeth as he is confronted by the ghost of Banquo. I turned hastily over a few pages further, but rested at the more revolting confessions of Lady Macbeth, as she looks in her restless slumbers for the stains on her guilty hands. I turned again, but the types and the pages seemed to have changed their places, and involved themselves in inextricable confusion. Determined not to be disappointed, I patiently waited for them to resume their proper position, when

'Look, my lord, it comes!'

floated before my eyes in blazing capitals; and the ghost of Hamlet appeared before me as vividly as on the night when I last saw it played at the Haymarket. I gave up in despair, and hastily undressing myself, extinguished my light and sprang into the bed-clothes.

The fire had almost burned down, but now and then the glowing coals would start into a bright flame, and then as suddenly expire. I had left, too, the upper part of the eastern casement unclosed, and the light of the moon, struggling through the dark clouds, which an approaching storm drove hurriedly across its disc, played in fantastic figures upon the old portraits on the gloomy wall. If a person is in the least imaginative, he will find himself unconsciously indulging in a thousand fancies as he irresistibly gazes upon a pile of glowing embers. My position enabled me to look directly into the open fire-place, and as a natural consequence, all the knights in chivalry filed out in panoply before me. Some were clad in mail, of a bright and dazzling polish; others were concealed in black armor, and mounted upon steeds as black and as furious as their riders. Then giants and strange monsters strode across the hearth, in changing shapes for an instant, and then dissolved in wreaths of curling smoke and flame. Again all was gone, and then a dazzling tournament was before me. Steel-clad knights were charging in the lists, and ladies were waving their fair hands on the raised platform around. Suddenly the combatants met, horses and riders were thrown to the earth, a cloud of dust rose over the vanquished and the victors, and horses, champions, and ladies, were vanished from my view!

These phantasmagoria became at last so painful that I closed my eyes and endeavored to shut out the wearying sight. But it seemed impossible to avoid opening them. I resolutely shut the lids, changed my position, and in a moment I found myself watching a feudal fray or a knightly tourney. I turned at length toward the portrait of the beautiful lady, which for the moment I had forgotten, in the hope, that when my attention was diverted, that my nerves would become more quiet, and that I should obtain some sleep. It was in the position most favorable for receiving the varying rays of light which emanated from the bright coals upon the hearth-stone. The features seemed more serenely beautiful than when I had observed them before. At one moment, a bright glow would seem to suffuse the soft cheeks and the high forehead, and then as the flame faded and flickered, they wore the same mournful cast as before. Sometimes, I thought that the delicate lip

seemed to quiver, and the thin nostril to dilate, but the light and shade varied and I saw by what I had been deceived; again I fancied, that the airy drapery trembled as the breast throbbed with some secret emotion, but it was only an illusion and I smiled at my own foolishness.

But there was a strange fascination in that full, deep and lustrous eye which I could not resist. It looked fixedly at me with a steadiness that seemed to read my very soul; I tried to oppose its influence, but the effort was useless. The more I persuaded myself that it was a painting, the more I was convinced that it was a reality. No artist could have imparted that burning, searching gaze to a senseless and inanimate canvass. I felt that it was a LIVING EYE.

My nerves shook as with an electric shock when I distinctly saw the long lashes move; the lips slightly part, and the whole features assume a quiet and pleasant smile. 'T is only a strange dream,' I murmured, 'why cannot I shake it off,' but the charm still continued and the lady smiled yet more sweetly again.

How long this continued I do not know, my agitation and excitement were so great, that it seemed to me countless hours. The drapery at length nestled; the picture descended from the heavy frame and stood erect before me. I was paralyzed with fear, but still I was entranced with the loveliness of the object which caused it. I tried to speak, but my tongue refused utterance, my power of volition was gone, and I surrendered myself to the influence of the enchantress. She approached toward me. Her features wore a look of commanding firmness, and placing a finger upon her lip, she motioned to me to rise. Incapable of resistance, I mechanically obeyed. What her purpose was, or for what I was to be employed, I could not conceive. Not a word had been spoken, and I felt that by disturbing the silence, some terrible consequence would ensue. I would have broken the charm which bound me, for the agony that I suffered was inexpressible, but the influence which was over me was not mortal, and I was as powerless as the fledgling when in the fascination of the serpent.

She turned toward the wall and cautiously tapped it thrice. A door swung heavily open and disclosed a dark and loathsome vault. She fixed upon me one of her indescribable glances and sprang lightly upon the threshold, I followed her while the cold perspiration covered me with a clammy dampness and my hair bristled with superstitious fear; the door closed upon me, and in profound darkness I groped my way down a narrow stair-case. We descended till we came to the very foundations of the castle. A door admitted us into a dark and narrow passage built of solid masonry, and cold and chilling from the damp and confined atmosphere. The lady stopped at the entrance, and lighting a blazing torch, raised it above her head and carried it rapidly before her. I now saw with horror the place that I was in. Low vaults were on either side, closed with heavy iron doors, which swung back with a mournful creak as the glare of the torch fell upon their ponderous padlocks, but the instant that we passed them they closed again with a deafening clang which echoed and reëchoed, till the senses were stunned with the sharpness of the peals. The lady fearlessly proceeded by these repositories of the dead, waving occasionally her torch in

triumph, as a grim skeleton started from his deathly slumber, and smiling as sweetly as if she was receiving the less terrible homage of the living. We turned a sharp angle at the end of the corridor and came to the foot of a pile of rude steps built around a massive stone pillar which supported the masonry above. The lady extinguished her torch, when instantly the ceiling opened, and we ascended until we gained the upper floor; the light of the apartment was so intense that for a moment I could not distinguish a single object, so sudden had been the change from almost impenetrable darkness to blazing brilliancy. It was not until I had followed my mysterious conductress to the middle of the room, which I did by an irresistible impulse, that I was enabled to look around me. I WAS IN THE SECRET CHAPEL. A glare, brighter than the sun at noon-day, filled the whole chamber, but from whence it proceeded I could not tell. The whole air seemed to be luminous, and every object seemed to irradiate light. Fluted pillars surmounted by caps of elaborate workmanship, supported the arches of the ceiling. High arched windows with panes of the richest hues, reflected the light in a thousand mingled shades and colorings upon the tastefully tesselated floor. Images of angels with wings outspread, held in one hand chaplets of roses and laurel, and in the other, the ends of burnished rods, over which drooped in graceful folds golden fringed drapery of crimson and purple. Statues of saints stood in solemn attitudes in the niches of the wall, and from blazing censers raised on lofty pedestals, rolled out colored clouds of intoxicating perfumes.

The chancel and the altar were raised above the floor upon which I stood, and were furnished with magnificent decorations. A picture of the SAVIOUR on the cross with the crown of thorns plaited upon his bleeding brow and the nails in his extended limbs, was suspended above the sacred receptacle for the host. The Madonna was kneeling at his feet, with arms extended, and her face averted in expressive agony, while the earth around appeared to be in the convulsive throes of nature, and the graves seemed to be giving forth their dead. I looked about me and was bewildered; thought and reason were gone, and my head whirled in dizzy amazement. The whole scene was in an instant burned into my memory and branded indelibly into my brain.

More inexpressibly lovely, than any thing upon which eye ever rested, was the mysterious lady as she gently took the band of pearls from her forehead; threw back the clustering curls upon her shoulders and kneeling, bowed to the Holy Virgin. She rose, and the sound of music as if from a thousand golden harps, sweeter than the dying echo of the nightingale's song, and more melodious than the hushed whispers of angels trembled upon the air. The strains ceased, and from the altar blazed a ring of fire of a brilliant crimson hue. The same sweet smile sparkled from her eye and played upon her features, as the lady placed herself by my side, and extending her bared arm, pointed toward the altar.

My trepidation was vanished; a wild exhilaration fired my blood and coursed furiously through my veins. Fearless and determined, I sprang upon the marble steps and stood upon the chancel. Within the circle of fire I saw a roll of parchment, around which the flames

were playing with devouring fury. A sudden impulse directed me to seize it. My hand grasped it, but the fire hissed and scorched my flesh. Again I made the attempt, but the instant that I grasped the roll the building shook from its foundations, wild, unearthly shrieks filled the air, and above the confusion tolled the solemn tones of the castle bell. The flame rose higher as it fed itself upon my wrist. Exhausted and excruciated with pain, I drew back from the altar. The shrieks ceased, but a wail more piercing than that of the mother over the bier of her first-born, more touching than the cry of the robin for the loss of her nestlings, struck upon my ear. I turned; but that face of unearthly agony is still before me now! Nerved to desperation, I sprang forward, snatched with one powerful effort the parchment from the flame, and bore it triumphantly to the lady. Breathlessly she grasped it, and rent it into a thousand strips. Again the bright light filled the room; the lady cast upon me her sweetest smile of gratitude, and countless harmonious voices, in a joyful chant, burst forth into one united peal:

'Hail to thee, lady!
The charm is now broken:
Hail to thee, lady!
Lo! see the bright token!
Thy penance is finished, thy pilgrimage o'er;
The canker of sorrow shall know thee no more:
No longer shalt thou in solitude tread
The vaults where the charnel-worm feasts on the dead;
Where the spirits of evil revelling sing
Blood-chilling orgies round their phantom flame king;
Where the cold clammy drops in trickling veins pour
Their mouldering dews on the bone-scattered floor;
And the night-breezes sigh, as sighing they sweep
Past the chambers where, tortured, no spirit can sleep.

'Thy penance is finished!—thy doom did declare
That thy soul unhallowed the tortures should bear
Of those for whose spirits no masses are said,
No sweet incense offered, no ritual read,
Till a stranger in silence bowed to thy power,
Trod the mouldering vaults at the still midnight hour,
And fearlessly seized from the altar's bright flame
The scroll that recorded thy ill-fated name:
Thrice hast thou failed; at last thou hast won!
Hail to thee, lady! thy redemption has come.
Hail to thee, lady!
The charm is now broken:
Hail to thee, lady!
Lo! see the bright token!'

As the last words echoed from the vaulted arches, the light of the apartment changed to a delicate crimson tint, as soft and as beautiful as if refined through windows of rubies, and a flaming ball of dazzling brightness fell upon the altar. Innumerable fairy beings, with shining harps in their hands and with jewelled crowns upon their brows, suddenly appeared and made an obeisance to the lady. Surrounding me then with their airy forms, they struck their harps in unison, and lulled my senses with their soft, soothing melody. The lady, too, passed her hands over my scorched flesh; the pain vanished, and it was as unscathed as the other.

Overcome with the excitement which I had experienced and the mysteries which I had seen, I sank down exhausted on the floor, when I felt myself gently raised and transported back to my chamber. I opened my eyes, and endeavored to inquire the meaning of all that I

had seen; but the lady, whose face was now lighted with a smile like that which angels wear, spread over me a cloud of odorous incense; a sweet sleep stole softly upon me, and I slumbered till long after the sun had broken. through the opened casement and gambolled on the floor.

I found the family waiting for me when I descended to the old parlor, and to the usual inquiries as to how I had slept I gave an evasive answer, regarding my adventure as too sacred to be idly related.

'As for me,' said my friend, who stood rubbing his eyes and bathing his forehead with camphor, 'I shall learn wisdom by dear-bought experience! I took too hearty a supper last night, and I fear drank a goblet too much; for I tossed and tumbled during the whole night, and this morning I have a headache, which reminds me of the good resolution I have broken since the last meeting of the Burschenshaften.'

Providence, (R. I.,) May, 1850.

THE MOST WELCOME SEASON.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CLEODEMUS AND MYRSON. FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

CLEODEMUS.

TELL me, Oh MYRSON, what is the one season
Which thou wouldst choose in all the circling year:
What season dost thou most desire to come?
Is it the Summer, when our heaviest toils
In orchard, field, and garden, all are ended?
Is it the rich sweet Autumn, when our farms
Give us their wealth, and bid lean Hunger flee?
Is it the Winter, made for ease and mirth,
The frosty winter, when whole households sit
Round the warm hearth in festive idleness?
Or dost thou rather prize the beautiful Spring?
Say, MYRSON, which of these thy soul prefers:
An hour, spent here beside the forest brook,
On this fresh bank, invites discourse or song.

MYRSON.

It ill becomes us, frail and erring mortals,
To judge or blame the gifts or works of God:
They all are just and noble, fair and holy.
Yet, CLEODEMUS, since thou fain wouldst learn,
Thou shalt be told what season I love best.
I wish not for the Summer, when the sun
Must fiercely scorch me: Autumn often hides
Beneath its ripened fruits disease and death.
I fear to brave the dark and stormy Winter,
The time of ice and sleet, of rain and snow.
Would that the golden Spring, thrice loved and lovely,
Were present with us through the long bright year!
Then cold and heat are both alike unknown,
Then all is life, then beauteous things burst forth,
And heaven vouchsafes, with equal night and day,
To bless our toils and make our hearts rejoice.

JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

TO A YOUNG BOASTER.

WHAT hast *thou* done, vain youth! that wind-winged Fame
Should stoop her heavenly flight to write thy story?
'Neath fewer suns than thine the orbéd name
Of PITT had touched the zenith of its glory:
NELSON had met and captured his renown,
The Corsican had seen the vision of his crown;
That fiery soul, so full of noble rage,
Had flamed its brief and wonderful commission:
O CHATTERTON! how weak in tender age!
How strong and wild in giant-grown ambition!
Beneath a feeble burden of the years
Pale, dying KEATS, had wept immortal tears;
The golden light of unspent youth still played
O'er gentle RAPHAEL'S locks, as low in death they laid.

BODDLEBAK, THE BEAR-TAMER.

A LEGEND OF THE KAATSKILLS.

AWAY on the mountains, in the midst of which the Delaware takes its rise, there lived, more than an hundred years ago, a strange mortal called Boddlebak, the Bear-Tamer. A great many stories have been told of this wonderful personage, in which the marvellous has been unsparingly dealt out, for he has grown to be the evil-genius of his neighborhood; and broad-shouldered indeed must be the unlucky individual who acquires so distinguished a reputation. Among these stories, however, the one I am about to relate is that which is best entitled to implicit credence, having been handed down from the first settler on the mountains, the trustworthy Nicholas Braw.

Nicholas was the son of a boatman, who had spent his days quietly on the Hudson, and having inherited at his father's demise an enormous property, consisting of some fifty sovereigns in yellow gold, he deposited the same in a corner of his round cloth cap, within its tough brown lining, and fastening this valuable coronet on his head in a secure and permanent manner, started forth one morning to seek his fortune where perhaps no human foot save that of the savage had ever before trodden. He was a brave looking fellow, a little given to dreaming at eventide, when the stars began to shine, at which time he would lie stretched upon the ground, looking steadily at some remote world, as though that were the nucleus around which clustered all the air-built castles of his wandering fancy.

After sojourning for a week among the mountains westward of the Hudson, with no other protection against emergencies than a huge horse-pistol, which was suspended at his side, and no food save a little

oatmeal from the bag he carried on his back, Nicholas found himself one evening on a spot which he resolved to make the termination of his wanderings and his future home. It was near the bottom of a valley, through which ran a sparkling stream of water, and being a fresh and fertile looking place, seemed well adapted to cultivation; while a slight elevation in the ground furnished a suitable building spot for the residence which he designed to erect at some future period on his new domain. His first care, however, was to rear something which might furnish a present shelter; and this he soon accomplished by placing against the side of a hill a couple of forked stakes, cut with his sturdy axe, and fastening upon them a stout frame-work, over which he threw branches of trees, dry leaves, and lastly a light covering of earth. This done, Nicholas cleared a small space of ground, and carefully deposited in it the few garden-seeds he had providently brought in his coat-pocket. Having resolved to become a cultivator of the soil on an extensive scale, he worked day after day, making the valley echo back the valiant strokes of his axe, and gradually found himself surrounded by an open neighborhood, which his imaginaton already saw covered with abundant crops of yellow grain and verdant pasture. 'I will return,' said Nicholas, turning the matter over in his mind, 'I will return to the Hudson and buy grain enough to sow the ground which I am clearing.'

At the word 'buy' Nicholas grasped the heavy cap which contained his worldly treasure, and finding it still on his head, where indeed it had been ever since he left the Hudson, he rejoiced in this world of wealth, which the late Nicholas, his father, had laid by through honest and persevering industry. As the season, however, was not sufficiently advanced for sowing his grain, he resolved to continue some weeks longer in his present occupation, and then to return and provide himself with every thing necessary for conducting his little plantation, not forgetting a stout white mare, which one of his acquaintances had previously offered him for a moderate sum, and a plough, which he resolved to swing over the back of the white mare, while his seed-grain should form a soft and easy saddle, on which the aforesaid plough could ride comfortably into the heart of the wilderness.

Thus reasoned Nicholas one clear evening in August, as he lay stretched upon the grass, watching the stars as they appeared one after another through the darkening twilight. And that he might be sure of carrying out his intention successfully, he rose and sought the bag of oatmeal, to see how much of its contents might be left; for though he now and then caught a few fish from the neighboring stream, and plucked the wild raspberries which grew around him, the bag of oatmeal was his principal dependence for food. When Nicholas found the bag, he discovered to his astonishment that scarcely meal enough remained in it for a single day's subsistence, and being but poorly supplied with fire-arms, he saw before him scarcely any prospect of obtaining food. Here was a situation calculated to appal the stout heart of the new settler; but rising with the emergency, Nicholas struck out a bold plan, which he resolved to carry into execution the very next day. He had several times observed bears lurking not far from his rude habitation, which, as they did not appear very ferocious, he

thought might be despatched with his pistol, assisted by his old companion the axe, and these would furnish him with the means of subsistence.

Accordingly, ere the morning sun had risen above the mountains, Nicholas was far on his way up the western ridge, in pursuit of a bear which trotted leisurely before him. It was a strange animal, this bear, for he frequently suffered Nicholas to come pretty near to him, and then, just as the latter was raising his pistol, started off again, keeping out of bullet-range, and seeming to relish vastly the disappointment of the settler, who toiled on up the mountain, encumbered by his heavy axe, till he appeared ready to drop down with vexation and fatigue. At length, overcome with heat and panting for breath, Nicholas stopped in full view of the bear, who quietly sat himself down, out of pistol-range, looking his pursuer very coolly in the face; while his open mouth and distended jaw exhibited an expression resembling, as nearly as possible, an ironical smile. It was more than Nicholas could endure, and tearing from his head the precious cap, which had so long remained there, and had now become exceedingly oppressive from its weight, he threw it, unthinkingly, with all the force of exasperation, in the face of his tormentor. The bear, dodging the cap, avoided the threatened blow, and then quietly taking it in his mouth, retreated up the mountain.

Poor Nicholas! half dead as he was with vexation, being now inspired with the dread of losing his entire fortune, resumed his pursuit, leaving the axe behind him. Approaching nearer than he had yet been to the bear, and firing his pistol, he stopped for a moment, with the fervent hope of seeing him fall immediately to the earth; but Nicholas being very much agitated, his aim had not been true, and the provoking object of his pursuit still continued moving at the same pace before him. He had now reached a level spot on the mountain, where the bear, quickening his pace, soon arrived at a large rock covered with moss, on one side of which was a low, rude edifice, built of stones, which had been cemented with mud. Still retaining the cap in his mouth, the animal now disappeared on the opposite side of the edifice, while Nicholas, full of curiosity as well as of anxiety on account of his much-loved treasure, reached an opening, through which he supposed the bear had entered, and hesitating for a moment at the rough-looking threshold, rushed in after him.

Descending a short flight of steps, he found himself in a low and dark apartment, where he immediately recoiled before the fiery eyes of a fierce-looking old man, with coarse white hair and grisly countenance, who stood with a hunting-knife in his hand, while his deep harsh voice demanded of Nicholas 'What he wanted.' 'I want my property,' said the settler, in as firm a tone as his astonishment and alarm would permit. 'I want my cap, if you please;' and scanning the old man a little more closely, he saw that he held tightly clasped in his left hand the object of his desire. 'Ha!' exclaimed the old man, 'is it so precious then? I will take good care of it for you;' and unlocking a wooden chest which stood beside him, he deposited it there, and again locking the chest, returned the key to his bosom. Poor Nicholas was

afraid to encourage the idea that the cap possessed any great value, and besought the terrible old man to restore it, in order that he might protect his head from the heat of the sun. But it was in vain that he implored, for this strange person was inflexible, and the last hope of recovering his fortune soon died away in the settler's heart. He now looked hurriedly around him, and the objects that met his view, still more than any thing he had yet observed, filled him with intense surprise. In various parts of the room, which was dimly lighted from a small opening in the roof, he beheld, seated in rough chairs made of oaken boughs, at least half a dozen bears, including his recent acquaintance, in whose face there seemed to be a peculiar expression of satisfaction. These several animals appeared to watch intently the countenance of the old man, who occasionally spoke to them in a discordant voice, using the same language which he might have addressed to intelligent beings, the animals, strange to say, appearing to understand what he said. Immediately over the head of each bear a human skull was hung against the wall, exhibiting curious hyeroglyphics, which had been painted in red on its smooth and polished surface; while on every part of the wall, which the dim light rendered visible, similar devices were inscribed in the same ghastly color on the dark-looking rock.

While Nicholas stood in open-mouthed astonishment, the owner of this strange abode approached still nearer, and demanded the cause of his delay. 'I beg pardon,' said the settler; 'but since you are determined to keep my property, be so good at least as to inform me what kind of creatures these are around you?'

'Dare you to question Boddlebak?' demanded the fierce old man, while his eyes were distended, with a look of unusual ferocity. 'He will show you not by words, but deeds.' Thus saying, he quickly drew him toward a corner of the apartment, and seizing a chain, which was suspended from the wall, threw round the neck of the unfortunate Nicholas an iron collar, attached to the chain, which he clasped with his crooked fingers. So sudden was the whole affair, that the poor settler had no time to make resistance, even if he had chosen to do so, and could only resign himself to his hard and unexpected fate, which several violent and painful efforts to escape convinced him was irremediable. Meanwhile Boddlebak, having contemplated the terror of his victim for a long time with an expression of demoniacal pleasure, arose and brought from one side of the room a table, resembling in its manufacture the chairs already alluded to, and setting it in the middle of the floor, placed food upon it. In this operation he was assisted by his mysterious companions, who brought drinking cups in their paws, and having placed them on the table, pushed up the heavy chairs on which they had been sitting. The bears now seated themselves round the table, at a signal given by Boddlebak; while the latter, taking his seat at the head, and looking toward Nicholas with a leer of triumph, proceeded to help the assembled company to meat and drink.

Every thing went on in silence until a young-looking bear, having awkwardly thrust his nose into his wooden drinking-cup and knocked it over, Boddlebak immediately addressed him thus:

'My young friend, it is for your good that I have brought you to

this place and devoted myself to your instruction. You stood low, it is true, in the scale of beings when I found you, but you possessed great qualities, unknown to you or to any one else save myself. You possessed great powers of mind, which only required development, and which, though dormant in your native state, shall, after many years of instruction, be employed in exploring the mysteries of the occult sciences, the most exalted study of——' here Boddlebak paused, and correcting an expression which had nearly escaped him, continued: 'The most exalted study of *beings*. You are by nature more deserving than that being of a different shape whom you see in the corner there, and who, as I will show you, can be reduced from his present state down to the most humble condition of being, even the condition of the brute. This it is my purpose to accomplish, in order that I may prove to — to beings,' he continued, after a pause, 'that all are by nature the same.'

Having spoken these fearful words with a fierce and determined look, which caused the unfortunate settler to feel as though his ears were already growing long and his hands becoming hairy, Boddlebak picked up a large piece of raw meat which lay upon the floor, and threw it at poor Nicholas, without even so much as saying 'Take that;' an act which so incensed the latter, that he could no longer refrain from expostulation.

'Look at me, old man!' said Nicholas; 'am I brute already, that you treat me in such a way? Am I not a man, like yourself, or rather like what you seem to be? Unchain me, monster! or I 'll——'

Poor Nicholas had quite forgotten that he was completely in the power of this fearful creature, and soon found that the length of his chain would not suffer him to come within reach of any weapon with which to carry out his desperate intentions. Overcome with terror, he now resorted to entreaty; but the cold rock against which he was chained could not be more deaf to the voice of entreaty than Boddlebak, and he at length ceased his supplications and endeavored to resign himself to his singular destiny.

The mockery he had witnessed having at length ceased, Boddlebak dismissed the bears and proceeded to clear away the relics of the feast; then lighting a dingy lamp, which was covered with a cone-like shade, he placed it on the table, and taking his seat beside the latter, with his face bent toward it, seemed lost in contemplating the grain of the wood. Tracing the waving lines with his crooked fingers, he at length stopped at a certain point, and then, fixing upon Nicholas his sharp, fire-like eyes, continued to gaze at him until the poor settler was glad to shut out the deadly glance by covering his face with his hands. In this position Boddlebak remained for hours; and at length, when the light had burnt out, arose, and opening the door, admitted his companions with a formal salutation into his dreary abode.

Day after day these ceremonies were repeated in presence of the wretched Nicholas; who being at length reduced almost to starvation, was compelled, in order to preserve life, to partake of the beastly fare which Boddlebak imposed upon him. At intervals of several days, perhaps, the monster would leave his retreat, which was half house,

half cavern, and having been for some time absent, would return, bringing with him a ferocious bear, which he had apparently taken from a trap. Having bound and muzzled the animal in such a manner that he was rendered harmless, he brought him to a corner of the apartment near that in which Nicholas was confined, and raising a huge stone, let him fall into a dark pit, whence issued savage growls of untamed bears destined to become the future companions of Boddlebak. Day after day passed on, and while the bears were making progress in civilization, Nicholas felt himself becoming more and more like a beast; his beard and nails having grown long and his heart being filled with gloomy desires of revenge against this monstrous hater of his species, who had condemned him to a loathsome and perpetual imprisonment. He endeavored, however, to keep up his spirits as far as was possible, and at night, when he crept into the corner and sunk to sleep against the hard rocky wall, cheerful dreams transported him again to his little settlement, where, seated in the door of a neat and comfortable cottage, he beheld large fields of luxuriant grain ripening before him, and flocks of greasy-looking cattle grazing in the distance. From such dreams he would awake to see the awkward bears feasting round the table, or seated in shadowy contemplation in their oaken chairs, while the solitary lamp glimmered on the table and the piercing wizard-like gaze of Boddlebak was fixed upon him, causing a shudder of secret horror, which convinced him he was under the influence of some unhallowed enchantment which would by degrees reduce him to the condition of a brute.

At length, one dark and gloomy day, when the least ray of light shone through the opening over his head, Boddlebak, who had been a long time absent, entered with a huge bear, which, though bound like those he had before brought, he could hardly manage, by reason of his great weight and strength. Having proceeded to the mouth of the pit and taken away the stone which covered it, he was in the act of pushing the animal into it, when, the muzzle slipping from his mouth, he seized in his huge jaws the bony arm of Boddlebak the bear-tamer, whose hoarse voice uttered a cry of mingled rage and pain. Nicholas, who had quietly observed the whole proceeding, felt that 'now or never' was the time to extricate himself from his horrible situation; and seizing a rope which the length of his chain permitted him to reach, he advanced toward Boddlebak and threw it round him, so as to bind his remaining hand closely to his body. The instant he touched him, wonderful to relate, the iron collar on the neck of Nicholas relaxed its hold, while he imagined he heard a voice cheering him through the opening over his head. Boddlebak, however, now made desperate resistance, and drew from his belt the knife which he constantly carried about him; but Nicholas, endowed with unusual strength, wrested it out of his hand, and held it pointed at his breast, while the bear meantime bravely maintained his hold.

Nicholas now proceeded to tie the feet of his old tormentor, and to deprive him of every means of resistance; and this being done, his first care was to draw from the bosom of Boddlebak the rusty key of his wooden chest, and to repair to the adjoining apartment, where he

had seen him deposit his cap. As he hastily pushed open the door and entered this ghostly place, which was lighted by a candle burnt to the very socket, he heard a terrible shriek from the place he had just left; but heeding nothing, he quickly unlocked the chest, inside of which he immediately beheld his long-lost cap, containing the hard earnings of the elder Nicholas, his late father; and having secured this treasure once more on his head, he lifted up the board on which it had been placed, when to his astonishment he beheld a vast pile of gold coin immediately underneath it. But Nicholas waited no longer, for something like an earthquake now shook the whole place to its very centre, and he rushed back to the apartment he had left. In it he could see no living creature; not only Boddlebak, but the bears, both wild and tame, having utterly disappeared! Beneath him, however, was a terrible conflict; and approaching the mouth of the pit and looking fearfully into it, he saw the wretched Boddlebak in the clutches of furious bears, whose countless multitude seemed to fill the whole mountain, as though it were now one vast cavern beneath him.

Appalled by the sight, and by the terrible sounds, which seemed to increase every moment, Nicholas rushed away from the hateful abode where he had been so long confined. As he bounded along over the mountain, he saw the late companions of Boddlebak scampering in all directions into the forest; and stopping only once to pick up his axe, which still lay where he had left it, hurried down into the valley. Having reached the little settlement, Nicholas threw himself on the grass, overcome with fatigue, and fell immediately into a profound and refreshing slumber, which lasted several hours. When he at length awoke he found every thing about him as he had left it, with the exception of a little garden, in which the vegetables, and more particularly the weeds, had greatly increased in size. Having now something in the shape of food, Nicholas gave over his designs against the bears and made preparation to depart for the Hudson; for it was high time to get every thing in readiness for sowing his grain. Accordingly he departed early one morning, and after travelling briskly through the valley for several days, reached the Hudson just at that spot which in these modern days is designated by the name of Rondout.

Having sought out his old friends and provided himself with every thing that the wants of the settlement required, not even forgetting a blooming damsel for whom he had long entertained a secret affection, Nicholas started again for the mountains, attended not only by Molly Braw, but by two of his old acquaintances, who had been induced by his eloquent description of the beauty and fertility of the settlement, to go and establish themselves in his neighborhood.

One of these persons, however, Johnny Maple by name, declared from the very first that his principal reason for going out with Nicholas was, that he might satisfy his curiosity by a visit to the den of Boddlebak the bear-tamer; for Johnny was hard to convince in all matters which furnished any room for doubt, and was anxious to assure himself the truth of the strange story which his friend had related; of which story, that part relating to the chest and golden coin, was not the least curious. Yielding to this desire of Johnny's several days after

the settlers had reached the place of their destination, Nicholas left the devoted Molly one morning bathed in matrimonial tears, (after having received from her fair hands a broken horse-shoe to keep off enchantment,) and taking the direction he had formerly pursued, slowly ascended the mountain in company with his friend. Both were stoutly defended by heavy fire-arms so that mere mortal resistance was likely to prove of none effect; while the horse-shoe was a certain foil for every supernatural obstacle which might threaten to impede their progress.

Having at length reached the place where Nicholas had thrown his cap at the bear, they were satisfied that the abode of Boddlebak was now very near. Nerving themselves, therefore, for the occasion they advanced very circumspectively with palpitating hearts, while Johnny was evidently a little disposed to remain some distance behind.

'Come on,' said Nicholas in a voice which was scarcely audible to his now crippled companion, 'come on, I see the rock!'

Johnny now ceased breathing altogether; while the blood of his entire frame seemed to have settled in his feet, making them still more heavy and unmanageable.

'Why, what is all this?' exclaimed Nicholas at length in a voice which immediately brought the blood back to Johnny's face. 'What on earth has come *over* the place!'

Full of courage and scepticism, Johnny now approached and beheld only a huge rock covered with moss, over which one or two small trees were drooping in silence, not even a breath of air awaking their bright red foliage from its listless repose. Nicholas was indeed staggered; for no traces of the former appearance of the place remained save the rock which looked just the same. Johnny's day of triumph had at length arrived. From the first he had insinuated doubts with regard to the story of his friend, and now it was as clear as a pipe-stem that he had been in the right!

'What has comed over the place *indeed!*' cried Johnny, as with a toss of his head he rested the butt of his gun upon the ground. 'Nothing, not even a bear, has ever comed over it.'

As Johnny spoke, a young bear thrust his nose round a corner of the rock, and Nicholas discharging at him the contents of his gun, brought the poor animal to the earth.

'Well, Johnny, there you're mistaken' said Nicholas, 'for yonder lies a bear as dead as herring.'

Johnny, who had receded a few steps now approached again, and firing at the bear, who was only wounded, despatched him; while he renewed his insinuations that the whole story of Nicholas Braw was a bare-faced fabrication. Nicholas being unfortunately destitute of evidence, good-humoredly suffered Johnny to entertain his own opinion; and taking the bear on his shoulders, followed his friend down into the valley, where he would certainly have thrown himself into the eager arms of the overjoyed Molly, had it not been that the appearance of the burden he carried, effectually repelled that good lady from his embraces. Time passed on, and a large mansion of logs arose on the settlement which was soon filled with the descendants of Nicholas

Braw; while the grain grew in the fields and the grass sprung up on every side of the greasy-looking cattle. But to this day the descendants of Johnny Maple are the unbelievers of the neighborhood, and when they hear the great grandchildren of the first settler relating the history of Boddlebak the Bear-tamer, the Maples shake their heads distrustfully, and declare 'it was nothing but a dream.'

LINES: SAPPHO.

BY DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON.

I stood on the Leucadian steep
That darkly beetles o'er the deep,
And gazed upon the waters blue,
That once so wildly rolled above
The fair but fated Lesbian, who
Forsook her lute and died for love.
Methought I saw her lingering there
A moment with disordered hair;
Her frantic but poetic eye
Looking its last on sun and sky:
In fancy too, I could recall
The sullen, solitary fall,
The echoed shriek of her farewell,
The silent circles where she fell,
Dilating more and more, until
They vanished thence, and all was still!

Oft by that rude and rugged shore,
The Greek will pause upon his oar,
And sigh that one in ancient time,
The marvel of her sex and clime,
Should for a foolish passion fling
Her genius, beauty, every thing,
Upon the waters, there to perish
Like the wild weed ye would not cherish.
At eve the wondering sailors say,
Who pass that promontory gray,
Soft sighs the listening ear will greet,
And music more than mortal's sweet;
And that when the first star appears
And twilight's breath dissolves in tears,
A female form is dimly seen
To beckon from the ocean green.
Can this be fancy, which at eve
Is still most ready to deceive?
Or say, does Lyric Sappho linger
In spirit still with beckoning finger,
To mark the spot where she, lost, lone,
Died for her false and faithless one!

MENTAL PLEASURES.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I.

I WOULD not give the lightest link
Of Memory's stored and treasured mines
For wealth whose magic might obtain
The station Genius seeks in vain;
The fame for which his soul repines:
I would not yield the knowledge gained
Or will to prove the yet unsought;
Nor dash to earth the fairy realms
That live within the land of thought.

II.

Tear from my heart its trembling sense
Of beauty, and life's joys have flown;
From Nature draw the thrilling power
To charm me in the saddest hour,
And earth were dreary, void and lone:
I would not lose the gift to weave,
With poetry and music's tone,
The aërial beings of the mind,
And musings o'er my spirit thrown:

III.

Nor break the chord whose lengthened chain
Now brings the past before mine eye;
Visions of ages swept away,
Of empires mouldering in decay,
And men whose glories cannot die;
Lands that my footsteps never trod
In vivid pictures meet my glance;
Their struggles 'neath Oppression's chain,
Their softer shadings of romance.

IV.

And genius, with its deathless flame,
Gleams through the darkened mist of years,
With magic touch that can impart
Those records of the human heart,
That nerves the soul or melts to tears:
Mind in its myriad forms arise,
To meet and mingle with mine own:
I from its gathered lustre glean
The purest bliss my soul has known.

v.

Oft 'mid my life's appointed way
I mingle with the dull and cold;
But in my hours of solitude,
(Those golden hours when none intrude,)
A loftier intercourse I hold:
While with my books I calmly sit,
Their garnered wealth they yield to me;
Historian, poet, saint and sage,
And dreams of old philosophy.

VI.

All that the heart could ask or crave,
Like scattered gems, around is spread;
The immortal spirit's upward flight,
Its finest powers, its inward light,
Springs from the living and the dead:
Then ask me not could aught atone
If mental joys no more were mine;
Wrapped in its prison-house of clay,
Like fettered slave, my soul would pine.

VII.

The world's injustice well I know;
Its cold neglect I plainly see,
For all who cannot learn to bow,
With ready smile and cloudless brow,
For its vain breath, on suppliant knee:
I mark men cringe to wealth and power,
Debasing justice, truth and pride;
Nor dare applaud where they approve,
Lest they oppose the onward tide.

VIII.

Yet while that hurrying tide rolls on,
With eager haste and fevered strife,
Seeking the idol gold afar,
As it were Honor's brightest star,
I dwell within the inner life;
Surrounded by a different world
From this distracting scene of care,
Hill, valley, mountain, stream and flower,
A purer, brighter beauty wear.

IX.

For I have books and thought at will,
And independence dwells with these,
And caters not for stinted praise
With restless nights and anxious days,
Nor courts the wayward art to please:
And if earth-gauds awake a sigh,
Soft *peace of mind!* I turn to thee,
And glory that an angel-guest
Should find a home with one like me!

ON A LITTLE SAND-FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

THOU desert Eremite, without the sin
  Of those proud men who thought it to be humble
To dwell such awful solitudes within,
  Letting their lives like unused temples crumble,
  Rather than 'neath the press of noble deeds to tumble.
GOD placed *thee* here, and on the desert sand
  Thou spread'st thy little page in Heaven's eye,
Glad to fulfil thy sole and brief command,
  To whisper once the name of GOD — and die:
Thou art too small for fragrance even, yet
  Thou beautifiest the deserted place,
And were we to be grateful, might forget
  Thou mindest us that still were crowned by grace:
  Up, loveliest soul, such flowers shine o'er thy waste!

Desert between Cairo and Jerusalem, 1848.

RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD.

MANKIND, generally, are not predisposed to give any one credit for possessing, at the same time, great intellectual force and eminent personal disinterestedness. If it be not the law, it is too often an untoward fact of this imperfect fame of ours, that vivid creative capacity is accompanied by an absorbing self-consciousness, which, like an elliptical mirror, concentrates upon a focus within its own compass all the lustre that it snatches from life and nature; so that at last we come unhappily to doubt the power, if we do not perceive the infirmity. A writer, of the least questionable ability, if he be unlucky enough early to grow distinguished for literary philanthropy, for generous zeal in bringing the productions of others to the light of popular approval, for patriotic devotedness to the honor of his country as founded upon the works of his contemporaries, will assuredly be misunderstood, at least for a season. His readiness to do every thing for others, will be taken for an argument of incapacity to do much for himself. But Time — in whose airy train, if Passions and Prejudices revel at the commencement and False Opinions crowd about the middle part, Justice ever walks, slow and late, bringing up the close — will dispense a retribution that is not by measure; and the reputation, which began in self-oblivion, will ultimately be all the more potent for having first been pure.

To no man of our time is the literary character of this country under more honorable obligation, for confidence imparted at home, and consequence acquired abroad, than to the person whose name is placed at the beginning of this article. To no one will those writers, personally, almost without an exception, be so prompt to profess their indebtedness for manifold acts of disinterested benefit, rendered in a spirit and with an ease and an ability, which made the intervention as valuable and as delightful to one party, as it was meritorious and graceful in the

other. But the merit has been won at a great personal loss. Dr. Griswold would have been thought entitled to more respect as an author, if he had displayed less benevolence as an editor. The praise which is not claimed is slowly yielded; and the advocate who comes forward in the cause of another, is not supposed to have pretensions of his own. A candidate without rivalry, and a competitor unconscious of jealousy, is a character so new to literary history, that it is hardly to be expected that it should be at once appreciated. Dr. Griswold's critical surveys exhibit intellectual capacities of a very high order of subtlety and force and a skill in composition singularly felicitous; they leave to no one of his years in the country a title to take rank before him in energetic originality of thought and language; and to the discriminating mind they demonstrate his ability, by the judicious concentration of effort upon some single subject of adequate scope, to rise to the first degree of excellence in any department. Nevertheless, had the exercise of these talents been dissociated from a generosity of purpose; had they been directed to the construction of a mansion of repute for their possessor, out of the demolished Houses of others' Fame, instead of being employed to adorn and beautify the Pantheon of public and national distinction, by materials furnished from the artist's own treasures, doubtless the personal admiration won would have been far greater. The echoes of success would have borne to our ears the reverberations of a single name, instead of voicing the mingled glory of a throng, in which his praise who waked the long response is scarce distinguishable. But we must not impair the dignity of an honorable reputation by regret or complaint. The qualities by which the general interest is aided, and the common good advanced, take their place, in every right judgment, so much above that class of powers by which individual eminence is vindicated; it is so much nobler and greater to diffuse the rays of renown than to appropriate them; that we would counsel the friends of Dr. Griswold to value his reputation as the *author* of the Prose Writers of America, before the most fortunate endeavor to outrival the brightest subject of its page.

Every American, concerned for the literary celebrity of his country, is bound to bear respect to the author of the 'Poets and Poetry,' and the 'Prose Writers of America.' The effect which those works have had, is obvious to the most careless examination. We note a decided alteration since the date of their publication, not only in the increased deference with which our productions are regarded by British writers, but in the firmer countenance, the added energy, the deeper thoroughness of tone, assumed and exerted by the press among us. Dr. Griswold at once challenged for his subject the very loftiest position, and did it in tones of such distinctness, decision, and emphasis, as startled attention on every side, and implied not only great confidence in the correctness of his opinions, but something of moral heroism in braving the doubts and denials with which such claims were at first received. But he made good every pretension that he had advanced, and he is now followed by troops of persons, of whom not one would have dared to precede him, and but few would have been willing to stand beside him in the beginning. This presentation of the claims of American

genius and accomplishment in letters, under such advantages of aggregation, arrangement, and illustration, as immediately to advance them into the line of equality with all our glories, is connected, enduringly, with the name of Dr. Griswold. From several causes, not very difficult to appreciate, it had happened that the literary efforts of this country, in verse and prose alike, have been scattered, occasional, fragmentary, local; impulsive more than systematic; the work of amateurs rather than professors. The wandering rays that struggled with 'ineffectual beam,' from a thousand divided sources, were now brought into focal unity, with an effect not merely augmented in degree, but unexpected in nature and kind. *Si non singula placent, juncta juvant.* It was thus demonstrated that America had produced not only a poetry and romance, but a philosophy, a theology, a scholarship, and a criticism, fairly entitled to constitute a national school. Something more than research the most extensive, memory the readiest, discrimination the most just, and taste and tact the most delicate, were needed for this success. A 'reconciling ray' of creative intelligence alone could give order, relation, composition, and singleness of tone, to elements in many cases apparently impracticable. In hands less than masterly, the thing would have been a shapeless, discordant mass, without interest, and without effect. The combining eye, which caught the rich impression of the completed architecture, in the inexpressive and inharmonious variety of the separate material, partook of poetic ardor, and the skill which accomplished what the mind foresaw was an artist faculty of not a common kind.

Upon the subject of American literature, Dr. Griswold is an enthusiast, with all the qualities, which render enthusiasm engaging, and even admirable: generous, indefatigable, self-sacrificing, successful. Apparently, he takes as much pleasure in establishing another's distinction as he could feel if the victory were his own; and he seems to feel that a personal triumph is won, whenever the lettered fame of the country is elevated. Under a light, variable, complying manner, he conceals strongly determined points of character. There is great intensity and continuance in his nature. Beneath a superficial excitability and impulsiveness, the instincts of his deeper being move firmly onward, undeviating and unresting, through that sphere of mental interest to which he seems to have been predestinated. To inform himself of the history, peculiarities, and achievements of American effort in every form, in the past and in the present, to assimilate all this information into union with his own thoughts and views, and to organize the whole into grand and imposing views of national power, is the occupation always going on, by a kind of involuntary process, almost in the unconscious operation of this ever-active, ever-inquiring mind. This is the main pursuit of his life; all else is the by-play of his powers. It is this which gives permanence, and consistency, and unity to his character, amid the infinite multiplicity of concerns which engage his less profound attention. This imparts dignity, and the aspect even of greatness, to a mental career which, unless steadied by such a controlling passion and principle of the thought, might be frittered and frivolized by the multitudinous petty excitements to which it is subject. What-

ever 'quick whirls and eddies of the mind' may gyrate and gurgle on the surface, the under-current ever moves composedly onward through its direct and natural channel, and in due time deposits in glittering masses the golden particles which it had swept along with it.

With characteristics, and talents, and habits such as these, it is not surprising that his lore, on all matters connected with national history, biography, literature, is immense. He is, without doubt, upon the whole American subject, the most learned authority in the world. For ourselves, we can say that there are certain departments in this field, more especially connected with Revolutionary personages and occurrences, which have been to us a kind of *specialité* in study; but we have not yet found the topic upon which Dr. Griswold did not know all that we knew, and a little more. The system upon which all this erudition is stored and distributed, in his recollection, is deserving of imitation. There is nothing of the confusion, the chaotic agglomeration, which marks the lettered collections of the 'helluo librorum;' all is orderly, rational, connected. With great discretion he has especially cultivated that sort of information which consists, not so much in a treasury of facts laid away in the memory, as in familiarity with the sources of knowledge. It has been his practice to cultivate that style of research which the acute good sense of Dr. Johnson commended in Gilbert Walmesley, and the advantages of which all scholars are aware of—that where he does not possess the knowledge, he can at least tell where to find it. Ask Dr. Griswold as to an event or a character, somewhat recondite or controverted, and if he is not prepared to give you an exact and minute detail of the case, he will indicate, with promptness and precision, the avenues through which all the learning on the subject is to be reached; he will refer you to a letter in the middle of one book, an anecdote in the appendix of another, a disquisition buried in some series of a dozen volumes, by the combination of which a full view of what you are in search of will be reached; and he will furnish a just estimate of the comparative reliability of different authorities, and all that apparatus of study which is so satisfactory to the inquirer. His mind, in this respect, might not so truly be called a book as an index, by means of which many books may be consulted.

Doctor Griswold's life of mind is extraordinary. The energy and activity of his thoughts and efforts seem rather to be stimulated into higher force by the accumulation of toils. He cannot draw comfortable breath except in a whirlwind of occupation. To one who becomes slightly acquainted with him, and for the first time gets a glimpse into the many-roomed workshop of his mind, it is a matter of unfeigned astonishment to behold the all but limitless diversity of incompatible pursuits which this remarkable person is carrying on at the same time. As he becomes more extensively observed, and more thoroughly known, this early surprise gives way to a more permanent admiration at the distinctness with which these several employments are followed, and the unpausing onwardness with which each is carried forward duly to its conclusion. The taking up of a new project is no reason with him for abandoning or slighting an old one. It is a characteristic with him to finish every thing that he undertakes. He does not deal in unexecuted

suggestions or unterminated enterprises; every undertaking in his hands, soon sees its practical and final completion. Napoleon himself was not more habitually intent upon snatching the fruits of toil. Accordingly, in a brief life, he has accomplished a vast deal. As collector and editor, he has done in months what any other man would have required years for. As an original author, he has written thrice as much, perhaps, as any of his contemporaries. Much was transitory, and has passed away; much remains, and will long be valued. Yet with all this prodigiousness of employment, he always seems to be at leisure. In the morning, at noon, and in the evening, he is ready for any thing that his friends may propose; is always much at their service. A stranger who should be introduced to him, without a knowledge of his character or history, and should observe the eager force and earnest ability with which he threw himself into the trifles of the moment, would set him down, probably, for a gentleman of fortune and leisure, who lived chiefly in the drawing-room, whose mind habitually wanted occupation, had not enough for its energies, and was rather running to waste from what he himself has described as the 'luxuriance of intelligence unemployed.' Such a one might be surprised to learn that his gay and careless acquaintance had just published a large octavo volume, after three months' consideration, of which a dozen people, under any division of labor, might have been in gestation for as many lustrums; was carrying two or three more through the press; a monthly magazine; wrote the literary articles of one or two journals, and devoted twelve hours every day to the preparation of a great Biographical Dictionary — the *maximum opus* of his life.

It would be unjust to pass by the personal relation in which Dr. Griswold has always stood to the other authors of his country; the system of friendly assistance which he makes it his duty to maintain to all, who, in any sort, may profit of his kindness. He seems to possess an ardent and chivalrous love for the literary fame of his countrymen. He is ever ready to give any assistance that may be required in bringing out their works; and his acquaintance with the subject of publication in all its branches, and all its details, enables him to render aid that is of priceless value to the shy, nervous, secluded man of genius. 'A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse' possess irresistible claims upon his philanthropy. If the time and talents of a skillful editor, who will labor *gratuitously*, in some benevolent undertaking toward the works of some defunct, are needed, Dr. Griswold is counted upon with ready confidence. The case of the late Edgar A. Poe is an illustration of this matter, very honorable to the subject of our notice. There was nothing in the private relations of the parties to render it at all natural or probable that Mr. Poe should have left a request that Dr. Griswold would be the editor of his writings; but he knew the generous spirit and admirable capacity of the person whose regard he invoked, and felt assured that he would do in the best manner what probably no other would do at all. Services such as he is constantly rendering, give him a title to the gratitude, not merely of that large number of authors who have been immediately obliged by his courtesy, but of the country at large, which has derived from his efforts benefits which it

knows not of, and which ought to admire abilities so unselfishly exerted.* No one living has conferred such important favors upon the whole class of American authors, prose and poetical; and should he be withdrawn from the sphere which he fills with peculiar advantages, there is scarcely a considerable writer, from one end of the States to the other, who would not feel that he had sustained the loss of an invaluable ally. And it is not only his personal exertions that have thus been disinterestedly given to American letters, but his purse has ever been freely open for the promotion of the same class of interests. Many a struggling young adventurer in the fields of authorship, has owed to his generous hand the means of prosecuting and attaining his favorite aims. But the grace of such acts consists in their secrecy, and as the author of them has never divulged them, we cannot venture to refer to such as have transpired to us from other sources. The younger, less-favored class of American authors will never have a warmer friend, or, to use an old word, without the invidious sense which of old it may have borne, a more liberal *patron*, than he of whom we write.

The *boast* of heraldry, and the *pomp* of power, alike have vanished from an era of republican maxims; yet the rational interest of the one, and the substantial value of the other, have survived the change of forms, and sentiments, and institutions. Nowhere are genealogies explored and esteemed more than among the descendants of the Puritans; and New-England, we believe, is the only community which exhibits a society, and a periodical journal, devoted to the single purpose of tracing and recording pedigrees. It is wise, and it is natural; and like all of 'Nature's wisdom,' it finds its vindication equally in the instincts of the feelings, and in the conclusions of lengthened observation. Struck by an historic name, awaking associations with the fame of judges, governors, and other worthies of the republic, we made application to a member of the family for some details upon the subject. He has politely responded to our call, with a greater profusion of lore than we shall at present communicate to the public.

The family of Griswold — which has included many eminent persons in the annals of the colony, and of the state of Connecticut — is descended from George Griswold, called, in his epitaph, *Armiger*, of Kenilworth, in Warwickshire, England, and for several years, during the life of his father, Francis Griswold, described as of Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, where he was married. Of the ancestors of George Griswold, several had been in Parliament, and one, Philip Griswold (A. D. 1391 —1460,) was honorably distinguished in arms in the reigns of the Fifth and Sixth Henries. The sons of George Griswold, with a single exception, emigrated to New-England. Edward, whose name appears for some reason to have been changed from Francis, was one

* The writers of the country have not been unwilling to display their regard for him in ways the most suitable and graceful. Bayard Taylor dedicates to him his first book, 'Ximena and other Poems,' as 'an expression of gratitude for the kind encouragement he has shown the author.' The Rev. James Watson inscribes to him a volume of 'Discourses, as the first fruits of a mental and moral culture for which the author is chiefly indebted to him.' The lamented Mrs. Osgood addressed to him the splendid edition of her works, as a Souvenir of admiration for his genius, of respect for his generous character, and of gratitude for his valuable literary counsels; and we might quote perhaps a dozen similar tributes, from C. F. Hoffman, W. H. C. Hosmer, and other authors, illustrating the same feelings and opinions.

of the first settlers of Windsor, in the year 1630. Matthew also established himself originally in the same place, but after marrying a daughter of the first Henry Wolcott, he bought and occupied the place known as Black Hall, in Lyme, then Saybrook. Others of the family advanced farther into the interior, and are represented by the descendants of the settlers of Norwich, Killingworth (a corruption of Kenilworth), Griswold, and other towns of which they were the founders. Rufus Wilmot Griswold is of the ninth generation from George Griswold, of Kenilworth, in England; and on the mother's side is descended in the eighth degree from Thomas Mayhew, the first Governor of Martha's Vineyard. He was born in Rutland county, Vermont, on the 15th of February, 1815.

Much of the early life of Dr. Griswold was spent in voyaging about the wolrd; and before he was twenty years of age he had seen the most interesting portions of his own country and of southern and central Europe. Relinquishing travel, which had grown distasteful from indulgence, he suddenly married, and entered upon the fascinating but dangerous career of a man of letters by profession. *Quodcunque amat, valde amat,* is the character of his temperament, and he pursued this exciting occupation with earnest and enthusiastic assiduity. He had studied divinity, and has professed at all times to regard it as his vocation; but 'once a mortgage, always a mortgage,' is as applicable to the liens of authorship as to those of debts; and after nine or ten years passed chiefly in journalism and literary creation, it is not probable that he will ever wholly abandon the press for the pulpit.* There is no well-authenticated instance, we believe, on record, of a man who, for his own or his father's sin, has once been 'dipped in ink' of printers, either curing himself or being cured radically of that tetter of the love of approbation which the dusky immersion always leaves behind it.

Dr. Griswold's first habits of writing were formed under the suggestive culture of an elder brother, Mr. Heman Griswold, a highly accomplished and much respected merchant of Troy, in whose house he passed the winter of 1830. From that period, his fifteenth year, he has been a practised writer; though he considers himself as having produced nothing, before twenty-two, which he would now be willing to acknowledge. For a short time he turned his attention to politics, and conducted a political journal in the country. After this he was associated with the Honorable Horace Greeley in editing the 'New-Yorker,' and with Park Benjamin and Epes Sargent in the 'Brother Jonathan' and the 'New-World;' enterprises eminently successful, which influenced in various respects, and in an important degree, the character of the literary and newspaper press. In 1842–3 he was the editor of 'Graham's Magazine;' and by the attraction of his name and the liberal policy which he induced Mr. Graham to adopt, was

* Mr. E. P. Whipple, probably the most thoroughly accomplished of all our critics, observes in a recent sketch of Dr. Griswold: 'His acquirements in theology are very extensive. In his doctrinal notions he is inflexibly orthodox, and entertains some dogmas of peculiar grimness. Those who have never disputed with him on 'fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,' can hardly form a conception of his innate force of character. On these subjects he is a sort of cross between Descartes and John Calvin. In theology he is all muscle and bone. His sermons are his finest compositions, and he delivers them from the pulpit with taste and eloquence.'

enabled to bring into its list of contributors a better corps of writers, perhaps, than has ever before or since been boasted by such a work. Among these were Richard H. Dana, Esq., Washington Allston, J. F. Cooper, Bryant, Longfellow, Hoffman, Willis, and others. While he was editor, the circulation of the Magazine increased from seventeen thousand to twenty-nine thousand.

He has published a large number of volumes anonymously. One of these is a collection of his verses, and two others constitute a novel. He has also brought out anonymously, partly or entirely written by himself, six or eight works on history and biography, which, though they have satisfied the critics and the publishers, appear, from being unacknowledged, not to have satisfied their author. He has printed, at sundry times, seven discourses on subjects of history and philosophy, and a volume of sermons. In reviews, magazines and newspapers he has written largely; enough to fill a dozen octavo volumes. In 1844 he published 'Curiosities of American Literature.' We are indebted to him, moreover, for an edition of the prose works of Milton, preceded by an eloquent and valuable 'Life,' published in 1846. This was the first modern reprint of Milton's prose, and was a voluntary contribution by the editor to the fortunes of a worthy and interesting man of genius, the Rev. Herman Hooker, D.D., then struggling to establish himself as a publisher.

Dr. Griswold's position as a man of letters, however, is chiefly owing to his biographies and literary histories and disquisitions, in the 'Poets and Poetry of America,' 1842; the 'Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century,' 1844; the 'Prose-Writers of America,' 1846,' and the 'Female Poets of America,' 1848.

For the difficult office of determining and representing and pourtraying the respective merits of the authors of America, in which he has risen to an easy supremacy, and which now by common consent has been delegated to his hands, he undoubtedly has many rare qualifications. The mental attribute which he possesses in the most distinguishing degree, and to which his success is largely owing, is judgment. To say that he excels by that attribute is to award perhaps the highest praise that could be bestowed. The loftiest and rarest quality of the mind is judgment. It is above invention; it is beyond eloquence; it is more than logic. In every employment and every condition of life, private and public, deliberative and executive, the ascendancy of judgment over talent, wit, passion, imagination, learning, is evinced at once by the rarity of the endowment, and by the superiority which it is certain to confer upon its possessor. As a comparative critic, his opinions are always entitled to weight. Sensitive to the finest indications of literary promise; apt to detect essential merit, under whatever guise of oddity or affectation or bad taste; acute in perception, and comprehensive in sympathy; he always holds aloft, firmly and steadily, the scale of just decision, and reports the result without prepossession and without timidity. He possesses a rapid and sure *coup d'œil.* He surveys the merits of a volume with a scrutiny as piercing as it is brief, and arrives promptly at a result which will commonly be found to stand the test of prolonged examination. His sagacity has been so

often displayed and approved, that there is probably no one among us whose opinion on a question of literary merit would have greater influence with the judicious minds of the country. His shrewdness in prognosticating the popular taste is not less acute, and his perception of what is likely to be successful is as accurate as his appreciation of what is really meritorious.

The literary abilities displayed in the original portion of these works are entitled to very high rank, and are undoubtedly the sufficient cause of their popularity and permanence. Dr. Griswold's style is fresh, brilliant, delicate, perhaps over-delicate, but never feeble, and rarely morbid. With unerring accuracy, he always indicates the strong points of his subject; yet he indicates rather than seizes them. The outlines of truth are always traced with nicety and precision; yet are they traced rather than channeled. His coloring is refined, soft, suggestive; dealing in half tints, or mixed hues, more usually than in simple and contrasted colors. His perceptions are keenly intelligent, and full of vitality and vividness; but they are too mercurial, fugitive and hasty; they want fixity, persistency and prolongation. He touches some rich element of truth or beauty, but he does not linger upon it to develope and unfold its deep and full resources; he merely touches it, and is off in search of some remote conception, which he will strike and bound away from, like a glancing sunbeam. A discussion by him, therefore, is a series of gentle and delightful flashes, not a steady and prolonged blaze. The fault lies more in the school than in the performer. If he uses water-colors rather than oils, it is because the style is in mode, and not because the genius of the artist could not glow upon canvass as well as glitter upon paper.

But moral qualities of a very unusual and very elevated sort were needed for an undertaking like the one which we speak of, and it is here that Dr. Griswold's character rises to excellence. From partiality, from prejudice, from the bias of anger and the warp of affection, his nature seems to be wholly free. A writer so void of literary jealousy never was created upon the earth. He comes to his work, too, without any of those inveterate predilections or antipathies of taste which most men, as highly educated, contract. His views are not moulded in the forms of any systems, classes, or modes of criticism. His candor, sincerity, and utter fearlessness in avowing his genuine convictions are of inestimable value; and there is not only a perfect honesty in his mind, but a thorough freedom even from unintended predispositions and unconscious obliquities. Even where he cannot enjoy he appreciates, and he points out and expounds for the participation of others that which perhaps to himself may afford no pleasure. With some of the people in these volumes his relations are those of affectionate intimacy; with others they are decidedly hostile; yet cavil itself might be defied to show an instance in which he has over-valued the merits of a friend or done unfairness to the titles of an enemy.

But while we affirm that the author of these volumes has displayed in them remarkable qualities of mind and accomplishment, we admit at the same time that what he has yet done is not worthy of the capacity which he certainly possesses. Our settled judgment is, that Dr.

Griswold is a man of very superior and uncommon talents, and that he is destined to achieve much that shall be far beyond the line of his heretofore endeavors. We consider ourselves to be accurately acquainted with his nature; we have seen him closely at sundry times, and in various emergencies; with a severe, rather than a partial eye, we have explored and measured a character which interested our scrutiny. We are satisfied that neither the public nor Dr. Griswold himself has formed a just and adequate appreciation of the original and commanding abilities which he has. If opinion has fallen below his performances, they again are below his powers. His own great infirmity — if so interesting a peculiarity may thus be called — consists in a want of mental self-reliance; an absence of deep, broad confidence, in his own inherent and inborn strength. And that perhaps has betrayed the judgment of the public; for the latter is usually not disposed to take a man at a higher rate than he asks for himself. The community recognises him as an acute, searching, and correct critic; as a profound bibliographer and annalist; and as master of a bright, pointed, and discursive style, light enough to lend grace to the airiest topics, and vigorous enough to dash at the weightiest. Dr. Griswold is more than all that. He is a man of genius; abounding in the resources of inventive thought; gifted, evidently and copiously, with 'the vision and the faculty divine,' which give to the world more than they gain from it, and glorify all that they perceive.

There is a class of minds, whose dynamical condition is not quite accordant with their statical condition; who, in what they do, never perfectly represent what they are. Studied in themselves, they interest and impress; followed in their works, they disappoint. Endowed, unmistakably, with the characteristics of superiority, whenever they put themselves in action, some unlucky element mixes itself up with the operation, some trick of weakness displays itself, some false bias, some fatal affinity comes athwart the effort, to make it miscarry, and the movement which commenced from genius concludes in commonplace. The fault lies rather in the temperament than in the talent.

In Dr. Griswold's case, the misfortune, hitherto, has been that his interest in literary subjects has been so irritable, and his energy sprang with such instantness to seize every scheme which flashed before him, that the strong and firm capacities of his intellectual being have not had opportunity calmly and consistently to develop themselves. But within and beneath the volatile curiosity which is engrossed by externality, and almost entirely detached from it, is a deep, subtle, intensely-vital sensibility, which is a fund of creative affluence, and which, when fully worked out by the owner, will yield magnificent results. Separated from the electrical excitability of the upper and outer surface of the character, there lies a large substratum, whose action possesses a galvanic power and exhaustlessness. Hitherto, he seems not to have been able to master, and get the management and use of his genius. With the power, he possesses much of the impatience of that nervous temparament, which, when controlled, is inspiration and energy, but when unsubjected, is distraction and weakness. Time, which sometimes

builds up a character, by a process of breaking down its infirmities, will advance this person into a higher sphere of effort and distinction. When he has worked out and off the too fertile alluvion, whose rapid fertility has misled him as to the true wealth of his own being, he will discern the genuine treasures with which nature has endowed him, and will address himself to the duty which rests upon the depository of such resources. Of late, we have witnessed a decided increase in the force and freedom with which his native inspiration of thought throws itself abroad. What a profound, complete and exquisite estimate of the character of Poe, is that which has recently been copied through the papers. Yet it was thrown off within a few hours after the intelligence of his death reached the city by telegraph. We venture to predict a new and far brighter future for the fame of Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Ere many years are past, he will have vindicated his title to take rank among the most shining of our original authors.

Dr. Griswold possesses remarkable powers of conversation. At a dinner-table of literary men, and men of the world, few will equal him int he original, rapid, brilliant flow of his remarks. Such a scene is well suited to display the variety of his powers, and almost unlimited resources of his information. When animated by the presence of a company which commands his respect, and kindles his ambition, he seems to rise to a higher grade of faculties, to be gifted with new powers of memory, and to be furnished with unfailing supplies of appropriate and eloquent language. At such times, his discourse has the readiness, the fluency and the correctness of written composition. With a mind quickly susceptible to every suggestion of enlightened curiosity, he catches any topic which you may present, glances with swift yet natural transition from the thing before him to something a thousand leagues away from him; enters, if invited, upon a critical discussion of some doubtful and difficult subject in literary history, gives you new, particular, and exact views of it; or discusses the topics of the day, with a vivid interest, and such interior knowledge as might seem attainable only by one habitually behind the scenes in all places. At the least, he always keeps his company awake, and if a little given to paradox, he is not the less on that account a very lively and very agreeable companion.

His social virtues are excellent. He is a firm, devoted friend. He will go through fire and water to serve those whom he respects and values. As an enemy, he is dignified and not at all vindictive. In many instances he has treated with noble magnanimity, those who did him grievous wrong. When the confidence of his mind is given, he displays a chivalrous fidelity and loyalty. As the Quarterly once said of Dr. Parr, he would never think of cutting an old friend merely because he happened to be going to Botany Bay. When the town lays a man down, Dr. Griswold is disposed to take him up with increased ardor. He has a sort of Coriolanus-passion for unpopularity in a good cause. These are the peculiarities of a noble nature; and if they provoke the impertinence of the *canaille* of scribblers, they attract and interest the sympathies of gentlemen. J. H. M.

VISIONS.

Thou dost come to me in dreams,
When entranced in slumber deep,
And thy radiant countenance seems,
Like some angel-guard, to keep
Watch above my quiet sleep.

Or we seem to stray together,
Through some land of rare delight,
Where the sky's unstainéd ether
Is with sunshine ever bright,
And the earth with flowers is dight.

Trees are round, whose spreading shade
Seems inviting us to rest;
'Let us then, dear beauteous maid,
Seat us on Earth's fragrant breast,
Where the flowers long to be pressed.'

Birds like joyous spirits sing
'Mid the branches every where;
And near fountains upward fling
Dewy freshness on the air,
Making music rich and rare.

Thou dost lean upon my breast
With thy sweet lips near to mine,
Smiles that ne'er can be expressed
Linger round that rosy line,
In whose depths pearls faintly shine.

And I feel thy balmy breathing,
Warm and glowing on my cheek;
And thine arms around me wreathing,
Thrill my soul, till I am weak,
With a joy I cannot speak.

And thine eye — thy love-lit eye;
Half unclosed, yet who can tell;
O! I faint — I fall — I die!
Break, enchantress, break the spell,
Ere my spirit quits its cell!

. . . .

Now my soul is lapped again
In a maze of wildering thought;
Visions floating through my brain,
Void and formless as if brought
Unfinished to the mind, and fraught

With a thousand wayward fancies,
  Wild Imagination's brood:
Now some glorious vision dances
  Bright before me — now the mood
  Shifts, to dreamless slumber wooed.

Then once more thy countenance dawns
  On the deep night of my slumber,
Lighting up my heart's dark lawns,
Showering, in its valleys sombre,
  Rays of sunlight without number.

We are sitting side-by-side
  On a hill-top high and grand,
With a mossy seat supplied,
  By the soft cool breezes fanned,
  Breezes of a mountain land.

Lakes that rival with the sky
  In their azure beauty, spread
Far below, while, pure and high,
  The mountain rears its skyey head
  Where eternal snows are shed,
  By which yon sun-bright waves are fed.

There we sit and read the volume
  Of some mighty bard of old,
And his lays sublime and solemn
  Seem to grow more high and bold
  When from thy divine lips rolled.

Every feature of thy face
  Seemeth changed and glorified;
Free from earthly stain or trace,
  Spiritualized and purified,
  Fit to be a spirit's bride.

And thine eyes of liquid blue
  Melt with love and tenderness;
Them a sweet light trembles through,
  Making radiant all thy face
  With a matchless loveliness.

Thus thou seemest unto me,
  Sweetest vision of the night!
Making her grim demons flee
  Swiftly as the morning light,
  Puts the earth-born mists to flight,
  Making her than day more bright.

E. R.

Sheboygan Falls, (Wis.,) June 21, 1850.

The Bunkum Flag-Staff.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DESIGNED FOR GENERAL CIRKELATION, AND SUITABLE TO ALL TASTES.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '98; THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK; THE FOURTH OF JULY; LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

VOL. II. AUGUST 1, 1850. No. 4.

WAGSTAFF, EDITOR. CIRKELATE!

SOME NARROW AND PERREDJUDICED AND CONTRAKTED MINDS take offence at a *style* of writing of a unick lightness. They say that it is folly, and to their heads (being dull-headed) it may be so. Whereas, they do not see, that when an earnest man, who wants to do good, *adopts* (just as a man who has no children adopts) a certain method or style, no matter if it be Yankyism, or Carlylism, or the common method of talking of the ked'ntry, which, though homely, has a great deal of force into it, it answers his porpoise tolerabul well. We speak a pure Saxon English, and thereby rest content, without aimin' to be a great writer. You write a long moral essay, with a head and a tail, a firstly, secondly, thirdly, and conclusion to it, and nobody but the D. D.'s of the land read one word of it; and they read it not to get any good out of it, but to write another long moral essay in reply to it, and to show that their heads is rounder, keener, and more intellectewl. What is the use-t?

A NUMBER of communications which we have received are rejected. We shall keep them to light our (we do n't smoke any cigars) fire.

LET any man of true genus read ALBERT PIKE'S Hymns to the Gods, and if he do n't agree with us that they are of the excelsior kind of excellence in poetry, our reputation for taste (which is good) is altogether forfeit. Albert, they are superb. Give us more. Blackwood knows that it is a miracle that backwood should produce them; but this ked'ntry is the place for miracles. We can show them more gold, whether it be the mere dross of Californy, or the higher intellectual wares of Brainland, in one short moneth, taking it from the Bay of Fun-dy to Terra del Fuego, than down-trodden Ewrop can in one year. We are fresh.

THE other day, riding in an omnibus, (and omnibuses are rather too thick, some say, for the good of the city: we speak of York;) still we like to see them bobbing up and down over the Russ pavement, crammed with human beinks, forming with the drivers on top, who are crying in a fugue chorus, down by the Park: 'Ride up! ride up! ride up!' also by Niblo's Gardens, when the play is out, say eleven o'clock at night; and we should be

extremely sorry to see a rail-road laid down in that thoroughfare, on which folks would be carried on an air line, and some little boys and old gentlemen run over, at least more so than they do now by the hacks in rapid driving; and we can't for a moment of time think that the corporation would entertain (although they are fond of entertaining in their tea-room) such a projek, which would entirely destroy the looks of their thoroughfare, (why should they think that Broadway is too crowded when eyes and ears and muscles (we do not speak of the shell-fish) are a-plenty rapid enough to get out of the way if they were double as many omnibuses, what with twisting and turning and halting, and the proper number of policemen?) yes, we say, as we were riding the other day into an omnibus, we noticed a young man with a heavy chain about his bosom. The links of it look like the chain cable of a man of war, and at first we think he is going to the Penitentiary; but bimeby we see the chain made of gold. We whispers to a friend: 'What 's he been doing? and they must be getting rich at Sing Sing to send their prisoners out with gold chains.' 'Poh!' says he, 'what a green horn you are! You must be from Bunkum.' I said I edited the Flag-Staff. Might I put his name down for a subscriber? 'That young man,' said he, 'belongs to the Upper Ten of New-York, and that chain is tied to the eend of his watch.' Says I, 'You shaw!'

Who will send us a bottle of good wine? And Echo answers whoo? We do not ordinarily make use of it, but at present we are sick, and our physician has advised us to drink it.

Old Dr. Humbug and Young Dr. Humbug. — The strife between these medicals is not yet settled, and who has the better of it we can't say. At one time we think the Antick has it; at another, the Juvenile. That there is mercury in both these rival compositions of saxafax, not the least shadow of doubt. This had not ought to be. These gentleman do not do fair to sneak in this obnoxious substance under the disguise of molasses, when they know it is at a discount, and professed to be all vegetabel. You may rap mercury around with molasses, gentlemen; but he carn't be pinned down like a fly. He will git out and make himself known in the system. You can't *do it*, and we would n't take a drop of your saxafax if we knew there was mercury into it, sooner than rank p'ison. How is this? Have n't you said upon honor that you sold a pure article? We do n't like it. We will not advertise it in our columns. Which has the most concentrated pure saxafax into it has lately been diskivered by the saxafaxometer, whereby we learn that young Dr. Humbug's has ninety-three hundredths in it, (a very small *minymum*) and old Dr. Humbug's ninety-five hundredths in it (a very small *maxymum*.) In conclusion, we decide that they are both humbugs, and brothers ought not to fall out. Let the young Dr. look at that venerabel pictur' of the old Dr., all creviced and gullied with age, full of wrinkles over the brow, and learn to respect age, that your days may be long in the land. For ourselves we feel like a pedlar from the ked'ntry, who seeing a cat and a pole-cat contending by the highway, with spitting, ebulition, snarling, rangling, and excentricity of smell, remarked pithily, as he

turned aside to sell a pair of patent suspenders — he wished the devil had 'em both.

Too Bad. — We have received from a subscriber in California, from one Amos Brown, in part pay for one year's subscription, the followink articles which in his pecooliar spelling, he says is 'all the surkelatin' medium he can raze at present. Please gimme kredet into the next 'Flag-Staff' for following articles:

'1. Kase lam's wool. Don't bring too near phire. (This by experiment we found to be gun-cotton, and by-the-by, we were going to ask what has becum of gun-cotton lately? It made quite a noise a spell ago.)

'2. Kopper ornerment to put on the back of your watch with pictur' of kupid leading his sun bi a chane.

'3. One conternental Spanish milled half dollar, (it aint worth a cent.)

'4. The balans in Turkey money.' (A small Turkish copper coin.)

Our feelings were hurt. Not one of the above articles are included among those received by us for pay as advertised in prospectus. Living in California, could he not have sent us some of the dust? A mere handful? What would it have been to him? Why are men so unwilling to part with the *dust?* Of the hundreds who have it, not one in a hundred but hang onto it as if it was a part of their own natur'. We think it hardens the heart, and makes men more tight and stingy than what they were before. What is gold good for unless to make our feller men happy? Here are we chained to the oar like a gallon-slave, leading an exciting life of mind, and our subscriber Mr. Brown in Californy, where the gold is picked up in the streets, wants to pay us in conternental currency! We won't have it! Also, a 'pictur' of cupid' on copper! What do we want of kupid? We have had enough of kupid in our day. Magnificent man this Brown is. He also sends us a long letter very badly speld, so bad that we can't put it into 'Flag-Staff.' We herewith send him our bill, and he may pay it or not as he likes:

MR. BROWN, OF CALIFORNIA
To the Bunkum Flag-Staff Dr.
To one year's subscription, One hundred Dollars.

Let us see if his generosity will take the hint.

The weather has been very — for this climate — warm.

A large sturgeon was caught in this (we believe it was) harbor, day before, (we think it was) yesterday.

Since the death of our lamented President, the politicians have been on the *qui* (do'nt you call it) *vive.*

Captain Coddle is dead, and bore his dyin' testimony to the säas.

Is Mrs. Partington of the present day, any relation of the old lady who tried to sweep the sea out of her door with a broom?

☞ No connection of this paper with 'Trumpet Blast of Freedom.' What a ram's horn blast that fellow do blow!

The gash that was lately talked about do n't seem to burn. It is made of hidergen. We suspek the light is well enough, but as one of our Boston cotempery's has adequately said, people can't see through the *Paine.*

Original Poetry.

A BEGGAR told his sorrows one by one.
I answered, 'gold and silver have I none;'
And turned my back and waved a sad good bye.
When seeing tears were standing in my eye,
'Oh! *rich* man decked with diamonds from the mine,
Why deem,' he said, 'that treasures are not thine?
Let me but gaze upon those sparkling gems
And kings may wear their precious diadems.'

Selected Poetry.

BY THOS. RANDALL, A RESIDENT OF EATON, N. H.

Air: Old Hundred and Fifty.

GREAT GOD, I'll gaze and sing thy praise,
Here in this world of wonder;
While stars do praise, and comets blaze,
Each wakes my heart like thunder.

The clouds do clash, while lightnings' flash
Light up the vault of heaven;
The winds do pour, while thunders roar;
Thence wat'ry drops are given.

The clouds in haste are swiftly chased,
Drove by a windy motion;
Without delay they wing their way,
Borne to the briny ocean.

Thence, if they 're dry, receive supply,
To increase their wat'ry treasure;
Without delay they soar away,
And deal it out by measure.

Advertisements.

MR. PETER CRAM respectively informs the inhabitants of Bunkum and the adjacent and adjoining vicinity, that he has come to this place cal'latin' to lectur' and form classes in Sammody. He has been taughting for some time in the western ked'ntry, where he 'gin the most perfect satisfaction. The glorious art of music is not appreciated, military bands excepted, which he feels fully conscious of being capable of so doing, by a thorough knowledge of his system of rhythm, melody, and dynamics. Some attend to rhythm at the expense of melody, and some melodious at the expense of dynamics, while CRAM'S COMPREHENSIVE SYSTEM OF EASTERN SINGING THROUGH THE NOSE AND MEÖUTH comprehends all three. It walks up and makes its bow to rhythm, takes melody by the hand, and inculcates a thorough and entire knowledge on the part of the peupils of dynamics, thus includin' with its wide arms the whole subject of sammody. Who would be ignorant of sammody? This was known when the mornin' stars *sang together* for jëoy.

Mr. PETER CRAM respectfully invites those who are come, cal'latin' to make disturbance in his lectur's, to stay away. Having recovered from fits, he does not want ink-stands, or any other stands, to be thrown at his head; but when he says '*Scound!*' xpex those who are honest to hold up their heads and *scound*. Can also teach spellin' and writin'. A case of this kind recently presented. Some fellers came underneath his lectur'-room for the express porpoise to make disturbance. They had been and gone and got a butcher's blather, and had loaded it down up to the hilt with *selfrated kidergen gash*, and they was a-pumping it up right up into my lectur'-room. It was too bad. The first division went out and never come back: a clear loss to us of ten dollars. It was an xlent class. Those who wish to learn sammody requested to come, and the rest stay away. Mr. PETER CRAM will be in his room to-morrow morning, where he also takes daguerreotypes. Also a patent churn, to go by dog-power. And those informed ladies and otherwise who mean to come, as we hope they doo, terms moderate, that the police will be hired at a fixed salery to keep out the gash. It is too bad. We think we never smeld a more dreadful killin' smell; enough to generate the Shatick colera, no matter how healthy the community might be, besides breaking up the continuity of classes.

WANTED, a lawyer who will take pay in singing, and prosecute to the xtent of the law (makes no difference how xtensive the law may be) those evil-disposed persons who use the gash. Can any doctor furnish us with an eye-wash, and take sammody in pay? Also in need of a few planed pleank or boards to make benches out on, those now composin' the seats bein' full of splints, and not been set on long enough to get smooth. We have a little patent Opoddledoc we can recommend; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Would the tenor singer we instructed in Norwich, Connecticut, inform us of his whereabouts? Parents are informed that young children will be instructed in manners, and no pay asked or required. Mr. CRAM throws it in, to make the measure full, heapin' down, runnin' over. Call soon, as his stay in Bunkum is more than ordinary limited, and bring your singin'-books with you.

☞ New classes continually forming.

STRIDGY. — SMITH AND SMITHSON will publish to-morrow morning, as soon as the sun rises, a magnificent new work, of the above title, pronounced by adequate judges (and we rely on no others than those that are adequate) equal, if not superior, to Mr. COOPER'S 'Spy.' 'STRIDGY' is a novel of land and water, steam-ships, sailing vessels, sloops, schooners and rail-roads; and in order to bring it within the reach of every one, we have resolved to put it at sixpence. Who is there that cannot put out his hand and reach a sixpence? Send in your ordures, as the first edition is exhausted before it is gone to press.

MILLIONS, &c. — Water, Mush, and other Millions, now on hand by the wagon-load. Also, Straw, Black, Huckle, and other Berries, from Water, Shrews, and Canter Bury, the Jersey and other sands.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. — The follow'in' subscriptions have been received for Flag-Staff:

JOHN SHORTS,.....$1,00
P. P.,..... Cucumbers
T. T.,..... Grits
Mr. JOHNSON, Cherry Valley..Hay, Oats, 5 bushels
EPHENETUS TOMPKINS,...2 shillin's, in part pay
ELKARAT LAWRENCE,.....Some Joist
MARY SIMMINS,.....3 pair Stockin's
SQUEAKING JOHNNY,..... 1 load Manure
JEROTHNAIL BUBBINS,.....$1,25
AHOLIBAMAH JONES,.....Dried Apples
DONY WIX,.....Sour Crout
PETER KERNIPPLE, Saugerties,.....Shorts
A. V. M.,.....75 cents
POOR MAN IN ARKANSAS,..... A lock of Hair
From 'INSOLVENT,'.....Many Thanks
From A. B., J. R., &c, sundry things; but we are too sick to go on.

Prospectus.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF is published every now and then at Bunkum, and also at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER in New-York. It will take a firm stand on the side of virtue and morality. It has received the most marked encomiums from the press and from individooals. Our brother has also written to us in most flatterin' terms of our journal. We shall endeavor to merit these marks of favor, and it affords us the most adequate satisfaction to inform our readers that Miss MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL, the pleasant writer, who is all smiles and dimples, is ENGAGED — not to be married, reader though that *is* an event no doubt to take place — but is engaged to furnish a series of articles for this paper. Other talent will be snapped up as it occurs. All kinds of job-work executed with neatness and despatch. The Fine Arts and Literature fully discussed. There will be a series of discriminating articles on music, to which we call the attention of amatoors. PRINCIPLES OF 'NINETY-EIGHT, and all the great measures of the day, as well as all other principles, fully sustained vice uprooted by the heels, and cast him like a noxious weed away. For farther particulars see large head:

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF
IS EDITED BY MR. WAGSTAFF.

It gives us pleasure to state that the Flag-Staff meets with the warm approbation of our brother, from whom the following is an extract:

'DEAR BROTHER: I like your 'Flag-Staff' very much for the independen' course it pursues; and people in this part of the ked'ntry approve it very highly. Uncle JOHN is sick with the rheumatiz, but now better. Please set me down for one subscriber. Your affectionate brother,
'PETER WAGSTAFF.'

Mr. Woolsey approves it:

'MY DEAR FRIEND: I like your paper very much.
'JOHN WOOLSEY.'

RECOMMENDATIONS.

'IT is a good paper.'
Bunkum Flag-Staff.

'It beats our own paper all hollow; there is more humor into it.'
Trumpet-Blast of Freedom.

Horses and cabs to let by the editor. Old newspapers for sale at this offis. WANTED, AN APPRENTICE. He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post once't a-week to Babylon, Pequog, Jericho, Old Man's, Mount Misery, Hungry Harbor Hetchabonnuck, Coram, Miller's Place, Skunk's Manor Fire Island, Mosquito Cove and Montauk Point, on our old white mare, and must find and blow his own horn. RUN AWAY, AN INDENTED APPRENTICE, named JOHN JOHNS, scar on his head, one ear gone, and no debts paid of his contracting. California gold, banks at par, pistareens, fippenny bits and Uniten'd Stets' currency in general, received in subscription. Also, store-pay corn, potatoes, rye, oats, eggs, beans, pork, grits, hay, old rope, lambs'-wool, shovels, honey, shorts, dried cod, catnip, oil, but'nut bark, paints, glass, putty, snake-root, cord-wood, hemp, live geese feathers, saxafax, dried apples, hops, new cider, axe-handles, mill-stones, hemlock-gum, bacon and hams, gingshang-root, vinegar, punkins, harness, ellacompaine, hops, ashes, slippery-ellum bark, clams, nails, varnish, sheet-iron, hogshead shooks, old junk, sapsago cheese, whisk-brooms, manure, and all other produce, taken in exchange.

☞ Those who do n't want the last number of the FLAG-STAFF please return it to this offis, postpaid, as the demand for that number is very great. A patent churn

and washing-machine, to go by dog-power, are left here for inspexion.

☞ WANTED TO HIRE, A NEW MILCH FARRER COW; give eight quarts of milk night and morning; also, to change milks with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese once't a week.

☞ FOR SALE, A ONE YEAR OLD HEIFER. PAIR OF YOUNG BULLOCKS IN HARNESS.

Contents of the Present Number.

ART. I. EDITORIAL LEADER.
II. ALBERT PIKE.
III. ADVENTURE IN AN OMNIBUS.
IV. TO CORRESPONDENTS.
V. OLD AND YOUNG DR. HUMBUG.
VI. TOO BAD.
VII. A BOTTLE OF WINE.
VIII. ITEMS.
IX. POETRY.
X. MR. CRAM.
XI. STRIDGY.
XII. MILLIONS, &c.
XIII. ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.
XIV. PROSPECTUS.
XV. TABLE OF CONTENTS.

THE YOUNG WIDOW'S LAMENT:

OR THE PROMPTINGS OF NATURE.

I.

AH! why should I be sad to-day,
And weep among the flowers,
While Nature holds her bridal gay
To cheer the noontide hours?

II.

Say, am I not of temper mild,
To feel the gladsome thrill
That wakes the wood, the mountain wild,
The running, rippling rill?

III.

The little birds that cheer the day,
And wake the morning hours,
The same glad song to evening pay
Amid these secret bowers:

IV.

The tender ivy, bright and fair,
That twines the noble tree,
Fades not in desolate despair,
Though storms should rend it free.

V.

The brook that sparkles in the glade,
The flower that blushes near,
Have each their sunshine and their shade,
Yet they laugh through their year:

VI.

But I am left to mourn alone,
My tears must ever flow;
The sun that on my joys once shone
Now shines upon my wo.

e. m.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the July Quarter. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE and JAMES BROWN. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

PUNCTUAL to the day comes this long-established and influential Quarterly, freighted with more than its accustomed variety, and distinguished on the present occasion by somewhat more than its wonted fire and spirit. There are one or two papers in the present 'issoo' that 'bite shrewdly.' The usual collection of brief 'Critical Notices' is omitted, unless the various speeches, letters, reports, etc., touching the 'Action of Congress on the California and Territorial Question,' may be supposed to constitute such collection; but independent of these, there are nine articles proper, upon the following themes: 'Sir T. E. BUXTON'S Labors as an opponent of Slavery;' TRUMBULL'S 'Public Records of Connecticut;' 'THOMPSON and KAEMPTZ on Meteorology;' 'LODGE'S Translation of WINCKELMANN on Ancient Art;' COOPER'S 'Ways of the Hour — Trial by Jury;' 'HAWTHORNE'S Scarlet Letter;' 'ALISON'S Poems and Lectures on Art;' 'Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and the Arctic Regions;' and 'Public Libraries.' Of these several papers, those which have most interested us are those on TRUMBULL'S 'Public Records of Connecticut,' on COOPER'S 'Ways of the Hour,' and 'Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and the Arctic Regions;' although the articles on WINCKLEMANN and on 'Public Libraries' are eminently readable. From the paper upon COOPER we make the following extract. The author of 'The Spy,' the 'Pilot' and 'Red Rover,' who is so well known to the reading world in almost all modern languages, can afford to receive any amount of critical 'punishment' without flinching:

MR. COOPER as a novelist is but the ghost of his former self. He committed literary suicide at least ten years ago; and the volume now before us, though it bears his name, certainly affords no proof of his resurrection, or the restoration of his faculties. We are provoked enough to doubt the asseveration of the title page; The Ways of the Hour is *not* written by the author of The Spy; it is a lame and impotent caricature of that author's manner, exhibiting and exaggerating all his faults, but showing none of his excellencies, and not animated by one spark of his genius. With some glaring defects of manner, with ill-jointed and most improbable plots, feeble delineations of character, and an abundance of prosy conversations, the earlier fictions of that author still showed so many striking merits, as fairly to earn for him, for a while the title of the American novelist. His strength consisted chiefly in his descriptive power and his skill as a narrator. Many of the scenes and incidents created an interest that was almost painful. The escape of the pedler spy with a squadron of Virginia light-horsemen at his heels, the chase of an American frigate by an English squadron, the wreck of the Ariel, the defence of the island at Glenn's Falls against a troop of savages, and the battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill as witnessed by Lionel Lincoln, are passages almost unmatched for power, vivacity, and scenic effect by any novelist except SCOTT. The remainder of the story through which these fine sketches were distributed was generally a curious piece of patchwork, the best quality of which was negative; it did not avert the reader's attention from the incidents, and land or sea views, which alone were worthy of it. Characters supposed to be men and women flitted about, and held interminable conversations with each other about nothing at all; these were necessary, indeed, for the progress of the story, but they were none the less incumbrances. Mr. COOPER never invented but two probable and interesting characters in his life; LONG TOM COFFIN and the

LEATHERSTOCKING; and the latter of these, as if to show how much the writer was delighted with his success, was made to figure in about six different novels, at as many stages of his supposed life. This poverty of invention in character, and the almost total want of humor and pathos, are the probable causes why even the most successful productions of our author would seldom bear a second reading. They were commonly laid aside after the first perusal, with a feeling that the whole stock of amusement which they could afford had been exhausted.

'Mr. COOPER'S literary existence properly terminated with the publication of The Monikins, a novel of which it is not possible to say much, as we have never read it, and never met with any individual who had. It was the close of a lamentable series of fictions, the scenes of which were supposed to take place on European ground, and to embody the results of the author's observation while abroad. The good-natured and much-enduring public, slow to forget an old favorite, read them all through in the vain hope of finding somewhere a touch of the author's unrivalled power of description. But the first individual who made the same benevolent attempt upon The Monikins, dislocated his jaws before completing the second chapter; and no one has dared to repeat the experiment. Of the novels which have come after it, amounting on the average to at least one in each year, it is enough to say that they are written by a shade of Mr. COOPER, who represents very fairly his bad taste, his garrulity, and his prejudices, but bears no likeness of his manlier features. Many of them are not novels, or romantic fictions, in the proper sense of the term, but tedious arguments, or querulous pleas addressed to the community's sense of justice, founded on the imaginary slights or wrongs which the author has suffered. He has had the misfortune, apparently, to quarrel with the world, or with that small portion of the world with whom the location of his property brings him immediately in contact. He has thought proper to carry on this war with his own peculiar weapons, by publishing a series of stories, which appear to be very bitter village satires. P. P., clerk of our parish, has seemingly quarrelled with the minister, the doctor, the lawyer, and the representative to Congress; and he seeks to gain his revenge by gibbeting them all in print. But he has succeeded in manifesting his purpose, much more than his power to wound; he has shown bad policy, bad temper, and bad taste. If his satirical strokes are really directed against individuals, as they appear to be, the intended victims are shielded from harm by their own insignificance. The world at large does not know, and cannot know, that Lawyer TIMMS stands for Mr. A., that Mr. B. is pilloried under the appellation of SAUCY WILLIAMS, or that Mrs. POPE represents the garrulous and silly busybody, Mrs. C. These worthy individuals are no more personalities in the world's eye than so many letters of the alphabet.

'We would not do Mr. COOPER any injustice. We know nothing of the grounds of his dispute with his neighbors, nothing of the causes which have brought upon him the enmity of many newspapers editors, or have involved him in a long succession of lawsuits. It is even possible that he has not alluded to these personal matters in his recent novels, but that the ill-favored pictures in them are only types of a class, not portraits of individuals. If so, our ground of censure is only shifted, not taken away. If he has not quarrelled with a particular society, he has quarrelled with all North-America; if these sketches are not libels upon individuals, they are libels upon his countrymen at large. They are ebullitions of ill-nature, petulant manifestations of an irritable and scolding temperament. Mr. COOPER evidently does not like our American works and ways. But he cannot censure them in the spirit of a philosopher or a humorist; he can only croak and growl. Consequently, his sketches of character abound in marks of bad temper and savage exaggeration, without being enlivened by a single stroke of wit or playful fancy, or evincing any power of grotesque and humorous combination. Hence, they appear, as we have said, like personal satires or libels; their aspect is neither truthful nor complaisant. They are not imaginative portraitures of American life in general, but sour caricatures, it matters not whether of persons or classes.'

Among other amusing things quoted in the article on the 'Public Records of Connecticut' we find the following order touching the chewing of tobacco: 'In a long order, very elaborately drawn up, all minors, and all other persons not already addicted to the noxious weed, were forbidden to use it, except under a physician's certificate that it would be useful to him, and a special license from the court. In order that the persons thus excepted might not abuse the indulgence, it was further provided, that no one should 'take any tobacco publiquely in the street, nor shall any take it in the fyelds or woods, unless when they be on their travill or joyrny at least ten myles, or at the ordinary tyme of repast commonly called dynner, or if it be not then taken, yet not above once in the day at most, and then not in company with any other.' Bravo! Let the degenerate legislators of modern times, who spend three months in discussing an abstraction, and then adjourn without coming to any conclusion respecting it, take a lesson in cautious, minute, and practical law-making from our Puritan forefathers.' From the paper upon 'Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and the Arctic Regions,' we take a single passage, touching upon the expedition recently sent out through the munificent philanthropy of Mr. GRINNELL of New-York: 'We confidently expect this scintillation of American energy will achieve something memorable, perhaps find FRANKLIN, perhaps trace the configuration of the unknown coast ar north of the Parry Islands, perhaps make some discovery that no one wots of.

Many exploring expeditions have hovered around the antarctic ice, but it was reserved for an American to find the land which lies behind it. More than one expedition has been sent to the Jordan and the Dead Sea; but only the American succeeded in making a survey of them. More than one great nation has talked of digging a canal or building a rail-road across the isthmus of Panama; but only the American has begun the work. We are now to see what this same energy will accomplish on the peculiar ground of British discovery. These expeditions cannot be abortive. If FRANKLIN is alive, as they who ought to be most capable of judging say he is, he certainly will be found; if not, his loss will be ascertained. At any rate, important geographical discoveries will be made.' The 'North-American' has made a mistake in assigning to Mr. MOSES GRINNELL, of New-York, the honor of this enterprise. It is not that quick-judging, quick-acting, opulent and liberal merchant, who has taken the matter in hand, but a brother, and former partner, HENRY GRINNELL, Esq.; a man of equal liberality, but of a retiring, quiet nature, who silently makes up his mind to perform a noble act, and then enters upon its performance with a confidence that nothing can daunt. There is still another brother, Hon. Mr. GRINNELL, member of Congress from the New-Bedford district of Massachusetts, a man of sound qualities as a legislator, and a merchant of large fortune, and of the highest character. We are glad to learn that the circulation of the 'North-American' is increasing. It well deserves this favor at the hands of our countrymen.

THE KORAN, COMMONLY CALLED THE ALCORAN OF MOHAMMED. Translated into English immediately from the Original Arabic. In one volume. pp. 670. Philadelphia: J. W. MOORE, Number 193 Chesnut-street.

THE recent interesting 'Life of MOHAMMED,' by Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, which has been so widely perused, will awaken a new interest in the volume before us. It contains a great number of explanatory notes, taken from the most approved commentators, to which is prefixed a preliminary discourse. The present is a new edition, and is enriched by a memoir of the translator, 'GEORGE SALE, Gent.,' and with various readings and illustrative notes from SAVARY'S version of the Koran. Many a reader of the book before us will be surprised to find what sort of a work the Koran really is. 'As false as the Koran' is a common expression, yet it contains many and great truths. The very opening sentences, (which compose a prayer that is held in great veneration by the Mahommedans, who repeat it in their public and private devotions as Christians do the LORD'S prayer,) are fervent and beautiful, and such as would become any Christian to repeat, and to treasure up in a 'good and honest heart:' 'Praise be to GOD, the LORD of all creatures; the most merciful, the King of the Day of Judgment! THEE do we worship, and of THEE do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom THOU hast been gracious; not of those against whom THOU art incensed, nor of those who go astray.' 'MOHAMMED,' says the translator, 'gave his Arabs the best religion he could, as well as the best laws, preferable at least to those of the ancient pagan law-givers. I cannot see, therefore, why he does not deserve equal respect, though not with MOSES or JESUS CHRIST, whose laws came really from Heaven, yet with MINOS or NUMA, notwithstanding the distinction of a learned writer, who seems to think it a greater crime to make use of an impostor to set up a *new* religion, founded on the acknowledgment of one true GOD, and to destroy idolatry, than to use the same means to gain reception to rules

and regulations for the more orderly practice of heathenism already established.' The volume under notice is well printed, and great care has been taken to prevent its being disfigured by typographical errors, which are peculiarly objectionable in a work of its kind, because they would render it unsafe to be consulted. The sketch of the life of SALE, the translator, contains many particulars not hitherto stated, and successfully vindicates his memory from aspersions which have been cast upon it by the prejudiced or the ignorant.

THE OLD JUDGE, OR LIFE IN A COLONY. By Judge HALIBURTON, author of 'SAM SLICK, the Clock-Maker.' New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

THESE sketches, twenty in number, are drawn by the author from nature, after a residence of half a century among the people whose habits, manners, and social condition they delineate. The writer has given to his work the form of a tour, and to himself the character of a stranger, 'for the double purpose of avoiding the prolixity of a journal, by the omission of tedious details, and the egotism of an author, by making others speak for themselves in their own way.' It is the rare ability to do this latter, which imparts such a charm to the writings of Judge HALIBURTON. His style is the perfection of ease; and one can hardly fail, in opening a page of his, to be interested by the simplicity and nature of his dialogue or narrative; always excepting when he mounts a political hobby, when he is as dull as political conversationists usually are. Some of the sketches contained in the volume we have before encountered in the pages of FRAZER'S Magazine; but they have been revised, and their order adroitly transposed, so as to make them blend harmoniously with the additional numbers contained in the work. It is a matter of some self-denial, but we must content ourselves with a passage or two from only one out of the twenty sketches before us; '*The Old Admiral and the Old General*,' a well-contrasted and well-depicted pair of portraits. After remarking upon the 'days of puppyism' of the army subaltern, the old judge observes:

'THE dear little middy is a different sort of person altogether; he does not try to play the man, for he actually is one; a frank, jolly, ingenuous fellow. The cockpit is no place for affectation and nonsense, and if by any chance they find their way there, they are expelled forthwith by common consent; there is no pity or sympathy even for the real distress of an 'exquisite.' I recollect an anecdote of poor THEODORE HOOK'S on this subject. 'I never knew,' he said, 'but one instance of real sympathy. I was in an outward-bound man-of-war off the Cape of Good Hope. The weather was very stormy, the sea ran mountains high, and the ship labored dreadfully. One night I put on my dreadnought coat and nor'-wester hat, and went on deck. It was so dark, and the rain falling in torrents, that it was difficult at first to distinguish objects. The boatswain was pacing to and fro as usual, on his watch, and I held on by the rigger, for the purpose of ascertaining his opinion of the probability of a change of weather, when I heard a voice like that of a child crying. The sailor and I both approached the spot together whence the sound issued, where we found a little midshipman weeping bitterly, as he clung to the weather bulwarks to protect himself from the storm. 'Hullo! who are you that are blubbering like a baby there?' said the veteran, in a voice that resembled the roll of a drum. 'Lord WINDLAS, Sir,' was the reply. 'Who the devil sent you here?' 'My father, Sir.' 'More fool he for his pains!—he ought to have kept you at school. Did you cry when you left home?' 'Yes, Sir,' said the little fellow, releasing his hold, and putting both fists to his eyes, as if to stop the gushing tears. 'And your mother; did she cry?' 'Ye-es, Sir.' The old tar paused for a moment, as if touched by this instance of maternal tenderness, and at last said, in a voice of great feeling, 'Poor old devil!' and twitching up his waistbands, resumed his walk. Now that,' said HOOK, 'was the only instance of real sympathy I ever saw. 'Poor old devil!' How much those words convey when they come from the heart!'

A good idea of the character of the 'old admiral' may be gathered from this little passage between himself and the 'old judge' who records it:

''My good friend,' he said, 'your country has had more than its share of your time and attention. I must monopolize you now while you are in Halifax, for we have our mutual histories to relate, and much to say to each other. To-morrow we are to have a regatta. I suppose it would be *infra dig.* for the old judge and the old admiral to dance a jig together before the youngsters, but I 'll tell

you what, old boy; I do n't know what you can do, but I could dance one yet, and, by JOVE! when we are alone this evening we will try. It will remind us of old times. What has become of the SMITHS? — monstrous fine gals those! — I have often thought of them since.' 'Dead.' 'Dead! the devil they are! — how shocking! And those two romping little BROWNS? — married, I suppose, and have romping little daughters?' I shook my head. 'Gone, too?' I said. 'You forget that forty years have passed since they were young, and that the greater part of that generation has passed away.' 'Well, thank GOD! you and I, old fellow, have not passed away! I do n't know what you intend to do, but I have no idea of going yet, if I can help it. I am worth a dozen dead men, and so are you.' While active employment had kept him so busy that he appeared not to have been aware of the lapse of years, time also had passed him without notice; his spirits were as buoyant and joyous as ever.'

The old admiral relates the following anecdote of an old uncle who commanded a frigate on the Boston station, previous to the American revolution:

'HAVING put into one of the puritanical ports of New-England, he happened to dine on shore, and, as usual with him when not on board, got tipsy. The selectmen, who affected to be dreadfully shocked at such a bad example being set by people in high places, apprehended him and put him in the stocks, as a terror to all evil-doers. For once in his life, for he was a violent-tempered man, he uttered no threats and made no complaints, but quietly submitted himself to the inevitable insult. On the following day he called upon the committing magistrates, applauded their zeal and impartiality in administering the law, and invited them to come and dine on board with him, as a proof that they no longer harbored any resentment against him for the heinous offence he had perpetrated. This they readily agreed to do, and were accordingly most kindly received and hospitably entertained, and enjoyed themselves exceedingly. As the time approached for their departure, a servant entered the cabin and whispered to the custos that there was a gentleman above who desired to speak to him for a moment on urgent business. As soon as the justice made his appearance on deck the boatswain seized him, stripped him, and tying him up, gave a dozen lashes. Each of the others were severally summoned, and punished in a similar manner, when they were set on shore; the anchor was hoisted, and the vessel put under weigh for England.'

Rather 'sharp practice,' this, and not over-hospitable, the good dinner to the contrary notwithstanding. Such a dessert should not have crowned such a feast, although revenge might suggest that it was only their just deserts.

EUTHANASY: OR HAPPY TALK TOWARD THE END OF LIFE. By WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, Author of 'Martyria,' etc. Second Edition, with Additions. Boston: WILLIAM CROSBY and H. P. NICHOLS.

THIS is a very delightful book. There is a tone of tender religious feeling running through it; a deep sense of the duties and responsibilities of this present life, and a just and vivid conception of the 'life which is to come.' Moreover, the style of the work is in the highest degree attractive; being simple, colloquial, and yet always dignified; while its illustrations, drawn from nature, are invariably felicitous. We have said thus much, rather to indicate than to set forth the character of the work, for we lack space for extended extracts, being compelled to limit our strong desire to that end to the annexed brief passage: 'To many men the next world is blank, because they do not know how they are to feel in it. Yet how they now hear and see and feel they cannot at all tell. I touch this table with my hand, and now in my mind there is knowledge whether the table is hard or soft; but, up my fingers and arm, how did the sensation of touching the table pass into my brain? I do not know. Now, as I speak, the air between us vibrates; there are airy vibrations; this we know; but there is no knowing how the words of my mouth become instant ideas in your mind. How our souls will live hereafter is not a greater mystery than how our bodies do live now. This world is not like a parlor, in which we know all the furniture and every corner; if it were, we might well shrink from death, and think it a door opening out of the familiarly known into the fearfully unknown. Birth, growth, health and sickness, labor wearying the body and sleep refreshing it, food supporting and poisons hurting it; of life in every way, we must say that we cannot tell how it is. And yet there are persons that shrink from the future life, and some that do not

believe it, because they do not feel in what way it will be; while what the way is of the very life they are in they cannot tell; for they cannot tell how sight gets into the brain through the humors of the eye, nor how movements of the air get through the ear to be thoughts in the soul. They do not like thinking of death, because it opens into mystery; while they themselves live in mystery, and move in it, and have all their being in it. A man fears for his soul in a new world, while he cannot find a bird, or animal, or insect, not one, which its life does not exactly suit. Out of the body his soul will go into the man knows not what state, and so his mind misgives him; while there is not a swallow comes out of its egg-shell into this great world unsuited to its manner of life; and because the swallow wants it, there is an instinct of flight in it at a month old which is wiser than geography and astronomy and meteorology.' Are there not some of the more intimate friends of the EDITOR hereof who have heard him make use of the very same remarks, the self-same illustrations, with which the foregoing passage opens? They seemed to us, when we encountered them, a reflex of our own thoughts in our own language. The volume before us is neatly executed; and we predict a speedy 'third edition.'

'THE VERY AGE:' A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS. By EDWARD S. GOULD. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

IN one respect, at least, this 'Very Age' is 'the very thing.' It is as keen a satire upon the fashionable apes of foreign follies and vices in this metropolis as one could desire to read. The hits at the absurd imitations of the parvenues of 'upper-tendom' are biting and incessant, and they will 'tell' upon the reader because they are richly deserved. How this comedy would appear, in a representation upon the stage, we have no actual means of knowing, since it has never been acted; but, bating perhaps, in one or two instances, a slight tendency to exaggeration, we see not why it should not prove entirely successful as an acting play. It is full of 'stirring situations;' the interest is seldom interrupted by what is known as 'dramatic necessity;' the scenes are short and various, and the dialogue, in parts, of unusual spirit. The dinner dessgrémens at Mrs. JENKINS', with her country visitor; the varied and exciting scenes between Mrs. RODNEY, Mr. ERSKINE, his daughter, and the pseudo 'COUNT DE BREESI,' are crowded with various excitement, and could not fail, we think, to be eminently representable; certainly they are preëminently readable. In a word, there is *acted* in this play that state of society represented by 'Mrs. SPRIGGINS' in her description of the duties and occupations of 'good society,' as now established in New-York: 'We leave cards upon our friends once a-year. Once in a week we have receptions, when our friends call and talk of the weather and the fashions for ten minutes. We accept invitations to balls four times in a week, and as much oftener as we can get them. Preparations for these occupy us from breakfast at eleven o'clock until half-past ten in the evening. And when we get to the balls, we say 'How d 'ye do?' stand, push, squeeze around hot and crowded rooms, look at the children dancing, and are too happy when supper is announced. We go to the Opera three times in a week, where we see everybody, and learn and retail all the scandal of the day. We go to church of a Sunday morning in the fashionable season, provided the weather is good and the coachman disposed. And, finally, we go to the theatre whenever a dancer is announced who can swing her foot above the top of her head.' With which facts, we take our leave of this clever comedy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE KNICKERBOCKER AMONG THE 'OUTSIDERS.' — We had quite an idea of the 'diffusion' of the KNICKERBOCKER, recently, when we received, in one day, from Turkey, France, Central America, and California, letters-complimentary, touching our 'conduction' of these pages. From one of these, written by a friend who will not be unrecognized by all our readers, we make bold (we trust not *too* bold) to make a few extracts. The date is, 'Leon de Nicaragua, February 11, 1850: 'What a werry hextraordinary coincidence!' Only to think, that I should be journeying from Leon to Grenada just at *that* time! Not 'journeying' exactly, either, but sitting on the shores of Lake Nicaragua, with its waters glowing under the rosy light of a tropical sky, and lapsing around the bases of those giant volcanos, which frown down upon them from the home of the thunder, beneath the shade of a great ceiba, thrusting out its long branches a hundred feet on every side, and gay as a city with its feathered tropical denizens; just to think, that I should be sitting there, (BEN. watering the horses the while,) tossing the rounded pebbles of pumice-stone on the water, and watching them come tip — tip — tipping back, like fairy boats, and thinking how quiet all this was, but how soon perhaps the commerce of the world might be whirling, crushing, steaming, and smoking over the virgin waters, and along their wooded shores; thinking if hereafter, when we all shall have gone down to the grave, the pen of the historian shall write that he, the dusty, musing, weary, pebble-tossing traveller, in the midst of wars and revolutions, alone, without a hand to help him, had paved the way to the grandest enterprise that human daring had ever attempted, or human ingenuity achieved; thinking why the d — l there was no news from home; of the broken faith of 'promising' correspondents; what rousing good social fires they must have there 'about these days;' of new books; and what a *lively* prospect of fleas there was for the night in the Indian huts at Matearas, 'whitherward the childe was wending;' thinking, in short, of a thousand things, when all at once, turning short around a large rock, with a suddenness which brought my hand on the hilt of my sword 'in a winkin', came — what do you suppose? Only a mule, a sorry mule, and an Indian, a naked Indian, spurs on naked heels, rowels three inches long. Well, the aforesaid Indian had a roll before him, a maléta, and as no Indian carries a maléta for himself, (for what has *he* got to put in *malétas?*) it was clear he was a carrier. 'Dónde?' 'Leon, Señor,' with a reverential touch of the hat. A hope! 'Courier?' 'Sí.' 'For whom?' 'El Ministro!' The way that maléta came down was 'no ways slow;' and the way cords were cut, and the contents dragged to light, was n't much slower. And now I come to the 'hextraordinary coincidence.' The first cosa

that turned up was the KNICK. for July, 1849, with its purply, lilac cover, and it opened *right on him*, 'and nobody else!' I laughed and *he* laughed, and then we both laughed, and such a noise we made, that several long-legged cranes, that were meditating in the water close by, lifted up their heads and cried *huck!* which being interpreted meaneth 'Go it!' Painter and engraver seldom succeed so well; and as my friend OCHELLUS LUCANUS says: 'In similitudes there dwelleth life;' so I got up on a rock, and turning out the page, let him take a look around. So if you have dreamed a magnificent dream of mountain, wood and lake, thank me for it. Well, we had a time of it there, much to BEN.'s disgust, and to the amusement of the Indian, who probably supposed that was the way all Americans perform when they get couriers. Finally BEN. suggested that we had five long leagues more to go that night, and that it was said armed bands were about; but trusting to the magic of the word 'Americano,' I was not much concerned on that score. I did n't go off, be sure, until I had dipped into every dish in all the 'Tables' of the numbers sent me. Indian turned back with us, and a 'cussory view' in the maléta revealed many letters with small seals, and some with 'broad seals.' I comforted myself, and verily I say unto you, the weary way to Matearas never seemed so short. That night I 'put up' at the most respectable hut I could find; that is to say, it had a *door*, so that pigs and other 'small deer' might be kept out, if they could be got out. Perhaps you do n't know the ceremony of 'putting up' in these countries? I 'll tell you in a word. It consists in riding up to the house or hut which looks most promising, throwing your blanket over one shoulder, and your holsters over the other, walking in with 'Buena noche, Señora,' and taking the best place you can find. If there is a hammock, you pitch into it, and you are 'put up.' Meanwhile your man attends to the horses and gets coffee, which you always carry with you. You eat a dingy tortilla, and a boiled egg, without a knife, fork or spoon, unless you carry those luxuries with you, and then get to sleep as soon as the fleas will let you. But this was an extraordinary occasion: I had letters and papers to read, and a 'three-months' letter from home,' and I asked for light. '*Tiena una candelita, Señora?*' 'No hay,' as I expected. But after much search, a small one, about the size of a string, was found, two-thirds wick only: it belonged to the padre, and I got it for a quartillo, three cents continental currency. A little naked Indian boy was converted into a candle-stick, and then what a ripping of seals and wafers! I have a remote suspicion that it was a scene for a painter, and I 'raither guess' government despatches were never studied under more edifying circumstances than by that dim light, in that floorless and almost roofless Indian hut. I asked the man why he did n't stop the roof? 'Because,' he said, 'it was the dry season now; when it commenced to rain it would be time enough!' 'But bless me! how I have run on! And as I suppose you have mastered the 'coincidence,' I 'll omit the rest of the adventure, for 'will it not be written in the *Book* that is to be?' Beside, am I not going to visit the city of Gotham when the strawberries ripen in June?—the thought of which—ah! oh! deary me! Talk of your tropics, and orange trees, and all that! Gammon! gammon!

'Meet me at DELMONICO's, July twelfth, half-past six o'clock, and meantime believe me, Yours ever, A. O. A.'

'EL MINISTRO' kept his word. He was in Gotham at the time and place named. So was 'Old KNICK.' Also the dinner was good. Eke the wines. And our children play with the neighbors' children, just as they always used to do. We are an American citizen. This ked'ntry is a republic. And this page is filled out.

AN EBULLITION OF LOCAL PATRIOTISM. — The following ebullition of Fourth of July patriotism was despatched by a Philadelphia correspondent to a committee of his native town in far 'down-east,' who had invited him to be present on the occasion of celebrating the late 'Sabbath-day of Freedom.' It is worthy the columns of 'The Bunkum Flag-Staff:'

'GENTLEMEN: Circumstances will prevent my arrival down-east in time to take part in the celebration of the great birth-day of our liberties which you propose getting up. I cannot, however, suffer this opportunity to pass, without defining my position on the many great questions of internal policy that agitate the enlightened community of Down-East. Born beneath its sunny but often fog-veiled skies, nourished upon its song-inspiring clam-banks, trained under the awful shadow of its learned pedagogues' chastising rod, cold, cold indeed must have grown my heart not to feel the deepest interest in the welfare of the land of steady habits, fair maidens and spruce-gum! Land of my boyhood's home! how gaily have I ranged among thy lumber-laden hills, thy potato-growing valleys, thy slow-meandering streams, and thy fog-bound sea-shore! How often has the music of thy jarring saw-mills floated upon the evening breeze, and formed my childhood's soothing lullaby! I have waded through thy labyrinths of unfathomable mud; I have been half smothered in thy clouds of moving dust; I have more than once been precipitated into thy tossing floods of mingled saw-dust and sluice-water. If after this I forget the land of my birth, may my pen become a lathe-edging and my ink turn to Schoodich mud!

'Let me imagine myself transported on Fancy's flitting wing, and seated on some time-honored rail-fence that overlooks the great metropolis of Lumberdom. I look around: I see innumerable saw-mills cutting with ceaseless clatter the great hemlocks of the forest, floated for many a mile between the muddy banks of Schoodich, from where its sparkling waters come dancing down their native hills, and like a maiden of sweet sixteen, seem ever on a frolic, till here, where they go moving by as stately and sedate as that same maiden, after the lapse of time, in a muslin cap, false curls, and a half-dozen little responsibilities. I see the strong-built ribs of ships now in process of construction, that shall one day mock the baffled winds, buffet the crested waves, and make the pathless ocean a highway to the world; I see your harbor defended by the painted port-holes and wooden guns of yon brig, that seems to frown destruction on every audacious intruder; I see your bay, whitened with the sails of a prosperous commerce; your streets, thronged with hurrying crowds engaged in the busy details of a thriving internal trade; Bog-Brook farmers marketing their unplanted crops of clams and flounders; Hardscrabble importers, purchasing pork by the pound and molasses by the bottle-full; and Bayleyville lumber-merchants exchanging a nag-load of 'nigger shingles' for a keg of New-England rum.

'Science and art, too, under the benignant smile of Liberty, have clustered their purple honors around the national standard, like a hop-vine around a bean-pole. On every hill I see perched your halls of science, where are dispensed the blessings of the rod alike to the sons of the proudest village store-keeper and the humblest clam and potato-digger. In the front-windows of our print-shops may be seen the high imaginings of our skilful artists embodied in all the colors of the rainbow, and sold in white-pine frames for only twenty-five cents! See too the soaring genius that counterfeits the human form divine, in the exquisite specimens of statuary wrought out in sugar-candy, and literally devoured in admiration by every young 'sucker' in our land!

'These, *these*, my countrymen, are the transplendent effects of that liberty fought for by our sires of 'Seventy-Six, defended ever since by the unflinching efforts of the unterrified democracy, and to-day most patriotically toasted in uncounted bumpers of small-beer and lemonade. Continue ever thus to honor it! Let the dawn of this day be ushered in with the firings of big guns; let the flag of freedom float from every liberty-pole in the land; ring your church-bells, beat your bass-drums, blow your horns; call together the young and rising generation, upon whom one day shall devolve the high destinies of Down-East; fill their budding minds with befitting ideas of the great ked'ntry they live in; stuff their pockets with gingerbread and India-crackers; call out the veteran militia, who have so bravely defended our frontiers ever since the famous Aroostook war; fire their gallant souls with the memory of past struggles; of whole days spent in trudging through the untried realities of Schoodich mud, filing around the ponderous pillars of the 'St. Croix Exchange,' (or in other words, the town hay-scales,) and parading in front of the office of '*The Bald-Eagle of Freedom*,' while ever and anon fell some gallant comrade, under the influence of too much 'grape.' Remind them of those dark portentous times when the general muster was broken up by an unforeseen shower of rain, or when, their manly souls inspired to deeds of chivalry and war, they rushed pell-

mell through well-aimed volleys of blank-cartridges into the deadly maze of a sham-fight. Green goslings grow grey geese in peace and quietness on the fields that witnessed their valor, but the memory of their mighty deeds is recorded high on the rolls of fame, and in the laudatory columns of 'The Bald-Eagle of Freedom.'

'From the proud contemplation of the glorious struggles of the past, turn we to the smiling vista of the coming future. Let us contemplate some of the mighty projects which are on foot among us, and destined to work an entire revolution in our community. By the unpublished journal of proceedings of the last meeting of the 'Bog-Brook Sewing Society,' I learn, that just after the report of the committee on village gossip, it was unanimously voted that 'it became one of the objects of this society to distribute copies of Elder GRANT's last Thanksgiving Sermon to every destitute heathen, printed in capital letters, to facilitate its perusal to their benighted intellects.' Such a movement, I am convinced, must prove a moral rail-road on the highway of reform; and should its very worthy originators' fingers move half as glibly as their tongues, no one can doubt its final and complete success. By an extra number of the 'Bald-Eagle,' got out on the arrival of a gondola-load of rock-weed from 'The Devil's Head,' I see that 'The Baring and Bog-Brook Rail-Road' is fast progressing toward completion. Well may the Pacific Railway hide its diminished head behind the summits of the Rocky Mountains before this tremendous stride of internal improvement! Why, gentlemen, I contemplate the time (nothing in the price of lumber preventing) when every man in all Down-East shall keep a lumber-store on his own hook; when your matrons shall have nothing to do but go a-visiting and attend the Sewing Society; when your young men shall wear brass watch-chains and stand-up dickies, and devote their talents to elucidating the affairs of the nation in the village bar-room; when your maidens shall be brought up in all the polite accomplishments of working book-marks on perforated paper, playing 'pennyrial' tunes on the accordeon, and quoting the abstruse sayings and vivid imaginings of NED BUNTLINE. And now, gentlemen, to conclude, I give:

'THE HEALTH OF THE FAIR MAIDS OF DOWN-EAST: may their tongues never want for gossip, or their teeth for spruce-gum!'

A RARE PRESENT. — Seated at the hospitable board of our friend the Chief Engineer of this our noble Empire State, on the Fourth day of July 'last past,' we read to the assembled big and little people, our own included, the following epistle, illustrative of the 'first course.' It was dated far 'down east,' scarcely two days before:

'DEAR KNICK.: I send you enclosed the SALMON of which I spoke. He was cradled in the icy waters of Lake Chesuncook, one of the most distant sources of the Penobscot, and passed six sunny summers there. Six times he descended from that lake to the sea; as many winters he passed off the sounding shores of Labrador; on his sixth ascent to his native waters he was ensnared. I might tell you of the cool depths of Chesuncook, where it was his custom to sleep of an afternoon; of the magnificent and endless forests and cliffs and mountains by which he was there surrounded; of the leaps he made every year up water-falls of at least fifteen feet sheer descent, and of all his 'travel's history:' I say I *might* tell you of all these things, but I shall not, because I consider such matters to be brought more properly before the New-York Historical Society than before a simple Justice of the Peace like yourself. Therefore, accept him as he is, and with him the best regards of your friend,

T. MCG.'

'P. S. — The salmon is not 'enclosed' in this letter, as you might at first suppose, but in a wooden box, packed with ice, and directed to you at the publication-office of the KNICKERBOCKER.'

A twenty-eight pounder! — without a single slightest abrasion of his beautiful epidermis, from head to tail-fin, and certainly the most symmetrical, the most gracefully-shaped fish, we ever 'set eyes on;' lying as fresh, moreover, on his unmelted bed of clear Maine ice, secured by its surrounding saw-dust, as if he had that moment been taken from the clear waters of his native Chesuncook. And in this guise he accompanied us to Piermont, to celebrate our national holiday. Rich as was the feast of which he was but the precursor, he was not thrown into the back-ground; his character was a recurring theme of praise; and as we reclined lazily under the shade-trees after dinner, looking far off upon the majesty of river, mountain, and misty valley, we spoke of that FRIENDSHIP, of which he was the token, in terms of eloquence 'equalled by none, and excelled by few!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — CARLYLE'S '*Latter-Day Pamphlets*' seem to be 'doing up' his reputation very effectually. BLACKWOOD for June opens with a scathing criticism upon these pretentious papers, and pronounces, that while CARLYLE is denouncing shams and quackeries he is himself the greatest quack and sham of all. 'Can any living man,' asks the writer, 'point to a single practical passage in any of his later volumes; and if not, what is the real value of his writings? Is he not himself a 'Phantasm' of the species which he is pleased to denounce?' 'If CARLYLE fancies,' continues the reviewer, that his vocation is political, he ought to endeavor in the first place to think clearly, and, in the second, to amend his style. At present his thoughts are anything but clear. The primary duty of an author is to have a distinct understanding of the matter which he proposes to enunciate, for unless he can arrive at that, his words must necessarily be mystical and undefined. If men are to be taught at all, let the teaching be simple, and level to the common capacity; and let the teacher be thoroughly conversant with the whole particulars of the lesson. In Mr. CARLYLE'S sentences and periods there is no touch nor sound of harmony. They are harsh, cramped, and often ungrammatical; totally devoid of all pretension to ease, delicacy, or grace. In short, we pass from the 'Latter-Day Pamphlets' with the sincere conviction that the author as a politician is shallow and unsound, obscure and fantastic in his philosophy, and very much to be reprehended for his obstinate attempt to inculcate a bad style, and to deteriorate the simple beauty and pure significancy of our language.' Thus far BLACKWOOD: hear now what the '*Puritan Recorder*' of Boston saith:

'IT is getting to be 'latter-day' with THOMAS CARLYLE. He is near the bottom of his German beer-barrel; and now, as he tips it, there comes from the spiggot only the ropy, acrid, and muddy dregs from which all the strength and spirit have long been drawn off or evaporated. He is growing very stale. All his originality and wit-froth are gone; and there is little left but his jargon, his affectation, his barbarism, and his peevishness. Strange to say, his style of writing, which was detestable even in its best estate, and when put to its best uses, is still admired by some who have ceased to relish any thing else pertaining to this uncouth, disjointed, and ground-and-lofty-tumbling author. Nothing is easier than to scribble in his vein. Take a sample:

'COME now, O my THOMAS, thou doubtful doubter of doubts, thou flounder on the flats, miry and bilgy, of tideless toryism. I have somewhat to shew thee. Look! What seest thou with those staring eyes of thine — those eyes so big and bullet-like, globed in such rolling and spheric speculation. It shall be told thee what thou seest. A car, a patent car, four-wheeled and many-sided, and springless. No two of the wheels are of the same size; any two may become the forward pair, though in no order prescript and irrevocable. It goeth fore-backwardly, hind-quarterly, and stern-foremostly, and jolteth in many directions at once, and therefore hath no locomotion. Times and half a time it is topsy-turvy; and other whiles the sconceless traveller, therein insconced, knoweth not whether he is sitting on his head, kneeling on his heels, or standing on his elbows. Loud rumbleth and rough tumbleth this mystic and portentous car; and yet ever it stayeth where it listeth, and this no man knoweth — not even its inventor. And what sort of a car is that? Ho, ho, PETER and PAUL! Ha, ha, Mrs. GRUNDY and Dame PARTINGTON! (This means, 'Laugh reader!') Why, man, dost thou ignore this car? Dost thou not cognise this car? Why, man, it is thyself — it is CAR — LYLE!'

This is a good imitation, but it is more intelligible than the original. Clear-minded men express themselves simply. 'I wish 'isters was good,' said a friend in this kind the other day, 'and I was hungry; but *they* ain't, and *I* ain't.' That 's your style CARLYLE would have converted that remark into half a page; covering much bread with a little butter. . . . 'YOUR happy sympathy with children and children's ways,' writes an obliging correspondent, 'makes any little incident connected with the 'little people' I suppose pleasant enough in your eyes to meet the eyes of the many score readers of the KNICKERBOCKER. The other afternoon, as we walked out, just beyond the gate was a cluster of curly heads deep in the mystery of dirt-pies and the like, in a sandy bit of soil where there was not tenacity sufficient to keep up their pasties. One had

consequently fallen in, and the owner thereof was fashioning it into another shape. 'What's that?' we asked of the busy young mole. 'It 's a coffin,' he said, laughing bashfully, as children generally do when somewhat embarrassed. Whereupon a young lady of about five years or so, stopped patting her pie on the instant, and putting back her flaxen ringlets, exclaimed: 'Aint you 'shamed, VINCENT!' 'What for?' we asked, in some surprise at the reproachful expression of the little thing. 'There 's no harm in saying 'coffin' is there?' 'But he *laughed* when he said it!' she rejoined, looking up at us with childish gravity. . . . WE may be under a wrong impression concerning the selected lines sent us by a '*Lady of Philadelphia*,' but we think they appeared originally in BLACKWOOD'S Magazine, more than twenty years ago. We recalled them from one of the cells of memory the moment we ran our eyes over them. Our fair correspondent we found had quoted wrongly in the second stanza, which now 'stands corrected:'

'OH! there is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
'T is a vision of light and life and truth,
That flits across the brain:
And LOVE is the theme of that early dream,
So wild, so warm, so new,
That in all our after years, I deem,
That early dream we rue.

'But there is a dream of maturer years,
More turbulent, by far;
'T is a vision of blood of and woman's tears,
And the theme of that dream is WAR.
And we toil in the field of danger and death,
And shout in the battle array,
Till we find that fame is a bodiless breath,
That vanisheth away.

'Oh! there 's a dream of hoary age —
'T is a vision of GOLD in store;
Of sums noted down on the figured page,
And counted o'er and o'er:
And we fondly trust in the glittering dust,
As a refuge from grief and pain,
Till our limbs are laid in that last dark bed
Where the wealth of the world is vain!

'And *is* it thus, from man's birth to his grave,
In the path which all are treading?
Is there nought, in that long career, to save
From remorse and self-upbraiding?
Oh, yes; there 's a dream so pure, so bright,
That the being to whom it is given
Hath bathed in a sea of living light —
And the theme of *that* dream is HEAVEN!'

'THE roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the floods are lifted up around us!' — literally 'around' us; for we are looking from the windows of our apartment, Number One Hundred and One, of *Cranston's Marine Pavilion, at Rockaway*. It is the corner room of the second story, and there is not a better in all this spacious mansion. From either window the eye takes in 'old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,' and as far as the sight can reach, roll up, in long and continuous lines upon the white and 'ribbed sea-sand,' the multitudinous waves. It is a glorious sight; and the breeze from the sea, that melts upon your forehead, like the invisible touch of some spirit-hand, seems the very breath of GOD. Those who this holy Sabbath morning are sitting under the arbor, by the sounding shore of the great deep before us, *must* in their hearts be praising HIM 'who made it, and whose hands prepared the dry land;' and so too *should* they, whose exultant voices come from the surf which is

every moment burying them in its yesty foam; for it is He who 'lifteth up the waves thereof' who is mindful of them, and has preserved them hitherto. Surely a psalm of thanksgiving must be in their hearts. What a little way we are from town, and yet what a difference between Rockaway and the metropolis! No rank compound of pestilential airs here offend the nostril; here is no fervent heat; but instead, cool healthful breezes, redolent of the salt spray from the blue waves which they have been riding all the past night. The 'Pavilion' has undergone so many and so important improvements, that it is hardly recognizable by its old guests. The long piazzas, the offices, the renovated and beautified drawing and dining-rooms; the trees and shrubbery, new and old; the gay flaunting flowers on the court-yard lawn, all bespeak the enterprise, and more than all, the great good taste, of the proprietor. The 'Pavilion' is evidently a hobby with its old and popular host, and long may he live to ride it! If it were not a work of utter supererogation, we might speak of the richness of his larder; the abundance and quiet service of his table; the watchfulness and silent assiduity with which the wants of his guests are anticipated and supplied; but who that knows Cranston, needs to be told all this? All that it is necessary to remind the town-reader is, that the 'Pavilion' has still room and eligible apartments for a few more guests; that it is easily and pleasantly accessible from the metropolis; and that stiffness, formality and pretension are not the concomitants of *this* watering-place, however much they may be of others. Indeed, we cannot well see how it could be possible for a forked biped, howsoever vain and pretentious, to put on airs before the majesty of the ocean; and this we believe to be one reason, aside from their health-giving virtues, why sea-side resorts have become so popular. Reader, go thou to Rockaway! . . . 'Somewhere about here,' writes a southern correspondent, 'lives a small farmer of such social habits that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge. 'Why you see,' he would say, 'I 'll sign it after a while, but I do 'nt like to break right off at once; it aint wholesome. The best way always is to git used to a thing by degrees you know.' 'Very well, old man,' his helpmate would rejoin, 'see now if you do n't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to take you out.' Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, a couple of days after, returning from a glorious frolic, the old fellow reeled into his own well, and after a deal of useless scrambling, shouted for the 'light of his eyes' to come and help him out. 'Did n't I tell you so?' said the good soul, showing her cap-frill over the edge of the parapet; 'you 've got into a hole at last, and its only lucky I 'm in hearing, or you might have drowned, you old dog you!' 'Well,' she continued after a pause, letting down the bucket, 'take hold.' And up he came, higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once, made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious. 'Look here,' he screamed in a fury at the last splash, 'you 're doing that on purpose — I *know* you are!' 'Well now, I *am*,' responded his 'old 'oman' tranquilly, while winding him up once more. 'Don't you remember telling me it's best to get used to a thing by degrees? I 'm 'fraid if I was to bring you right up on a sudden, you would'nt find it wholesome!' The old fellow could not help chuckling at her application of his principle, and protested he would sign the pledge on the instant if she would lift him fairly out. This she did, and packed him off to 'swear in,' wet as he was. 'For you see,' she added, very emphatically, 'if you ever fall into the well again, I 'll *leave* you thar — I will!' . . . We have re-

ceived a brief pamphlet, which gives the reader a true conception of the character of the '*Rockland Cemetery*,' near Piermont, on the Hudson. It is published from the town-office of the cemetery, Number 252, Broadway, and we commend its perusal to our metropolitan readers, who are surely prepared to be interested in the important subject of intermural interments. The trustees of the Rockland Cemetery are duly organized as a corporation by the legislature of the state; the grounds are prepared; a handsome gate and porter's lodge have been erected; a spacious receiving-tomb has been constructed; more than ten miles of roads and avennes laid out and worked; and a goodly number of lots sold, graded, and enclosed with railings, or posts and chains. The price of lots and plats of lots has been fixed at a very low rate; the cemetery is cheaply accessible in an hour and a half, by the Piermont steamers or the Hudson River rail-road and ferry-boat; and associations or church-societies purchasing a number of plats at the same time are allowed a liberal discount. Materials for grading, etc., are easily obtainable in the neighborhood, together with ornamental shrubbery, evergreens, etc. From frequent observation, we can certify to the correctness of the following description of the situation of the cemetery-grounds:

'THE grounds, comprising about one hundred and fifty acres, are located at Piermont, about half a mile north of the Erie Rail-road, and about the same distance west of the Hudson river, on the western declivity of the Klaasland Hills, extending quite to their summit, presenting a boundless diversity of surface of hill and valley, of open plain and shady dell. A portion is open, undulating or level, interspersed with belts of primeval forest, embracing trees and shrubbery of every variety, both evergreen and deciduous. It would be difficult to name a tree whose *habitat* is north of the Delaware, which may not be found growing on these grounds, and no tract of land, of equal extent, can probably be found exhibiting a greater diversity of indigenous trees and shrubs. The views presented from different portions of the grounds, are of unrivalled beauty. To the westward extends a rich landscape of almost boundless extent, a succession of hills and valleys bounded in the distant prospect by the lofty hills of Western Jersey. To the south spreads the fertile valley of the Spark-hill, with its most beautiful scenery, embracing, among other objects of interest, the head quarters of WASHINGTON at a critical period of the Revolution, the building where Major ANDRE had his trial, and the field of his execution; in the distance the valleys of the Hackensack and Passaic, stretching away to Newark Bay and Staten Island. From the summit, the eye ranges over a large portion of Westchester and part of Putnam counties, extending to the hills of Connecticut, embracing a prospect of the Sound for more than twenty miles, with a view of some thirty miles of the course of the Hudson, and the picturesque scenery on its banks. No where has Nature been more lavish of her bounties in the adaptation of the place to the purposes to which it is now to be applied.'

We understand that Ex-Mayor HARPER has consented to act as President of the Board of Trustees, and that all feasible improvements of the grounds will be carried forward steadily and with despatch. We shall look to see them become a favorite resort from town. . . . HERE is a laughable anecdote of old Judge B——, of South-Carolina, for which we are indebted to an esteemed friend: 'The Judge was a great admirer of whiskey punch. I believe his father was of Phœnician descent, which may account for the weakness. One night on circuit, some scamps of lawyers, after the old gentleman was pretty oblivious, determined to play him a trick, and letting the innkeeper into the joke, wrapped a number of the latter's silver spoons in a handkerchief, and stowed them away in the Judge's trunk. The next morning, while the stage was leisurely wading through a stretch of sandy road, who should overtake them at full speed but the tavern-keeper, who with much apparent embarrassment, made his errand known. He informed the party that he had missed some spoons from his house, and as he intended making a thorough search, he was afraid some he suspected would not let him do so. But if he should say to them: 'You need n't be so particular now; I 've just left Judge B. and Mr. So-and-so, and *they* did n't hinder me,' the rogues would n't have a word to say in excuse. 'Oh certainly, certainly!' cried every body, all except the Judge being in the joke; and down they all jumped, opened their trunks one after another, and shook the separate arti-

cles of clothing to show there was nothing in them. Presently it was the Judge's turn. 'Oh, to be sure!' said he, producing his keys. But the search among his properties was scarce begun, when to his tremendous amazement, out of a handkerchief dropped the landlord's spoons! Every one looked at the Judge. After a moment's reflection, he broke out with: 'Well now, boys, you see it's all owing to that miserable Scotch whiskey I drank last night. I know it's that made me steal these spoons.' They never enlightened the Judge, and he always firmly believed there was nothing like Scotch whiskey for weakening a man's sense of right, especially touching the appropriation of his neighbor's property. In fact it was said, whenever a prisoner charged with stealing was brought before him, he would gravely ask if he had n't been drinking Scotch whiskey lately; 'for if you have,' he would add, 'you 'd better leave it off, I tell you: *I stole spoons once!*' . . . WHAT is the tendency, what *would* be the tendency, rather, of the continuous papers on '*The Unity of Nature?*' Judging from a passage toward the close of the opening article, we infer the assumption of an argument, which we do not hesitate to say, can never find a place in this Magazine. Will the writer please inform us what is his real 'drift,' and give us a personal reference in P ——, where we have two correspondents already, and several subscribers. Meanwhile, let us repeat to our proposed contributor, as conveying our own impressions, these faintly-remembered lines from some English poet:

'IF all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no 'better world' beyond;
Oh! what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Oh! who would venture then to die —
Oh! who would venture then to live?'

That dark, dark curtain, which can only once be lifted, would be a thousand fold more terrible to the imagination, were the inhabitants of the earth to sink into its bosom, and never 'vanish out of their deep sleep.' There is 'another and a better world!' . . . 'CAN you tell me,' asks a grave 'pundit,' 'why a conundrum that nobody can guess is like a ghost?' Shall I tell you now, or next month? 'Now, if you please.' 'Well, Sir, because sooner or later every body must give it up!' . . '*There 's a Good Time Coming*,' for the laughter-loving JOHN BROUGHAM is building a new theatrical establishment in Broadway. It needs but little prophetic skill to foretell what description of place it will be. We know no one more capable of 'doing things' than our friend JOHN. Educated as he has been in the best schools, dramatically and otherwise, he brings with him a perfect knowledge of all the acquirements of a liberal and experienced manager. Having a quick appreciation of talent, he will no doubt congregate around him persons of merit and responsibility, while his facility in producing quaint and amusing reflections of the passing events of the time, will give him a great advantage over his brother caterers. The location chosen is a most admirable one, being as nearly central as possible. The edifice is to be erected in the rear of the premises, next to the corner of Broome-street and Broadway, and we understand will have a noble corridor-entrance from Broadway. There are to be sundry novelties introduced, both in the audience and stage departments, which it would be premature to anticipate. All that can be promised is, that JOHN will have 'a place as *is* a place,' and he won't have 'any thing else.' . . . SYDNEY SMITH praises the DUKE OF BEDFORD'S pigs, for the 'genius they display for obesity, and the laudable propensity of the flesh to desert the cheap regions of the body, and to agglomerate on those parts which are worth ninepence a pound!' . . . THE '*Lines on a Sleeping Infant*'

bear evidence of having been prompted by the true feeling, the holy tenderness, of a mother's heart. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy:'

> Gently bending, softly breaking, view a vision bright and fair,
> Of a child in sleep reposing, curtained by its golden hair:
> Circling round it, sweetly singing, angels guard this form of clay,
> Inward whispering holy counsels, ere they wing their flight away.
> Mark! its ear hath caught their meaning; round its lips there beams a smile,
> Innocence and beauty's signet, all undimmed by worldly guile:
> Passion's blight hath not yet fallen on this glowing, tender face;
> Vain ambition, pride and folly, in this bosom find no place.
> Free from earth's contaminations, the young heart may now proclaim,
> With affection's pure devotion, 'Father! hallowed be thy name!' A. P. L.

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Thus pleasantly discourseth a travelled Philadelphia friend, in a familiar, desultory epistle to the Editor: 'As for our good Philadelphia, it remaineth excessively sad and Philadelphian. Sadness, to be sure, hath its different shades and colors of meaning, as I will demonstrate, if you will allow me. There is, for example, the Neapolitan sadness, which is '*dolce far niente*;' and the Venetian, which is historico-romantic; and the Berlin, which is philosophic; and the Florentine, which is a compound of the Roman and Venetian, yet like unto neither. Then there is the Munich sadness, which is the æsthetic, or the Roman, with the addition of beer and pipes; the Heidelberg sadness, which is sauer-kraut; the Hamburg, which is jerked beef; and the Bolognian, which is sausages. There is the Ferrarese, which is the very darkness of desolation, where, if you called on 'the last man,' he would certainly be out. There, too, is the Parisian sadness, which is that of reäction and satiety; and the Viennese, which is æsthetico-pipeo-saltato (or danceo) musical. And the Bostonian, which is commercial literature; and the New-York, which is blague-commercial, with a dash of *feu d'enfer;* and the Philadelphian, which is peculiar in being without a peculiarity, which moveth silently, divineth unutterable things within itself, and behaveth decently; a very 'comme il faut' sort of sadness.' . . . Dickens' new enterprise, '*Household Words*,' is said already to have reached an enormous circulation in Great Britain. It certainly deserves its success, for it is conducted with marked talent and skill. It is effecting much, by quiet satire, toward the doing away of old metropolitan abuses; and we hope especially that the experience of 'Mr. Bovington, of Long-Hornlets, Bucks,' may induce the abolition of a vast beast-market in the heart of London, if for no other reason than that so considerable an example of 'wisdom' may be followed in this metropolis; so that happily by and by there shall be no more cattle running loose in the streets, and the pestilential odors of slaughter-houses no longer exhale in our populous thoroughfares. In the last number of 'Household Words' is an article upon '*The Begging Letter-Writers*' of London, which is in Dickens' very best vein. A single passage will suffice as a 'sample:'

> 'I ought to know something of the Begging-Letter Writer. He has besieged my door at all hours of the day and night; he has fought my servant; he has lain in ambush for me, going out and coming in; he has followed me out of town into the country; he has appeared at provincial hotels, where I have been staying for only a few hours; he has written to me from immense distances, when I have been out of England. He has fallen sick; he has died, and been buried; he has come to life again, and again departed from this transitory scene; he has been his own son, his own mother, his own baby, his idiot brother, his uncle, his aunt, his aged grandfather. He has wanted a great coat, to go to India in; a pound, to set him up in life forever; a pair of boots, to take him to the coast of China; a hat, to get him into a permanent situation under Government. He has frequently been exactly seven-and-sixpence short of independence. He has had such openings at Liverpool — posts of great trust and confidence in merchants' houses, which nothing but seven-and-sixpence was wanting to him to secure — that I wonder he is not mayor of that flourishing town at the present moment.
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> 'The natural phenomena of which he has been the victim, are of a most astounding nature. He has had two children, who have never grown up; who have never had anything to cover them at

night; who have been continually driving him mad, by asking in vain for food; who have never come out of fevers and measles (which, I suppose, has accounted for his fuming his letters with tobacco-smoke, as a disinfectant;) who have never changed in the least degree through fourteen long revolving years. As to his wife, what that suffering woman has undergone nobody knows. She has always been in an interesting situation through the same long period, and has never been confined yet. His devotion to her has been unceasing. He has never cared for himself; *he* could have perished — he would rather, in short — but was it not his Christian duty as a man, a husband, and a father, to write begging-letters when he looked at her?

'He has been the sport of the strangest misfortunes. What his brother has done to him would have broken anybody else's heart. His brother went into business with him, and ran away with the money; his brother got him to be security for an immense sum, and left him to pay it; his brother would have given him employment to the tune of hundreds a-year, if he would have consented to write letters on a Sunday; his brother enunciated principles incompatible with his religious views, and he could not (in consequence) permit his brother to provide for him. His landlord has never shown a spark of human feeling. When he put in that execution I do n't know, but he has never taken it out. The broker's man has grown gray in possession. They will have to bury him some day.

'He has been attached to every conceivable pursuit. He has been in the army, in the navy, in the church, in the law; connected with the press, the fine arts, public institutions, every description and grade of business. He has been brought up as a gentleman; he has been at every college in Oxford and Cambridge; he can quote Latin in his letters; he can tell you what SHAKSPEARE says about begging, better than you know it. It is to be observed, that in the midst of his affliction he always reads the newspapers; and rounds off his appeals with some allusion, that may be supposed to be in my way, to the popular subject of the hour.

'His life presents a series of inconsistencies. Sometimes he has never written such a letter before. He blushes with shame. That is the first time; that shall be the last. Do n't answer it, and let it be understood that then he will kill himself quietly. Sometimes (and more frequently) he *has* written a few such letters. Then he encloses the answers, with an intimation that they are of inestimable value to him, and a request that they may be carefully returned. He is fond of enclosing something — verses, letters, pawnbrokers' duplicates, anything to necessitate an answer. He is very severe upon 'the pampered minion of fortune,' who refused him the half-sovereign referred to in the enclosure number two — but he knows me better.'

The whole article is in this sly vein, and the individual instances subsequently cited have all the admirable characteristics of this popular author's personal descriptions. . . . GREATLY entertained to-night, sitting under the arbor on the shore at Rockaway, listening to the ever-sounding waves, and watching them as they broke from long lines of dark-green into tumbling masses of whitest foam — greatly entertained, at hearing a friend describe a 'perky' little man, whom he had met the day before in the stage-coach coming from Jamaica; 'a snipy-looking, dapper little chap,' he said, 'who was getting out of town to get out of the shop. He was dressed in a very 'natty' style; his whiskers had been carefully curled and oiled; and the tie of his summer-cravat looked like the crimped edge of an old lady's coffin-cap; so prim, so trim, so fixed to stay in that shape, around that neck, over that peacock-breast, as if forever. He was apparently much elated, for he was going to spend a few days at Rockaway. I next saw him walking, simpering, solitary and alone, along the noble piazza of the 'Pavilion,' pausing occasionally under cover of an intervening column to dust off his tight patent-leather boots with his pocket-'kerchief; then I met him down here, his cravat in perfect preservation, and not a hair disturbed; and while the surf was rumbling, swashing, and crashing at our feet, he opened his mouth and spake, brushing his small-rimmed beaver meanwhile: 'Fine view, Sir; sea pleasant; town hot; can you tell me, Sir,' said he, in a pause of the mighty roar, and smiling dentistically, 'if I am not a little out? — ah, humph; that is, do n't you think, Sir, that I 'm a little *in edvawnse of the season, Sir?*' He was disgusted already. Rockaway was not 'a jam;' there were no people like himself there; no birds of his feather for him to 'cotton to.' No wilting, withering non-entities, in white kid gloves, were there in crowds; and so, before the dinner-bell rang, he was away from Rockaway, posting back to the 'dingy, dieving town.'' . . . IT is surprising how much really good fugitive poetry has appeared anonymously in the newspapers of this country. Observe, for example, the ensuing stanzas. All that we know concerning them is, that they were written very many years ago for the '*Mobile Commercial Register*'

by a lady of Alabama, who sank under a load of accumulated sorrows a few days after they were composed:

'I said to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on! — thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye.

'I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
Pass on, I heed you not!
You may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit which you see,
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles.

'I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep — my heart shall bear!
Thou canst but add one bitter wo
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress.

'I said to Death's uplifted dart,
Aim sure — O why delay!
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,
A weak, reluctant prey:
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Triumphant o'er the last dismay,
Wrapped in its own eternity,
Shall smiling pass away!'

'Pour on, I will endure!' conveys the first impression of these noble lines; but it is in no defiant spirit that the heart-wrung words are uttered. It is the deep conviction of the writer that 'there is another and a better world' which imparts to them their beauty, we had almost said sublimity. . . . A friend in Pennsylvania, (who must remember his promise,) writes: 'I heard of a new Bible-reading, in a Sunday-school not long since, which somewhat amused me. One of the little urchins, after reading the admonition to love the Lord with all the 'heart, mind and strength,' etc., continued: 'This is a *first-rate* commandment, and the second is like unto it: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'' The boy's version is not so bad, after all.' . . . A southern journal urges upon 'every man, woman, and child, south of Mason and Dixon's line not to be seen at any Northern watering-place.' The feeling which dictated such a suggestion is thus rebuked by the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal:

'All rational Americans, of any latitude, remark this feeling only to despise it. Every crowded steam-boat and rail-road car that now comes up from the South testifies very conclusively how such ravings are regarded beyond the Potomac. Our Southern brethren are as glad as ever to exchange their sultry skies and noxious airs for the cool, healthful breezes of the North; and we, it is to be trusted, are as ready as ever to receive them with courtesy, and kindness, and confidence. Our sentiments, our associations, and our sympathies, may not fully accord in every particular, but that matters little to liberal hearts and manly natures. 'T is enough to know that we are the children of the same glorious country, and that in all the determining elements of character we are every whit worthy of each other's esteem and brotherly friendship. Political or religious sectaries may try to build up a partition wall between one portion of the country and the other, but it is all in vain. The elements of our social system are in constant motion, and their commingling tides and currents tend to assimilate and preserve the whole. Free intercourse and mutual acquaintance dissipate clannish prejudice, and abate sectional jealousies. They reveal the better traits of character, and impress upon us that it is *worth* that makes the man, and not geographical limits or peculiar institutions. The wonderful facility of intercommunication is one of the greatest blessings of our country, chiefly because it draws its different portions into closer neighborhood and acquaintance, and identifies its interests and its sympathies.'

This is 'well put;' and neither Northern nor Southern fanatics can gainsay its truth. . . . Revived a good many pleasant memories to-day, in a walk along the Croton aqueduct, to the charming 'Sunnyside' of Geoffrey Crayon. Along where we once so often walked on the same agreeable errand, there have lately sprung up two or three paper villages on bare ground; 'Deerman,' with its lots fenced in, like new and tenantless grave-yards, invites to speculation and 'independent fortunes' therefrom; all it requires at present to make it an eligible place for summer residence is a few trees and some houses. 'Abbottsford' is another village, of similar pretensions. There will soon be a house in it, and in the course of several years, if not sooner, there will be trees in it, of a considerable size, with more or *less* shade from the branches thereof. We found farmers mowing the aqueduct in several places where it runs through meadows; mowing its steep slopes to the very top. 'Old

KNICK.' went down the grassy declivity, and asked permission of a farmer, a 'nobleman of nature,' to mow a little. The favor was readily granted. With the memory of a recent achievement in the same kind freshly in mind, the jotter-down hereof addressed himself to his pleasurable task; first whetting off the scythe, 'from heel to p'int,' after the approved manner of that preparatory exercise, and then straddling forth to the mowing. After a few vigorous cuts with the scythe, we became aware of some doubt in the mind of the gentleman whose instrument we were, as we fancied, very dexterously wielding. His first words mortified us. We were doing our best. We looked for encouragement; we may say, indeed, that we fully expected applause, for we bethought us of our recent triumph over stubborn incredulity in the neighborhood of WASHINGTON'S head-quarters, in the Tappaan valley. Judge then what must have been our surprise to hear these words, uttered in a tone which was scarcely less ungrateful than the language which conveyed the 'expression of the idea by articulate sounds:' '*You* do n't know nothin' about mowin'!' We thought we must have misconceived the observation, and said: 'Is n't that cut close?' '*You* do n't know nothin' about mowin'!' was now repeated, in language too plain to be misunderstood; 'sart'in, you cut *clust* enough; *too* clust, if any thing; in *our* style o' mowin', in these parts, we do n't generally care to slice the stones off like a cowcumber. *You* can't mow. Fust place, you stand too fur off. You 'd break your back in an hour, *that* way o' mowin'. You do n't come up to your work; why do n't you come up to your work?' Come up to our *work!* — 'marry, come up!' We went out of that meadow, after these uncalled-for remarks, with a very indifferent opinion of the style of mowing in that neighborhood. We did n't comment unkindly upon *their* style of mowing, although it was essentially different from ours; then why should they so flippantly criticise ours? We did our best, in our *manner*. We left the rows of sweet-scented hay-cocks, the loaded hay-wagons, the horses switching their tails and munching the new-cut grass, with a feeling of sincere regret that mere envy of so simple a thing as that of a superior style of cutting grass with a scythe should be permitted to embitter the thoughts of the two husbandmen, who, for some reason or other, we fancied to be sneeringly jocose between themselves as we came away. We inferred so, 'from a remark they made.' 'Guess he *thought* he could mow — he *seemed* to!' Still, we may have done them injustice. We had many delightful things to remember, as we came away from Sunnyside, by the dusty and noisy Hudson River Rail-road, the next morning; a protracted sitting, with our host, and other the like agreeable persons, with much memorable discourse; a pleasant sleep in the 'spare room' for a spare man, interrupted only by a visit, in the 'dead waste and middle of the night,' from the ghost of the lady who 'died of love and green apples' in the old VAN TASSEL mansion, etc.; but our pleasant reminiscences were interrupted, and our feelings 'hurt,' by the slighting remarks of those Tarrytown farmers. Agriculture can never reach any great perfection, we fear, along the line of the Croton aqueduct, between DOBB his Ferry and 'Sunnyside Cottage.' The farmers are too conceited — too much wedded to old observances. . . . 'WE country doctors,' writes a friend, 'have to be dentists as well as druggists. Our saddle-bags are our shops, and the turnkey a daily weapon. A few days ago a hearty young woman called, with another like her, and asked me to pull a tooth, which with much reluctance I did, and with less reluctance took the usual fee of twenty-five cents. Her companion, pleased with the operation, said she had a tooth that sometimes ached, and she would like to have it out now. I told her she had

better wait till it ached again; but she said *no;* she *would* have it pulled; and so I took it out. She promised to call soon and bring the pay, as she did not expect to have her tooth drawn when she came, and she was not prepared with the 'quarter.' So, a day or two after, she called and offered me half a dollar; but fortunately I had no change, and she said it made no difference, for I could just take it out in pulling another tooth, which she knew would ache, and she would a great deal rather have them pulled before they had a chance to ache. So I took out another, and made the change!' Was n't that girl a philosopheress, and would n't she make a capital martyr? . . . READER, when you see advertised in the daily journals the sale by Messrs. BANGS AND PLATT, in Broadway, of *Bohn's Standard Library of the best English and Foreign Authors*, go you straight to their auction-rooms and purchase such of them as you may desire. The collection is rich, and the editions are of the very best. Beautifully printed, on fine linen paper, tastefully bound, in many instances luxuriously illustrated; embracing elegant ancient and modern classics in literature, and standard works in biography, history, etc., they will be found to be a treasure to every lover of good reading. There is one work, 'LODGE'S Portraits,' in eight volumes, which is richly worth twice the small sum asked for it. The engravings are of the very highest order of excellence. Indeed the entire series is eminently attractive; and we feel that we are doing a signal service to the reading public in calling attention to it. . . . THE lines entitled '*Life hath Four Seasons*' commence very well, but they rather 'flat out' toward and after the middle. These two opening stanzas, however, are lively and felicitous:

'THOUGH the May of my life is fast stealing away,
And a flower or two has been late extirpated,
Yet why should I grieve in my soft summer day,
And fretfully sigh to be regenerated?
No, no; it is better my ear to deny,
Than listen to cynical, snivelling stories,
And gather such flowers as bloom in July,
Than go about weeping for May's morning glories.

'As a boy amid boys I have frolicked and toyed
And sported and shouted and schemed with the rest of 'em;
And now since those days have been fully enjoyed,
Egad! why at last I 'm a *man* with the rest of 'em!
Then a sun of success and a cloud of despair
Divided my time into mere equinoxes;
But now in life's theatre stop me who dare
From taking my seat at my ease in the boxes!'

'I WILL send you soon,' says an obliging friend, 'a nut that I think is worth cracking, even at your 'Table,' where never yet was found a shrivelled kernel, or a draught of lees.' Ah, dear Sir, all tastes are not alike; and we feel always, when reading the proof-sheets of this department of the KNICKERBOCKER, that there are 'many men of many minds' before whom our unpremeditated prattle will come with more or less acceptance; that one will 'p'shaw!' at this, while another may smile at that; that what has made *us* laugh may have no such effect upon the risibles of another; and that what brought the water to our own eyes may perhaps seem mawkish to many a reader. But there is *one* thing to which we shall always be indifferent; and that is, the censure or disapprobation of those who eschew *The Common*. Why, bless your heart, 'the common' constitutes more than half the true poetry of life. It is a common thing which we are doing now, for instance — an every-day thing, in fact; sitting this summer morning with Lady KNICK. on the back-piazza, overhung with grape-vines, impervious to the light less from their broad leaves than the thick-clus-

tering bunches of the luscious 'Isabella' which profusely overrun the wire-trellis, even beyond the tops of the third-story windows; looking at the two peach-trees bending to the ground with their autumn-promise; eye-selecting from a goodly variety the flower which shall adorn the button-hole when we go down town; reading the while the morning '*Tribune*' or '*Courier*' daily journals, before breakfast, with a tame dove looking over our shoulder, cooing and 'speculating;' the least of the 'wee folk' toddling with her nurse along the flower-borders below, answering the morning salutations of her little brother and sisters from the piazza; now all this is sufficiently common, 'Gracious knows;' but it is n't without its interest to *us*, 'any how,' if '*t is* 'common.' . . . THE lines on '*Niagara*,' beginning

'TREMENDOUS torrent! in whose awful roar
Nature's voice is heard from out thy dark abyss,'

will hardly pass muster; 'leastways, we can't print 'em.' . . . 'AN acute arithmetician has calculated that if all the tobacco consumed in Great-Britain in one year had been worked into 'pig-tail' half an inch thick, it would have formed a line ninety-nine thousand four hundred and seventy miles long; enough to girdle the world nearly four times!' This reminds us of the pseudo-political economist, who from a close calculation ascertained that there was 'a pair and a half of average breeches' to every man, woman and child in London; and who proposed the saving and warehousing of all the skewers used by the metropolitan butchers and meat-purveyors, which, it had been demonstrated, would in five years effect a saving to the realm of sufficient timber to construct a national vessel of war, to be called '*The Royal Skewer*,' which should 'carry terror to the hearts of England's foes!' . . . '*The Poet's Heart*' will scarcely do. The last verse might arrest attention, as being less forced, less 'made-up,' than its predecessors:

'THEN let each sorrow to thy soul
Be as a chastening rod,
That when the angels come to take
Thy yearning soul to GOD,
Thou may'st review thy path on earth,
Nor wish it were untrod:
When all thy songs to man are given,
Thy lyre in death unstrung,
To recollect each one in Heaven,
Nor would it were unsung.'

This is well expressed, and is in strong contrast with the previous lines, suggesting that the poet should seek

——'the bright, the beautiful, the true,
Before — about — behind.'

and other the like platitudes, and shows that the writer has not done himself justice. . . . AN entertaining Philadelphia correspondent mentions a good retort which he once made upon an acquaintance whose wont it was to go around the city 'sherry-cobblerizing' of a summer morning, and who in winter was often for a week at a time in a 'state of whiskeypunchiness:' 'He was once very angry with me: I said to him one morning: 'I 'm going to 'make a raise' soon, and as you are to be the means, for civility's sake I 'll tell you about it, though it 's not essential.' 'Well,' growled my friend, 'how is it?' 'Why I intend getting your life insured for ten thousand dollars, and then making you a present of fifty dollars' worth of whiskey! You 'll drink yourself to death in six weeks!' You never saw a 'madder' man.' Apropos of intemperance: if the town-reader would see a vivid representation of the gradually progressive steps of this great vice, and parent of many vices, let them visit BARNUM'S

new and beautiful theatre, and witness the popular drama now being enacted there. . . . Our excellent friend Hosmer accompanied his lines on 'The Black-Bird' with the following characteristic remarks: 'The blackbird's cheerful whistle stealing through the open casement suggested the foregoing. Does not my unpretending rhyme, Old Knick., recall the wild pranks and gleeful shouts of boyhood? Is not a spell associated with the common bird to which I have paid an indifferent tribute, that causes you to exclaim, in the language of the lamented dead,

'On the wings of remembrance my soul is away!'

There is a chord in my heart that always vibrates to the music of your brother's verse. It was rich in local and rural imagery, (e. g. his 'October,' 'Song of May,' etc.) It caught a pensive and elegiac note from the wail of autumn or pitiless blast of winter; a wild, sweet warble from the bland airs of spring-time, and a delicious flow from the murmuring summer wind. I know that a clique in the commonwealth of letters require transcendental stimulants from a crazy muse; but *I* like poetry, to use another's language, 'that has the smell of the heather; the very rustle of the crimson heath-bell in the gale.'' . . . Fletcher, in his 'Travels in the East,' remembers hearing on one occasion that a Frank was asked by some pasha whether Europeans put rings in the noses of their women, to which the reply was, greatly to his excellency's astonishment: 'No, but we sometimes insert them in the snouts of our pigs!' . . . There is something very touching to us in the lines '*My Christian Name.*' Who is their author, or where they come from, we know not:

'My Christian name — my Christian name,
I never hear it now:
None have the right to utter it;
'T is lost — I know not how:
My worldly name the world speaks loud;
Thank God for well-earned fame!
But silence sits at my cold hearth —
I have no household name.

'My Christian name — my Christian name,
It has an uncouth sound:
My mother chose it out of those
In Bible pages found:
Mother! whose accents made most sweet
What else I held in shame,
Dost thou yet whisper up in heaven
My poor, lost Christian name?

'I had a dream for years. One voice
Might breathe this homely word
As love breathes: I had swooned with joy
Had I my name thus heard;
O dumb, dumb lips! O crushed, crushed heart!
O grief, past pride, past shame!
To die — to die, and never hear
Thee speak my Christian name!

'God send thee bliss! God send me rest!
If thou with footsteps calm
Shouldst trace my bleeding feet, God make
To thee each blood-drop balm:
Peace to these pangs! Mother! put forth
Thine elder, holier claim:
And the first word I hear in heaven
May be my Christian name!'

'Ah, but you have n't heard that the trustees of Grace-Church are building a chapel for the poor, where you can go every Sunday and hear preaching for nothing.' This was said to a negro-barber by a pompous New-Yorker, whom he held at the time by the nose. 'Oh, *that's* it, is it?' replied Cuffee; 'it 's a *poor* church, is it? Then I s'pose they 'll have a poor God there, a poor Saviour, and a poor heaven; praps a poor hell!' There was n't any thing more said on either side. It is dangerous to talk much while you are being shaved. You may get cut. . . . Vieuxtemps (pronounced by some people, when the great violinist was in this country, '*Veux Temps*,' but by those who 'knew how,' 'Voo Tawm,') has been giving concerts at *Breslau*. How Napoleon rises to the memory at the mention of that word! Yes, Sir-r-r; and yesterday, hurrying up Hudson-street to dinner, what do you suppose it was that arrested our quick footsteps? An organ-grinder, with *fantoccini* performing on a platform (that was neither Saybrook nor Buffalo) before him. Napoleon was there; and his troops were defiling before him; and as he sat his horse like a centaur, he

would ever and anon raise his field-glass to his eye, and survey his legions, and their movements on the battle-field. The whole artistical effect was centred in the 'Emperor of the French;' and he was what his country and his own valor had made him — 'himself alone.' . . . 'EN PENSHONG,' as Mr. WAGSTAFF would say,' writes a new contributor, 'I saw, in a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER, some anecdotes of a preacher, which reminded me of a like character 'way down-east,' in the state of Maine. On one occasion he was endeavoring to give his congregation a specific idea of the magnitude of NOAH'S ark. He proceeded to tell them how many animals went in thereat, beginning with the smallest kind, and going up through the various gradations of size to the elephant; then raising his voice to the highest pitch, he exclaimed: 'Yes, my hearers, and the gra-a-eat wha-a-a-les went in, bless the LORD! and there was room enough for all on 'em! On another occasion he took his text from Revelations, sixth chapter and fifth verse: 'And I beheld, and lo! a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand.' Unhappily, in reading the text, he mistook balances for '*bellowses*,' and went on to describe what kind of bellows they were. 'These bellowses,' said he, 'was n't the bellowses that the housewife blows the fire with; n'ither was they like them which the blacksmith uses; but they was *God Almighty's grea-a-a-t eta-a-arnal bellowses, that he blows sinners into hell with!*' This is *strictly true:* and if any one of your readers shall doubt its entire authenticity, refer him to me. My name and address accompany this note-let.' . . . 'PERCIVAL,' writes a New-Haven correspondent, 'has been in our midst for many years. He is *with* us, but not of us. His extreme sensativeness unfits him for active life. Locked up in his room, at the State Hospital, he wears out his existence in doing nothing that the world knows of; occasionally breaking out of his den to wander through the country on foot, engrossed in geological researches, or lost in poetic revery. He composes only to destroy his compositions; and thus the world loses his bright thoughts. I recollect many years ago hearing of one, and perhaps the sole appearance, of PERCIVAL in open society. A female relative of mine had PERCIVAL for a private tutor, soon after he graduated at Yale. After many fruitless attempts, she prevailed upon him to attend a party, given in honor of her birth-day. The poet came, and hat in hand, stalked into the reception-room. The brilliant and crowded rooms brought back all the bashfulness which he had previously overcome. He stood for a moment, his huge gazelle-eyes rolling rapidly over the company, until he trembled in every nerve. At last, marshalling all his remaining courage, he gave one desperate leap through the window, and 'coat-tails streaming in the air,' he bade farewell to those scenes of festive mirth, never to return.' . . . NOTHING that has ever appeared in this country excels in beauty the *Illustrated Edition of Longfellow's 'Evangeline,'* now in the course of publication by Messrs. TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, Boston. The engravings are of the highest order of merit, both in design and execution, and they are in rich profusion. Altogether, in paper, printing, and illustrations, it is one of the most beautiful books we ever encountered. . . HERE is a felicitous passage from a quaint old English author: 'Woman was not drawn from the head of man, that she should be ruled by him; she was not drawn from beneath his feet, that she should be trampled upon by him; but she was drawn from his side, that she should be ever near him; from under his arm, that she should be protected by him; and nearest his heart, that she should be the object of his affection.' . . . '*Six Months in the Gold Mines*' is the title of a very entertaining journal of a three years' residence in Upper and Lower California. The author is E. GOULD BUFFUM, Esq.,

lieutenant of the first regiment of New-York volunteers. The work is written in an easy, natural style, and abounds in picturesque incident. Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, are the publishers. . . . IF Prof. GRANT'S theory *is* true, we wish it might please PROVIDENCE to let the niggers' tails grow out again and send 'em back among the monkeys. They 've kept congress hard at work at nothing for nearly six months. . . . THE following anecdote is related in a foreign journal. A medical student of Berlin lately fell deeply in love with the daughter of the lady at whose house he lodged; his passion was warmly returned, and the lovers swore eternal fidelity and entered into a promise to marry. But there was an insurmountable barrier to their union, in the fact of the lady being a protestant Christian, and the gentleman a Jew; and both professed themselves no less attached to their respective faith than to each other. Business called the youth to Breslau; and when he had been there a few days, he received a letter from his mistress couched in the following terms:

'MY DEAR FRIEND: The difficulties which have so long stood in the way of our marriage have at length been put an end to, and by the intervention of your good angel, as you have so often called your faithful MINNA, who yesterday became a Jewess.'

Scarcely had this letter been despatched, when its writer received one from her lover, dated Breslau, and to the following effect:

'MY DEAR MINNA: The obstacle which presented itself to our union, in the unfortunate difference in our religious faiths, no longer exists, and I shall hasten to complete our mutual felicity. I yesterday became a Christian!'

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WHEN we mentioned in these pages the alledged existence, in one of the West-India islands, of a species of insect which took root and was the nucleus of a plant, there were many who did n't quite believe it. But read the following from the Saint Paul's (Minnesota) Chronicle: 'A friend left at our office a few days since, what may be considered, so far as our knowledge extends, a production peculiar to Minnesota. It was a grub-worm, apparently of the ordinary species, from the head of which had sprouted a plant some three inches in length. Both animal and vegetable life had become extinct, when we first saw it, though vitality clearly existed in each when taken out of the ground. We understand this species of production is not uncommon in the vicinity of Point Douglass, where this was found. The weeds springing from the head of the worm grow to the hight of two or three feet, the legs of the insect meantime extending themselves into the earth in the shape of roots. Animal life remains apparent until the vegetable shoot above ground is killed by a change of season, but whether a crop of grubs is produced in the way of seeds, we are not advised. What can't we raise in Minnesota?' . . . THE following admirable anecdote is from a recent volume by the late SYDNEY SMITH:

'I HAVE said a great deal about prospect and landscape: I will mention an action or two, which appear to me to convey as distinct a feeling of the beautiful as any landscape whatever. A London merchant, who, I believe, is still alive, while he was in the country with a friend happened to mention that he intended the next year to buy a ticket in the lottery; his friend desired he would buy one for him at the same time, which of course was very willingly agreed to. The conversation dropped, the ticket never arrived, the whole affair was entirely forgotten, when the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend had come up a prize of twenty thousand pounds. Upon his arrival in London he inquired of his friend where he had put the ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. 'I bought them both the same day, mine and your ticket, and I flung them both into a drawer of my bureau, and never thought of them afterward.' 'But how do you distinguish one ticket from the other? and why am I the holder of the fortunate ticket more than you?' 'Why, at the time I put them into the drawer I put a little mark in ink upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours, and upon reöpening the drawer I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket.'

'Now this action appears to me perfectly beautiful; it is *le beau ideal* in morals, and gives that calm yet deep emotion of pleasure which every one so easily receives from the beauty of the exterior world.'

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXVI. SEPTEMBER, 1850. No. 3.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

NUMBER TWO.

THE sun is the great central source of heat, as well as gravity. The vast and mysterious power it exerts in holding the distant planets in their orbits is not more wonderful than the influence of its rays on the complex machinery by which the atmospheric temperature is regulated, and the uniform action of the laws of vegetable and animal life maintained. By it the winds are produced, and the heavens kindled with those electric displays, which, like all other fearful agents, perform indispensable offices in the economy of nature. By the vivifying action of the sun, vegetable life is sustained, and upon it animal life depends. Under its influence the sea circulates in the form of vapor, supplying water to the continental element. The temperature of any part of the earth's surface depends mainly on its exposure to the solar rays. If the sun remain longer above the horizon of any place than below it, its temperature will increase, and the reverse is also true. We are nearer the sun during the winter than we are during the summer; the difference in the temperature of the seasons does not therefore depend on proximity to the sun; but in the time the terrestrial surface is exposed to its rays, and the manner in which they are received, whether vertically or obliquely. During our near approach to the sun, (for the earth is about one-twenty-ninth of its whole distance from the sun nearer to it during its perihelian than it is during its aphelian,) its velocity is increased in proportion to the decrease of the square of its distance. It is this increased angular velocity of the earth, when at its perihelian, that protects us from the excess of heat which our comparatively near approach to the sun would otherwise expose us.

'Were it not for this,' says Sir John Herschel, 'the eccentricity of the orbit would materially influence the transition of the seasons. The fluctuation of distance amounts to nearly one-thirtieth of its mean quantity, and, consequently, the fluctuation in the sun's direct heating power

to double this, or one-fifteenth of the whole. Now the perihelian of the orbit is situated nearly at the place of the northern winter solstice; so that, were it not for the compensation we have just described, the effect would be to exaggerate the difference of summer and winter in the southern hemisphere, and to moderate it in the northern; thus producing a more violent alternation of climate in the one hemisphere, and an approach to perpetual spring in the other. As it is, however, no such inequality subsists, but an equal and impartial distribution of heat and light is accorded to both.'

We have seen how the seasons depend on the inclination of the earth's axis to its orbit; but the influence of this inclination would be partially defeated by the eccentricity of the orbit, were it not for that law of gravity, by which the velocity is increased in proportion to the decrease of the square of the distance. The one-fifteenth increase of solar heat, which, without some compensation, would seriously aggravate the sufferings of all exposed to the direct solar rays, is thus avoided by the increased angular velocity. But the proportion and distribution of the solid and fluid parts of our globe contribute to the general result. Professor Dove has shown that the mean temperature of the whole earth's surface is considerably greater in June than it is in December. The line of the sun during its perihelian, passes overland less than one-sixth part of its course, the remainder it passes over water. This arrangement has a very material effect on the mean heat, as shown by the professor. Land, as we shall see hereafter, radiates the solar heat into the atmosphere, much more rapidly than water. Water absorbs most of all it receives, while the land radiates it back into space. If this arrangement had been reversed, the proportion of land being the greatest under the sun's line, during its perihelion, the whole climate must have been different.

Nearly the whole of the one-sixth of land thus exposed, lies in Africa. The streams of warm air generated by the sun when passing over this part, have at some points, only a short space to pass over the Mediterranean, and where this sea is broadest it weakens the heating power of the south winds so little that they are felt as a hot sirocco through all Italy up to the Tyrolese Alps. The westerly parts of Asia to the middle degree of latitude, are warmed in the same way, and especially the East Indian peninsula.

The mild climate of Western Europe, as we have seen, is largely indebted to the same cause. From the immense influence of this one-sixth of land, we can calculate with a degree of certainty, how indispensably necessary is the present distribution of land and water. Here under the burning climate of the equator, water has a cooling effect. It absorbs the heat and thus secures the atmosphere from that excess, which the land if it predominated, would produce by radiation. The evaporation of the water also contributes to lessen the power of the sun's rays by the mists and clouds which it produces. In the operation of these laws, we cannot fail to discover the intimate relation and mutual dependence of the various agents in nature. No one can be changed without affecting the whole. The atmospheric temperature and local climates, so essential to the growth of the different vegetables and plants, and to the full development of man himself, depend on the

harmonious action and reaction of the various complex physical laws; on the elliptical form of the earth; its axis and diurnal and annual motion; the depth, pressure and expansive power of the atmosphere; division, distribution and configuration of the continents; the terrestrial reliefs, and the properties of the oceanic element.

The ocean supplies the vapor by which the continents are watered; but were it not for the tendency of its saline contents, the amount of vapor given off, would be much greater than it is; sufficiently great perhaps to change the character of the whole atmosphere; and hence the laws of life. The saline contents diminish the tendency to throw off vapor, and also lower the point of congelation, and therefore tend to keep the seas liquid. Experiments were made by Bladb, Kisroan and Doctor Traille, on the specific gravity of the water in different places in the ocean, by which it appeared that the saline contents increased gradually from the poles toward the equator. It has been ascertained, however, that the greatest proportion of salt is found in the parallels of the twenty-second degree north latitude and the seventeenth degree south latitude. In this, as before observed, there is a singular agreement with the highest terrestrial elevations. Here is an agent almost concealed, but not less important than those stupenduous continental reliefs which act so powerfully on the imagination and feelings of man.

The ocean supplies the vapors, the winds bear them over the continents, and the mountain-chains, forcing them up into the higher and colder regions, act as condensers. But in these changes, the sun is the great primary agent, by it the winds are created, and the vapors distilled from the waters of the ocean, which after performing various important offices to the vegetable and animal kingdoms, is again returned to the ocean to commence anew its unceasing circulation.

The oceanic element is much more constant in its temperature than the continental, and by communicating with the atmosphere above it, greatly modifies the climate of the latter. Water is not affected, either by heat or cold to the same degrees with the solid portion of the globe. In the first place it is a less susceptible conductor; secondly, the evaporation, which increases in proportion to the intensity of the solar rays, has a cooling effect on the surface; and thirdly, the unceasing motion and exchange which is kept up between the upper and lower strata, by which the heat or cold, as it may be, is communicated to its whole mass, causes a more gradual change of temperature; while its depth prevents extremes of any kind. The daily illumination of the sun warms the ground to a very limited depth; while the same quantity of heat will penetrate, though with a decreasing intensity, many fathoms of water; thus the line of invariable temperature under the equator, is seven thousand two hundred feet below the surface. In the former instance the heat is condensed, in the latter diffused through the whole mass. It has been estimated, that the difference between the heat thus communicated, is as one to one hundred. And it is owing to these laws, together with the greater transparency of the continental atmosphere, and the inequalities of the terrestrial surface, by which radiation is favored, that the land cools more rapidly than the water.

These differently heated surfaces have a proportionate effect on the

atmosphere above them. Water gives out but little heat by radiation while the land radiates the heat it receives freely into the surrounding atmosphere. The change of temperature caused by the succession of day and night, is owing to this fact. The difference in the heat radiated is in the proportion of thirty to one; that is, there are thirty times less radiated by the water than by the surrounding land. It is to this diurnal atmospheric disturbance, that we are indebted for our local winds and pleasant sea breezes. But the evaporation of the water acts more freely on the temperature of the air than its radiation does. Thus the oceanic element moderates both the heat and cold of the adjoining land; and tends generally to equalize the atmospheric temperature.

These two elements, so intimately related to each other, are, as we have seen, unequally distributed, and come in contact at their margins only. Another element, therefore, is required to effect the exchange between them. The atmosphere is the medium, and the winds, which, as we have seen, result from the disturbance of its equilibrium, are the agents employed for this purpose. The heated portions of air, becoming lighter, rise, while the colder currents rush in to take their place, precisely as in the case of differently-heated particles of water in the ocean. This motion produces the winds, which are more or less violent in proportion to the amount of atmospheric disturbance. This law is most beautifully illustrated by partially opening the door of a heated apartment communicating with a cold space, and holding a burning taper to the crevice or opening. If held at the top, the outward direction of the flame will indicate the presence of a current of air passing from the apartment into the cooler atmosphere. If you move the taper down the flame will become more and more upright, until, at the middle of the height, it will cease to be affected by any motion, and burn as in a perfect calm. If now you continue to move it down, the flame will be driven inward; thus showing that the heated air ascends and flows out of the top, while the colder air enters at the bottom. Hence the caution of many persons in opening the upper part of their windows, or in pulling them down instead of up when their apartment is too warm.

This exchange is carried on between the tropical, temperate and polar regions. The temperature of the tropics is always higher than that of other portions of the globe; hence the air is constantly ascending, while the heavier and colder particles of the north rush along the surface of the earth to restore the equilibrium of the atmosphere. There is, therefore, a constant interchange of air between the unequally heated sections of the earth's surface. The winds result from these laws of temperature; but the permanent and regular currents, however dependant on the disturbance of the equilibrium, are governed in their direction by the rotary motion of the earth and the difference in the velocity of the polar and equatorial parts, which difference in the velocity is the consequence of the elliptical figure of the earth. This is the case with the trade-winds and monsoons. These winds, so important to the commercial interests of the world, are produced like all others, but the disturbances in their case are regular, depending on the action of the sun on the unequally-exposed portions of the earth's

surface. Here again we discover the importance of the elliptical form of our planet. These winds are not only created by the unequal exposure to the sun which it causes, but their direction is determined by the different velocities which result from it. If the polar and equatorial velocities were equal, these currents would be simply north and south winds; but the unequal velocity changes them into a north-west and south-west direction. The equatorial portion of the earth's surface has a much greater velocity of rotation than the polar; the polar currents, therefore, are unable to keep up with the equatorial motion. Thus the direction of the north polar current is changed to the south-west, and that of the south-pole to the north-west. The same cause changes the direction of the upper or equatorial currents to the north-east and south-east. They arrive at the north and south with a greater velocity than the earth's surface has at those points, and are therefore in advance of its motion. To this fact we are indebted for the westerly winds of the North Atlantic.

The beneficial influences of these regular currents, and of the winds generally, cannot be estimated. Gratuitous accounts of the imaginary and wonderful, such as Doctor Thompson has interwoven with his more serious labors, are wholly unnecessary to excite a proper degree of interest in them; and while such accounts amuse and perhaps interest the general reader, they in some degree retard the progress of science. The winds restore the equilibrium of the atmosphere, upon the disturbance of which they depend; distribute the vapor of the ocean; protect the tropics from the intense heat to which those regions are exposed, and by conveying the heated air and vapor north, greatly modify the climate there. In fact, they effect all the exchanges, and carry out all the compensations on the surface of our planet. By them the burning climate of Africa, south of the equator, is relieved in December, January and February, when under the vertical rays of the sun. During these months, cold currents from the Indies and upper Asia rush in to relieve these regions, while the reverse takes place when India and Asia are heated by the burning sun of the northern summer and Africa is cooled by the southern winter. The winds of the west and south-west, which prevail in the middle latitudes, soften the temperature of the western coasts of Europe and America. The trade-winds, sweeping over the surface of the ocean from the Antarctic regions, first strike the coast of Chili in the parallels of thirty-five degrees south latitude, and advance along the coasts of Peru as far north as Cape Pariña, when they turn suddenly westward, lowering the temperature of the regions through which they pass. Thus, as observed by Von Humboldt in his 'Aspects of Nature,' 'the temperature of the Pacific on the coast near Lima is sixty degrees two minutes Fahrenheit, while in the same latitude out of the current it is seventy-nine degrees two minutes Fahrenheit. This polar current, then, lowers the temperature of the atmosphere through which it passes nineteen degrees Fahrenheit; it must, therefore, have a very considerable effect on the climate of the entire continent. In the equatorial regions, where the course of the temperature and winds is regular, that of the rains is equally so; and instead of seasons of temperature, which are

there unknown, the inhabitants draw the distinguishing line between the dry and rainy seasons. Whenever the trade-wind blows with its wonted regularity, the sky preserves a constant serenity and a deep azure blue, especially when the sun is in the opposite hemisphere; the air is dry, and the atmosphere cloudless. But in proportion as the sun approaches the zenith the trade-wind grows irregular, the sky assumes a whitish tint; it becomes overcast; clouds appear, and sudden showers, accompanied with fierce storms, ensue.'

In this we cannot fail to recognise a most important arrangement, whatever may be the effect of these inundating rains in engendering the fevers to which the inhabitants are subject. When we recollect the immense influence of an interposing vapor in weakening the intensity of the sun's rays, we may inquire whether the thick vapor in which they are enveloped, at the time when the solar influence is greatest, does not protect them from dangers to be dreaded infinitely more than the endemical fevers, however fatal they may be.

It is not in this only that these rains and winds are indispensable, but to the vegetable world. The quantity of vapor in the atmosphere depends on the intensity of the solar rays; it is therefore always more abundant in the tropical atmosphere. This is one of the causes of the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation; but were it not for the almost inexhaustible supply of water deposited in the rivers and lagoons of those regions by the annual rains, the moisture in the atmosphere would be insufficient to supply the vegetable kingdom. A failure of rain in the temperate climates for a few weeks only will cause the greatest injury. Who has not often seen with feelings of sadness the parched and withered vegetation of our own country, in seasons of drought, and watched the approaching cloud with thankfulness of heart?

Thus we see the importance of the winds in effecting an exchange of temperature between the equatorial and polar regions, and in modifying the various climates of the earth. But if the capacity of the air were greater than it is, its temperature would be less easily affected by the solar rays, and this circulation, so essential to both hemispheres, partially if not entirely destroyed; while, if the capacity for heat were less, the pleasant and refreshing winds, so important in knitting together the various nations of the earth by the bonds of reciprocal beneficence, would become the most fearful agents of destruction. There is indeed a most intimate connection between the multiplied physical laws with which man has made himself acquainted; a perfect and unbroken chain, extending through and around the wide domain of the infinite CREATOR; and not a link in all this vast chain can be withdrawn or broken without a fearful disturbance of the whole.

The winds keep up the circulation in the atmosphere, and restore its equilibrium, and the oceanic currents, which in some degree depend on them, perform the same office for that element. By these currents the exchange of warm and cold water from the differently-heated regions is effected. It is not our object to attempt to trace these or any other phenomena to their primary cause further than it becomes necessary to connect them together and show the mutual adaptation and concurrent action of the whole; much less do we desire to enter on

controverted territory for the purpose of disputation; but, with all due respect for authority, we suggest the possibility that too much importance has been given to the unequal temperatures of the tropical and polar seas, in explaining the oceanic currents. Much, undoubtedly, is due to the general tendency of fluids to maintain an equilibrium, but we do not consider this 'the more profound and irresistible cause.'

If the rapidity of these deep currents cannot be explained by the motion of the winds, they must result from some cause more powerful than that by which the winds are produced. It is true the sun has a most powerful influence in warming the oceans. Under the equator, the line of constant temperature is seven thousand two hundred feet below the surface. The gulf stream maintains its elevated temperature for more than one thousand feet below the surface. But the atmosphere is more elastic, is easier affected by the solar rays, receives heat, not only from the rays as they pass through it, but by radiation from the earth. The water loses part of the heat it receives by evaporation and radiation, while the depth of the ocean prevents the solar rays from penetrating to the bottom. Thus the line of constant temperature is at variable depths. At fifty-five degrees eighteen minutes, south latitude, longitude one hundred and forty-nine degrees twenty minutes, west, Sir J. C. Ross found it at six hundred fathoms; at forty-nine degrees seventeen minutes, south latitude, longitude one hundred and seventy-two degrees eighteen minutes, west, it sinks to nine hundred fathoms; while at the equator the same distinguished explorer found it at the depth of twelve hundred fathoms. From these examinations he arrived at the conclusion that there is a belt or circle around the earth where the mean temperature of the sea obtains throughout its entire depth, which is about fifty-six degrees fourteen minutes latitude. This, as he observes, constitutes a neutral ground. That portion which is heated by the solar rays imparts heat to the under layers by an exchange of particles. The sun, therefore, cannot act so powerfully and promptly on the oceanic element as on the atmospheric. If then these phenomena result from the same cause, (i. e., a disturbance of the equilibrium of the two elements,) the oceanic currents would not be greater, more powerful or rapid, than the atmospheric currents. But they are, and therefore must have 'a more profound and irresistible cause' than the mere tendency to restore the equilibrium. For these reasons, we adopt the opinion of Baron Von Humboldt, that the oceanic currents depend conjointly upon various causes; on the tides; the duration and intensity of prevailing winds; the modifications of density and specific gravity which the particles of water undergo, in consequence of differences in the temperature and in the relative quantity of saline contents at different latitudes and depths; and lastly, the horary variations of the atmospheric pressure successively propagated from east to west, and occurring with such regularity in the tropics.

These currents have a great influence on the continental climates. The climates of Chili and Peru are, as we have observed, considerably cooled by the Antarctic polar current of wind; but the entire effect is the joint result of the atmospheric and oceanic currents, which rush in from the same point. A branch of the equatorial current, after

passing round Guiana and the Caribbean Sea, forces itself in between Cape Catoche and Cuba to the Gulf of Mexico, and after making the circuit of the gulf, passes out between Florida and Cuba, and continues its course under a new name along our coast as far as Newfoundland, elevating the temperature of the whole coast. This current is deflected from that point to the eastward, and finally reaches the coast of Africa. A portion of its warm waters is carried to western Europe by the prevailing winds, and there contributes to soften the climate. These currents are ever active, and contrast strongly with the disturbed waters through which they pass. Guided by some irresistible power, they pursue their course through the agitated element which surrounds them, unmindful of the storms that impede their progress, but cannot defeat their end.

By retracing our steps we shall find that the various zones of the astronomical climate are caused by the elliptical figure of the earth, by reason of which the surface is unequally exposed to the solar rays, other elements of course contributing to the result; and that the isothermal, isocheminal and isotheral lines would be uniformly parallel to each other over the whole terrestrial surface, were it not for the division, distribution and contour of the continents, their mountains or reliefs, and the unequal, absorbing and radiating powers of the surface. But as the beauty and fertility of large sections of the globe depend on these special provisions for the advantages which their location otherwise would have denied them, we find they have been provided in the arrangement and adaptations of the fluid and solid portions of the earth. The grand object contemplated by the Infinite Mind is stamped indelibly on every part of the universe, and all the particles, however affected by the laws of matter, contribute to the final result. If a plateau is necessary to water the valley, it rises at the bidding of the ETERNAL. If the geographical form and position of a continent require a mountain-chain to condense the passing vapor, it rises also at the same Almighty bidding. If a gulf is needed to modify the climate of a continent, and counteract the influence of the terrestrial reliefs, the hills are rolled back and the gulf appears. Can it be said that all these local and important agents, acting so harmoniously with the mysterious forces that pervade the universe, are the offspring of chance? that the terrestrial reliefs, acting so variously on the local climates, on which so much of life and beauty depend, are the accidental result of indeterminate internal powers?

The mind is not so much affected by the grandeur of any single phenomenon, however important, as it is by the harmonious action of different and apparently conflicting elements. It is this intimate and indispensable relation which exists between the greatest and the smallest of created beings; between the animate and inanimate worlds; this action and reäction upon each other, by which the end is accomplished; and the special provisions, modifying or wholly defeating the action of general laws, where the interests of our species require it, that tend most strongly to direct the inquiring mind upward to the INFINITE and ETERNAL for a revelation of the hidden cause.

But if we look at the general result of the division of the earth's

surface into zones of temperature, we shall find a most favorable condition. The torrid zone stretches from the equator to the tropics, embracing an area of seventy-seven million seven hundred thousand square miles; the temperate zones, extending from the tropics to the polar circles, embrace fifty million square miles in each hemisphere; making together one hundred millions of square miles. This area embraces at least three-fourths of the continental element. The frozens contain only eight millions of square miles each; and even this small circle is inhabitable. Owing to the compensations in Sweden, the *cereals* are cultivated beyond the polar circle. Less therefore than one eleventh part of the earth's surface is beyond the vivifying influence of the solar rays. And we have seen how small a portion of the continental mass is exposed to the vertical rays of the sun when at its highest point, and how that portion is partially protected by the interposing mists and clouds, caused by a rapid evaporation; by the isolated mountain peaks, from which the cold air rushes down; the general elevation; and the luxuriant vegetation, which keeps the atmosphere more humid, and cools the surface of the earth by its moisture and shade. It appears then, from the view we have taken, that the powers by which the continents have been thrown up to their present positions have acted uniformly in every instance; that the local reliefs are necessary where they are found; that the astronomical climates have been variously modified by these agents; and that the elements act in harmony with each other, however widely separated or discordant they may appear; that through the laws of expansion and contraction, of heat and cold, the sea cools the climate of the torrid zone, and warms it in the cold temperate and frigid zones; that the continents are nar row and greatly elevated, with vast isolated peaks, in the equatorial regions, and low and divided, cut up by bays and inland seas, in the higher latitudes; and that the climates depend on the concurrent action of these agents or elements. One irregular or convulsive motion of the mighty upheaving internal power, by which it is supposed the terrestrial reliefs and continental elevations have been produced, would unsettle the physical relations which exist, and more or less disturb the harmonious action of the varied forces of nature.

THE EMIGRANTS:

ILLUSTRATING A PICTURE.

Now bright beneath them gleamed the sun-touched vale,
And just discerned the cot from whence they passed,
When stayed the creaking wheels, and slow and pale
Stepped forth the sorrowing emigrants, to cast
Upon the home they left one gaze — the last.
The grandsire shaded with his trembling hand
The dim eye strained upon the roof he reared;
The son but looked, and bowed himself unmanned
Upon his horse's neck, whose rough breast shared
His master's agony; unlike the rest,
The wife gazed tearless, and her infant son
Folded in silence to her tranquil breast,
As if she felt, wherever doomed to roam,
With him and with his sire — *there would be home.*

THE SABBATH BELL.

I.

Hark! the Sabbath bell is pealing
On the wandering morning breeze,
And around my heart is stealing
Old and pleasant memories.

II.

Holy Sabbaths, long since tasted,
Bring thy music tones to me;
Sacred hours that I have wasted
Underneath the spreading tree.

III.

Meadows in the sunshine lying,
Streams that never ceased their glee,
And the forest's gentle sighing,
Are the dreams thou bring'st to me.

IV.

Come upon thy joyous ringing,
O'er the hills and valleys borne,
Just the same glad music winging,
Just the same unclouded morn.

V.

Oh! how oft a Sabbath rover
Have I heard thy passing boom,
Where the purple fields of clover
Spread around their summer bloom!

VI.

Where the ripples, gaily dancing,
On the meadow-streamlet played,
Or the golden beams came glancing
Through the openings in the shade.

VII.

How my spirit longed to follow
In his merry gambols there,
Often when I 've watched the swallow
Sporting in the summer air!

VIII.

When I saw his shadow flitting
Swift across the sunny floor,
Or beside his nest was sitting,
In the sunlight o'er the door.

IX.

But thy far-off music swelling,
To a holier thought gave birth,
And within my heart was welling
Thankfulness for days on earth.

x.

These the scenes that thou art bringing,
Holy Sabbath bell! to me;
These the memories thou art flinging
Round the path that leads to thee.

xi.

Home of early hours, reposing
In the valley bright and green,
Where the bending elms unclosing
Let the sunlight on the stream:

xii.

Thou hast ceased thy gentle speaking,
Yet upon my charméd ear
Melodies of old are breaking;
Voices that seem ever near.

J. M.

Rondout, May 15th, 1850.

A NOVEL IN A NUT-SHELL.

Is she gentle — apt to please?
Witty, pretty, less or more?
P'shaw! what foolish questions these!
Is she rich, or is she poor?

In the days of my boyhood, when I was a sophomore of C—— college, I once had occasion to travel through P——, a large New-England town, on my route to my *alma mater*, and we passed the large school-house just as the girls came pouring forth, at the close of the afternoon lessons. The stage stopped at a hotel near, and I, with one or two others of about my own appearance and calibre, strolled up the street to take a look at them. Boys are not always very gentlemanly, nor girls ladylike; and in this instance the bounds of good manners were certainly overstepped. There was one young lady who attracted my attention as being particularly pretty, and in an effort to be smart in her hearing, I said to my companions: 'Behold the future mothers of the land!'

'The future statesmen and orators!' immediately rejoined one of the girls. 'Lou., do you hear those impudent fellows?'

'Yes,' replied Miss Lou., who was the one to whom I had taken a fancy; and turning her head, she said with great archness:

'The green young saplings which we see,
Advancing, grow to trees;
Behold! how rich the land must be
To bear such sprouts as these!'

Whereupon they all laughed merrily, and then ran away. We had paused to hear her speech, but they gave us no chance to answer; so we returned to the hotel, feeling very much as if we had had the worst of it. But that graceful form, that comical expression, and above all,

that bright face, haunted me for weeks after I returned to my studies, and were the beau ideal of many a sonnet and improvized romance. In truth, I never forgot her; and circumstances in after years brought to my knowledge the whole history of her who was my boyhood's dream. This was so unlike the history of heroines in general, that I have thought it worthy of being written, in the hope that the events of our lives may benefit others, if any there be who can profit by their neighbors' experience. Indeed I sometimes think that the heroes and heroines of novels and tales have as many, if not more, practical followers than the sages and apostles of wisdom.

Thus, while I went on my way, musing on my unknown beauty, fancying her in all manner of romantic situations—in carriages, on horseback, by the side of precipices, in splendid drawing-rooms, in hair-breadth escapes, beset with unfit suitors, or teazed by stingy or tyrannical (and always rich) relations, for there is no manner of situation in life except the right one in which I did not place her—behold! she went on her way to her home. This was in one of the most obscure streets of the town, in a very mean, unpainted, little, one-story house. Here she seated herself upon an old frame of a chair, with a piece of skin tied in it for a bottom. She laid the slate and two or three books she had carried in her arms on the floor beside her, and commenced chatting to a fat, old, hard-working character who was there, diligently making tea and johnny-cake for supper.

'Mother,' said the girl, 'as we came from school we saw the stage-passengers getting out, and among them were some of the boys going to college. We said something about them which I think the fellows overheard, for they turned round and looked after us.'

'I 'll warrant you made a grammet at them,' said the mother; but the girl continued, without heeding:

'I wish Tom could go to college.'

'Tom go to college!' exclaimed the old woman, laughing at the idea.

'Yes, why not? Tom is as smart a boy as any in his school:

> 'A MAN a locomotive is,
> Steam raising every hour;
> And TOM within that head of his
> Has got a twelve-horse power.

Sometimes I think that if I could get something to do, maybe we both together could send him. I should so love to see Tom a gentleman!'

'P'shaw, gal! your wits are turned, through going to school. If I can get Tom 'prenticed to a good trade, as his father was before him, he 'll be gentleman enough for me. But I should like to hear how you would set about getting the money.'

'Why, you know, Aunt Louisa keeps a boarding-house in B——. Well now, mother, if you would give me all the money I could make on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and mornings and evenings, and other odd times, by helping you, I think I could get enough to go and make her a visit. You know I am named after her: perhaps she would put me in the way of doing something. B—— is a large place.'

Here Louisa paused a moment. In truth, she had no very definite idea of what she wished her aunt to do for her; but she desired greatly

to make her a visit. Her hope by day and her dream by night was, by some means or other, to obtain for herself and her brother a station in that rank of life from which poverty now debarred them. Once at her aunt's house, she would have one step taken on the ladder of her ambition. Great projects are never born full-grown. Like every earthly thing, they have their infancy, their childhood, their youth, and their maturity, and death arrests them at any stage.

Meantime, to divert her mother from a more close inquiry until her plans should be fully ripened, she related a number of histories she had read of men who had become distinguished, from the humblest situations in life, until the old woman was quite bewildered with what had been told her; for she was profoundly ignorant, not being able even to read. Yet she was one who had been cast in nature's noblest mould; or, to speak after Doctor Johnson's celebrated simile, she was a most beautiful and available block of marble, which had lain unsought and unfound in the wide wilderness of poverty. But He who knoweth the hiding-place of every jewel had not created her nor her great soul in vain, although but the widow of a poor mechanic, and reduced to maintain herself and her two children by taking in washing and ironing. Strong, healthy, and cheerful by nature, accustomed always to spend what she earned, and as she earned it, she had no idea of saving money, nor any ability to calculate the amount she could save. Not so Louisa; she could count, and she could calculate.

Ignorant people have very little notion of the virtue of education: but Mrs. Goldensoul loved her children; they were her pets. When little, it had been a pleasure rather than a task to her strong nerves and hardened muscles to wash and dress them neat and clean; and when so washed and dressed, she behooved to have some object for which to do it. School! that was where other people's children went, and it appeared a very fit place to send them to display their pretty frocks and faces; and then they looked so sweet, walking off together, that it was a sufficient inducement to send them just to see them go. In process of time the children began to have their little school ambitions and cares. Their mother was their confidant, and they were her companions. She rejoiced in their successes and sympathized with their troubles; until, from the ascendancy which knowledge is sure to gain over ignorance, she came to look upon their acquirements as miraculous, and to be almost entirely influenced by their opinions. Not above her business herself, she had not taught her children to be so; and Louisa, as she assisted at the ironing-table and related to her mother the wonders of history and science, made a most agreeable associate; and what marvel if she became at length the master-spirit? Had she professed to have obtained the secret of alchemy, or to have found Aladdin's lamp (which, by the way, I think she had; but that will appear), her mother would have believed her undoubtingly. Happily and wisely is it ordered by Providence that the general tendency of learning is to improve the heart and liberalize the understanding; and to their praise be it spoken, those who have the charge of schools generally attend to the moral training of those they educate. But neither had the mother omitted to send her children to the Sunday-

school; and, by so doing, had unwittingly provided another antidote to the dangers of her own ignorance and blind affection.

With this insight into their circumstances, it is not surprising that Louisa obtained her mother's consent to her proposition, and what was more important, succeeded in inspiring her with some sort of faith in it; albeit the mother's hope looked not beyond a situation as school-teacher or milliner's apprentice. Far otherwise the daughter. When has ever youth set bounds to its imaginings, or ardent fancy chained itself to slow-moving reason? Her head was now quite filled with this half-formed scheme. She was a conqueror, in her way, as great as many whom poets have sung and historians lauded; for she laid plans and overcame difficulties. Hers was no visionary head to dream for idle hands. Eminently practical was she in all her views; at least so would her biographer have written, had she been one of the before-mentioned heroes. With diligent hands, with industry early and late, at an exercise far from unhealthy, and with a mind buoyed up by hope, *she exerted her talents;* and her health, instead of suffering, was even improved thereby. It cost her some qualms of school-acquired pride as she went with the little brother for whom she was to do such great things to fetch and carry the enormous bundles of clothes; but, 'No matter, Tom,' said she:

'Aladdin rubbed a magic lamp
For wealth and great renown,
And we with these old clothes must tramp
To bring our castle down.

'He did but rub the lamp, and brought
A genius to his side;
And I shall rub the clothes for naught
But rank and wealth allied.

'For what is magic but the ways
Of knowledge, work and care?
It needs but have these three to raise
A genius any where!'

Tom expressed sufficient approbation of the rhymes; and Louisa, having, as usual when annoyed, got rid of her trouble by measuring it out, hugged her project to her heart, and exercise kept her from dyspepsia.

Time sped; the little pile of money soon increased, and the moderate sum required was at last told over. The doting mother hated to part with her darling, and Tom wished that he could go also; but the minds of all three were so completely imbued with the hope of prosperity, that no objection was made; and Louisa, with her small means and great anticipations, went on her way to the city, where no one would recognise her as the washerwoman's daughter.

Aunt Louisa Moskey, as hinted above, kept a boarding-house; one of those numberless establishments which abound in large cities, where economy is the means and end, the plan and result, of every department, and where dwell persons desirous of economizing; poverty and avarice associating and consoling each other. Here were the medical student and the merchant's clerk, the poor lawyer and the rich bankrupt, the independent young lady, whose age is among forgotten things,

and the meddlesome old woman, whose husband is in the same category; for prices, victuals and accommodations were each under the fashionable standard. And here Louisa arrived, in the middle of summer. At that time the boarding-houses in B—— do not overflow with customers, and she was received with some charity, inasmuch as she did not come at an inconvenient season.

The aunt was a thin, care-worn looking body, with two or three children, and a great many anxieties. Oh, the devotees of mammon! how hard they work! how bitterly they fare! Her ignorance of the world, and the sense of her own daring, gave Louisa a feeling of uneasiness, which this lady's manner was not calculated, entirely to remove; nevertheless, with the help of a very acute understanding, she contrived to be somewhat at home. Tea was ready, soon after her arrival. Seated for the first time, in the company of those she considered her superiors at least in the knowledge of etiquette, she was silent and observing; being far too good a general, to parade her ignorance by pretending to manners, she only guessed at.

After tea she went not into the parlor, she glanced at that in passing; but into her aunt's private room. This was not cunning; but a sort of sense of right. She had come to visit her aunt, and she wanted her favor. To win it, she began with an indefinite intention of doing her a kindness; or in other words, a simple wish to make herself useful. In her aunt's room, she found the children. There was a boy somewhat younger than herself, puzzling over a lesson; two very cross little girls teasing him; and a pile of sheets and pillow cases to be made. She sat down in a rocking chair; took the youngest child in her arms, and played with it, and sang to it, and very soon attracted the attention of the elder girl; and the boy was left to pursue his studies unmolested. So that in a short time she had at least made peace where there was usually war. The youngest child fell asleep; she laid it on a lounge, and the second one claimed its place. By this time Mrs. Moskey came in with a servant to put the children to bed; and she expressed her gratification at finding them so quiet. Louisa parted with her other cousin; and seeing her aunt commence sewing on the sheets, she volunteered her assistance there, which was readily accepted. Mrs. M. declaring 'she was in a prodigious hurry to get them done, as she had a great deal to do, which she wished to accomplish before the house should be again crowded with boarders. She had hired Mrs. Slowman at two dollars a week, but it appeared to her she would never finish any thing.' So Louisa passed the remainder of the evening in helping to bring up the arrears of Mrs. Slowman; and in listening to the tune of her aunt's troubles; which latter consisted in running the scale up and down from the lowest to the highest note through every pitch and tone and variation of domestic grievances in the shape of servants. She really felt a sympathy for her aunt, and a desire to relieve some of these sad trials.

The next morning she was up early as was her wont; and if nothing else had influenced her, ennui, at the loss of her usual occupations would have caused her to wish for employment. Persons of good health and strong minds are seldom disposed to idleness; and when to

these are added the habit of industry, the former becomes a punishment. She followed her aunt around with cheerful smiles, ready wit and helping hands. With perfect sincerity she praised the breakfast. Boarding-house keepers are particularly vulnerable on the score of their tables and housekeeping; and although this was doubtless gross flattery in fact; yet indeed the table stood fair in comparison with the washer-woman's; and it was received in good faith, because Mrs. M. persuaded herself to believe it, and desired that others should do the same. Thus did Louisa acquire good opinions; and thus she went on. She assisted at making the pies; she lent a hand at the desserts; she helped to nurse the children, manufacture the clothes, and renovate the finery. Not that she was an adept at all these things, far from it; but she learned from occasion; and with her good heart and fine natural abilities, she began to take such an interest in the assistance she gave, that she was in some danger of forgetting her principal object.

Meantime Aunt Moskey was not unmindful of the value of her visitor. Selfishness always renders people short-sighted; and she began to study how she should retain her; she thought of offering her wages.

Feeling rich in unpaid-for services, she hauled out her old garments for new uses; and from among the surplus, she gave Louisa a white muslin, which had been a very pretty dress; and which, in new hands, became one again; a yard or two of blue ribbon, and these things were received with such girlish delight, that she added to them some other finery. All persons are delighted with gratitude, there is no more certain indication of a noble nature, than the ability to receive a small favor gracefully. It is true the gifts were very trifling; especially when compared with the services rendered and the obligation incurred. But Mrs. Moskey was poor; at least she thought herself so, although well established in a good and lucrative calling. I call it lucrative; it is true a fortune would not accrue from it in a very short time; but to one boarder who cheated her, she had ten who paid well; and I think if it were essential to this story, I could show that if she had husbanded her resources properly, and rated her necessities reasonably, she would have made a very comfortable living. But her habit of mind was to set herself in comparison with every person above her in the scale of wealth, self-indulgence, and worldly distinction; and 'forgetting those things which were behind, to press toward the mark of the high calling' of earthly greatness. Beside she was bilious, and that made her indolent and irritable, indolent, selfish, and would-be fashionable; here was an ocean of wants to which the income of a paltry boarding-house, was not a bucketful. I do not wonder she thought herself poor. But although it is true, that I have not painted Mrs. Moskey very loveable, still, there are much worse people than her in the world. There are those who would have thought the utmost a poor girl in Louisa's situation could have done, would not have entitled her to their good graces. She felt mean at the gifts she offered; but their value was so magnified by the skill exercised in making use of them, that she was restored by it to her own good opinion. It never occurred to her that one principal cause of Louisa's gratitude was the friendly feeling which the gifts

evinced. There are those who value a present only for its intrinsic worth: these are hard to satisfy; and there are those who take largely into account the feeling which prompts the giver. Oh! what a world of difference lies between these considerations!

It is not in the nature of feeling to stand still, whether for good or evil; and Mrs. Moskey began to plan other favors for her niece, which should not cost her an outlay of money. She had the usual knowledge of the prevailing fashion possessed by a dweller in a large city; and Louisa was neither blind nor stupid. So under their combined efforts the white muslin, the blue ribbon, and Louisa, were converted into quite a distinguished-looking young lady. The latter was pretty, healthy and cheerful; she had a good figure, a good heart, good sense and a good education: these were her advantages. Boarding-house keepers are, from the nature of their occupation, very apt to be match-makers; opportunity continually furnishing them with temptation; and the aunt began to study what old characters of her acquaintance, having money, could be tempted by these goods, against the odds of low-born poverty, to marry her niece.

The eldest of the two little girls was taking her first lessons on the piano; and Louisa, from sitting by her and taking notice, soon began to acquire an insight into the science of music; and often would pass a twilight, or an hour when the parlor was otherwise deserted, putting in practice her picked up-knowledge.

CHAPTER SECOND.

I HAD finished my collegiate course, and was about to commence the study of the law under a celebrated counsellor at B ——, and for a comfortable (I believe the word means cheap — I know fashionable means dear) boarding-house had been recommended to Mrs. Moskey's. Behold me, green and aspiring, sent into the parlor to await the mistress of the house. The piano suddenly stopped as I entered, and a young woman arose from it hastily, and in charming confusion, and my lost Pleiad stood before me. It was but for an instant, for she left the room immediately. I made no difficulty of my terms with Mrs. M. I could not tell whether I had consented to occupy the garret or the cellar, much less the price. I was ambitious; I had my way to make in the world. What knowledge I had will be seen by the use I made of it. My head now became entirely filled with this girl.

The white dress and blue ribbon did their full amount of work with me. I took my seat beside her, whenever and wherever she appeared. I walked with her; I talked with her. She was very intelligent, and had a great deal of harmless drollery, which rendered her exceedingly fascinating. She who had nothing to boast of in family or fortune, and was too conscientious to lie, was consequently never egotistical. Her hands, although by no means bad-looking, she was conscious had seen hard work, and she never displayed them; either smoothing down the sides of her hair, or playing with her mouth, or in, as it were habitually, running over the keys of Imagination's piano. What won-

der I thought her a high bred lady? How often have I admired the simplicity of her dress; its freedom from tinsel and ornament, which taste indeed had arranged, but I guessed not that poverty had prescribed. I had no distinct intention of marrying immediately; but I was daily getting more and more in love, and I did not conceal it. Indeed, my jealousy broke over all bounds if she appeared to take pleasure in the society of any other person than myself.

This state of things did not at all please Mrs. Moskey. It deranged her plans entirely.

'The family is very respectable, and he is as proud as Lucifer,' she would say. 'Beside, he is so handsome and so talented,' (so she was pleased to say of me,) 'he could marry any girl in B. He would not look at you if he knew your mother worked for her living. If ever Fred. Clacket marries, he will marry for money.'

Louisa nearly choked when these and like inuendoes were thrown out. At last one evening her aunt took her into her room purposely to lay the case in all its bearings before her. After a proper exordium, she continued:

'There is old Captain Smalet would marry you in a moment. There is Quandary; what if he is dowdy? He says you are just the girl he would like to have. And there is Riquets; he drives his carriage and has a beautiful country-seat. Do n't spoil your chance in this way.'

'The old curmudgeons!' exclaimed Louisa, 'I would not marry one of them if I could combine the advantages of all. Who would care to ride in a carriage, if they must have old Riquets always beside them? They say he was a tailor, and a good one too, both for cut and price:

'THAT talent answers various ends, is proved at any rate,
The tailor who can make a man can make a vast estate.'

As for Smalet, his first wife had to carry the bellows to bed to inflate his lungs whenever he had an attack of asthma, for fear the dear old soul might die before the doctor could get to him. No, no, aunt! if I work that hard it shall be for something to gratify my eyes at least:

'WHEN I assume a matron's cares for such old daddy's healths,
Then wealth must borrow Cupid's wings, and Cupid fly on Wealth's.'

'Rhyme is not reason,' interrupted, Mrs. Moskey.

'Do n't you like that?' said Louisa; 'well that is not very good. I 'll try again.' But though she spoke banteringly, she sighed bitterly: 'Ah me:'

'SINCE wealth has wings, and love as well,
And even both may fly,
And taste is apt to stay a spell,
I 'll try and please my eye.'

'Why child you are crazy, to go on as you do!' again broke in her aunt. 'You are ruining yourself, and all I have done for you is thrown away.'

And here she became so zealous, that she began to threaten; darkly and distantly indeed, just to infuse a slight suspicion into Louisa's mind, that if she did not conduct herself more circumspectly with regard to her lover, she would blow her sky-high in his estimation by telling him

her whole history. To these insinuations Louisa replied humorously: 'Aunt, I'll tell you what:

> 'I 'd rather wash a hundred years to earn a single groat,
> Than blow the bellows once a week down Daddy Small-clothes' throat.'

Good night!' It was late, and she went to her own room, weary, disgusted and wretched.

What a change was wrought in her! What was station to her now, if it could not be enjoyed with him she loved? She sat down and reflected on what had been said to her. Neither was it the first time she had so reflected; but such thoughts were painful, and first love is a bright intoxication, an infatuation, a madness! Now, conscience bade her look her own conduct in the face. Was she not tacitly deceiving her lover? And then her mother and her brother came before her, and fancy painted all that money could do for them; but there arose the heart-sickening prospect of marrying ——! 'Bah! Have I not hands? Do I not know how? Is there not work enough to be done? My mother! my brother! there is nothing in this world for me, but I am for you. Oh! how gladly, how eagerly will I work; but not for you, no, not even for you, will I make myself a legal mistress. Not for you, will I insult the holy altar, standing before it to vow a lie; to promise to love and honor where no love, no honor can exist. No! no! no!'

The last words were uttered aloud and resolutely; and as she uttered them, she arose from the statue-like position in which she had been sitting. Determination gave relief to her feelings, and she went to bed, but not to sleep. There was no sleep for her; she could not rest. Thought was torture. Starting up with strong and sudden resolution, she seized her trunk, gathered together her clothes, packed them into it, and dressed herself for travelling. Then taking her lamp, she returned to her aunt's room. That room, which she had left so short a time before, was now silent, save from the deep breathing of the sleeper. Yes, she could sleep. She had filled the heart of another with remorse and bitter anxiety; she had bereft it of the power of rest or peace; and this purely and avowedly for worldly reasons, and then laid down to sleep, saying: 'I have done my duty.' Oh, human beings! who among us, know their duty? This woman really believed she was studying her niece's best interests.

Louisa sat down at her aunt's writing desk and wrote the following note:

> 'My Friend: Imperious duty calls me suddenly to return to my beloved home. As the cars will leave very early this morning, I shall not see you again, and I cannot resist the temptation of saying 'Good-by!' Yours, Louisa.'

She closed and directed it, saying to herself: 'I ought not to do this but —— I cannot help it.'

With some trepidation she went and placed it in the glass where invitations were usually left, then returning to her aunt's room, she awoke her. The latter was greatly surprised; but Louisa stopped her exclamations, saying: 'My dear aunt, I have thought all night of what you have said: my resolution is taken. It is useless to talk to me: I

want to see my mother. Shall not one of the servants go down with me to the cars?'

Poor Mrs. Moskey! She had some distant notion of what was right; she flounced out of bed, and was in great anxiety to do something. She begged Louisa to write to her, and picked up some presents for her sister and nephew; and as she thought of what a loss she was about to sustain, she asked her to promise to return. Louisa thanked her, kissed her, and left her to go and bid the children good-by; and then departed from that city, from which she had anticipated so much and realized so little.

'Oh, dreamer! where are all your bright hopes now? How is the air-built castle vanished! She drops a burning tear over the few and trifling presents which are all she brings in its stead.

Seldom indeed does our fate turn upon the hinges we mould for it. Accident juts in, on every side, and jostles us from the paths we have carefully laid out. Yet although scarcely ever in the way designed, naught is seriously undertaken and eagerly pursued but leads to results curious, astonishing, or it may be ridiculous, even as is the ability and ardor which undertakes. But for apparent accident, what might have been the fate of Bonaparte? What of Europe? What of the world? The shot which pierced the coat of WASHINGTON *might have* ruined America. In all things, a Wise HAND directs, which we too rarely think of. None can fortell the end of any beginning, howsoever wisely planned; none but that EYE which seeth not as man seeth; that POWER which has promised repeated blessings on those who trust in it: which is strength to the poor, a refuge from the storm, and a shadow from the heat. Whoso putteth his trust in the LORD, mercy embraceth him on every side. Louisa thought of the overruling DEITY, and trusted.

She arrived at her home. Her mother was in ecstasies of delight at seeing her darling once again. The child's fancies had faded from her mind so soon as the genius which kept them bright had departed; and the poor old woman had only moped and mourned at her absence. The little brother had missed his companion, and sighed for her return. There was nothing but joy to greet her. No disappointment weighed on their spirits. No sad recollections clouded the past; no dismal forebodings darkened the future. For them there was but hope fulfilled, their loved one safe at home. Oh, how bright smiles can make cheerful the humblest abode! It is not in elevated rank, it is not in splendid furniture; it is not in costly carriages nor magnificent buildings that happiness dwells; it is in innocent and loving hearts, wherever they abide. Still Louisa felt as if she had somehow cheated them. Often in wandering about the great city she had ached at her heart's core for the means of gratifying one single wish: to bring home to her mother and brother a portion of the new and beautiful things she saw every where displayed. The presents her aunt and the children had given her, with the purchases made with all her money, she had carefully hoarded. Yet they seemed such a mere nothing in comparison with what she would have done, had she had the means, that she feared to offer them. But they who had fostered no expectations were made

quite rich, and thought she had accomplished quite enough by her journey. So much are opinions the effect of imagination.

She had worked before for hope; she set to work now to drive away the remembrance of it. She worked harder than before; but her mother lamented that she was not so cheerful. She strove to overcome this. There was a world of agony within her breast; there was a world, also, of resolution. Your self-afflicted dreamers, your mourners over imaginary woes, may afford to be idle, and contemplate their miseries; but action is the antidote to real heart-ache; and as disease instinctively seeks its cure, so will the heart, smarting under real torture, seek relief in employment; in employment as constant as the pain it would forget; in employment as fatiguing as the pain it would wear out.

Louisa kept her promise, and wrote to her aunt; and with longing curiosity awaited an answer. A letter came, but not from Mrs. Moskey: it was from her lover. It was a passionate ebullition of love and pique; of love, full, warm and confiding, which kept no bounds of discretion, and pique at fancied slight. 'Surely there was no part of my conduct that could have made you doubt the sincerity of my affection for you,' said this wise letter; 'and if I did not directly offer to you, as your aunt seems to intimate, was it kind or candid to leave me thus? You knew I could not follow you, talk as they will of love's laughing at impossibilities. I cannot help fancying that some regard for me exists in your heart, or you would not have left me even the small cold remembrance you did. Louisa, has not some one misled you? Has not some one been talking to you who knows nothing of me or my affairs, putting into your head hard and calculating thoughts, unlike yourself?—you, who are the most generous and open-hearted of human beings? Write to me, and tell me all the truth, if it be but to relieve me from suspense. Tell me that you do not love me; that you left me because you are tired of me; that your note was written in pity to a cast-off lover! But I cannot believe it; *you* would not have acted thus. Then tell me, in Mercy's name, why you *did* go so singularly and so suddenly; and I will see if there be not a way and a means of seeing you again, and banishing your doubts.'

This letter, which was suitably closed and signed (and which I think should be inserted in 'The Complete Letter-Writer,' or otherwise it is not complete,) was a sore puzzle to her to whom it was addressed. How could she, how was she, to answer it? Her lover had not misjudged her in saying she was generous and candid; but what to do she knew not. How was she to tell the truth, or how forbear to tell it? Yet the letter made her very happy. Notwithstanding, she felt she must renounce all thought of marrying the author, and she wished to avoid a visit from him if possible. Not that she believed he would hesitate to marry her under any circumstances; how could she *now* think so? But with real love came all its accompaniments. She thought it would be a disadvantage to him; it might mortify his friends and family; lower him among his acquaintances, perhaps, or be a drag-weight to him in his career of ambition. Her resolution being taken, she willingly would have avoided his knowing how far beneath

him she ranked in the scale of society; that artificial distinction, which is more binding on the conduct and feelings of mankind, from the prince to the peasant, than almost any passion or feeling of our nature; which will sometimes cause the miser to disregard his gold, the lover his heart, and even the christian his conscience. That love is strong which can lose caste for the object of its love; that religion we acknowledge to be great and powerful which can make a man condescend to those of low degree. Why, this feeling will make a man, in certain circumstances, think he has done his neighbor a favor just by treating him politely!

Louisa wrote an answer, in which she exerted all her talents to console and please, and at the same time to forbid me hope. Vain task! Did she love me? I would compass sea and land to win her: difficulties only stimulated me. I little thought of the great gulf which separated us; the great gulf of very low station. Had I been a millionaire, I could indeed have built a golden bridge across it; but the peculiarity of differing grades is such, that, like similar electricities, the more nearly they approach the more certainly they repel each other. However, the time had not yet come to think of this. It is true I had learned that Louisa was poor; for, as may have been guessed, I had had a talk with Mrs. Moskey; but that lady had not chosen to be communicative beyond what suited her views, and the word 'poor,' connected with Louisa, to my mind ever represented genteel poverty—'fallen greatness.'

Our correspondence continued for several weeks, until at last I with joy informed her that I had engaged in some business which would lead me to P——. How diligently I had sought it! What an interest I had taken in all matters likely to be transacted there!

Since the visit could not now be avoided, Louisa determined to do what was possible toward increasing the respectability of her family in those eyes which had become the world's to her. Her mother was astounded at the idea of a gentleman visitor. To work they went. Industry can do wonders, and art can do miracles. Some second-hand furniture was purchased at an auction, (Louisa preferred old and good to new and mean), more was solicited in payment of bad debts, and easily obtained. Soon there was a change. A carpet was spread over the floor, curtains were hung at the windows, sofas, chairs, tables, and all the etcetera of household furniture, were in due course provided; and among the items of a more genteel establishment they did not omit a servant. This latter was a negro girl, about fourteen years of age, whom they picked up in the neighborhood, and to drill whom, to the duties required of her, was both a task and an amusement. Tom was delighted by so many new things; and hope again, although with many misgiving checks, began to insinuate itself into the heart and cheek, the step and soul, of Louisa. Blithely again she sang at her work: again was her footstep light and her laugh merry.

Winter came on, bringing with it its extra expenses; and to unite economy with comfort, a fire was made in the parlor. Every evening a tow-cloth was spread before the improved Franklin-stove, the ironing-table set out, and there they cooked, and worked, and anticipated;

always intending that when the company should come they would all be cleared away, and have the room comfortable to receive him. But, anxious to do as much as possible before that time, and the visitor delaying his coming, they daily continued, until fatigue obliged them to desist. The object being now to provide the utmost for the house in the shortest possible time, no outlays for other purposes were made. Cheerfully they denied themselves every luxury, and almost every comfort, beyond what was necessary to keep them in health. They looked not at butter, they dreamed not of meat; but they fatted on success in their main undertaking.

One evening it occurred to Louisa that her mother was an old woman, and ought not so to deny herself. It had been a cold, stormy day, such a one as it seemed most unlikely a stranger would arrive in, and she proposed to have a feast. Tom clapped his hands at the idea. They sent to the butcher's for some meat, and to the grocer's for eggs, tea and butter; and, the materials collected, the old woman set herself to her heart's delight, the cooking, while Louisa undertook to do up the ironing all by herself. They were all hard at work; the servant had gone to the pump for water; when lo! the long-expected knock at the door!

They regarded each other in ludicrous consternation. All thoughts were upon one object—to clear the room. The mother and daughter seized the ironing-table, and trotted it quickly into the back-room; ready-witted Tom threw the flat-irons, bread, meat, gridiron and kettle into the tow-cloth in one promiscuous huddle, and gathering up the four corners, dragged it after them. Louisa threw off her apron, and returned to the parlor as her mother just cleared the door with the remaining clutter, and the servant ushered in—myself.

I had arrived at the hotel about two hours before, and my first inquiry had been for the family; but the bar-keeper, not dreaming I could mean the washerwoman, knew of no such folks. I had wandered up one street and down another, in wet and wind, despairing in the fruitless endeavor to select from out the houses such as I imagined she must inhabit, the particular one which was her abode. From information previously obtained I knew I was in the right quarter of the town; yet to tell in which building a young lady lives, from the exterior of the same, is not a very promising undertaking, certainly; to question is better. But although I had tried both, I now determined to rely more especially upon the latter, and less upon my good judgment. Looking around for some one to interrogate, my attention was arrested by a negro girl who was paddling along through the wet with a bucket of water. It was the last glimmering of twilight, and she was the only person to be seen; so I accosted her: 'My good girl, can you tell me where Mrs. Goldensoul lives?'

'Yes, Sir; I know where she lives. Is it Miss Louisa or the old woman you want to see? They axes fifty cents a dozen, I b'lieve, and do the mending too. It is very cheap!'

'What?' exclaimed I, no ray of the truth straying across my benighted intellect; 'what do you say? I asked you if you could tell me where Mrs. Goldensoul lives. She has a daughter, Miss Louisa.'

'Oh, may-be you 're the gentleman! But they 're uncommon busy to-night. Come along; I 'll show you the way, Miss Lou. says the thermometer is below Jericho, and her mother shall eat one supper if there is not a clean shirt in martyrdom next Sunday morning! It 'll do well enough for young folks that 's smarty, but old women ought n't to disembowel themselves, any how. Miss Lou. makes grammers, and her mother will call them crumpets; but she says she shall never be thrown up from the ways of ignorance. She do n't want to wear the black silk and cap. She would rather go to bed. But them that 's good enough for Miss Lou. is good enough for her mother.'

By this time I had followed her up to the door of a dingy, most unprepossessing-looking house, which I inwardly hoped the increasing darkness mystified. I was out of patience, and quite sure there must be some mistake.

'You knock,' said the girl, as she laid her hand upon the door, 'while I go in and tell 'em he 's come. She said I must not open the door until he knocks;' and setting her bucket down, she stepped inside, and holding the door by the merest crack ajar, stood peeping at me; waiting apparently to see if I would do as she had desired me. Accordingly, I knocked; whereupon she opened the door immediately, with a grin on her face that would have answered for a dozen welcomes. Her motions all indicated an inexplicable mixture of delight and embarrassment. Hesitatingly she opened the parlor-door, and giving a peep in, said: 'I think it 's him. I could n't keep him out any longer!' and vanished.

Within the house the scene was more in accordance with my preconceived ideas. Certain it was that Louisa was there, and my recent perplexities faded at once from my imagination. Never had the lady of my love seemed more beautiful or more charming; and I for a while forgot the world beside in the magic of her society. Presently she mentioned her mother; and although I earnestly wished that the old lady might be gone to lecture, I took the hint, and hoped I was to have the pleasure of seeing her. The laughing servant was instantly summoned with a small bell, and my message sent out. After a lapse of about a quarter of an hour, and when I had again forgotten there was such a being, she made her appearance—black silk and cap! and the negro girl's chat flashed through my mind, and gave me a spasmodic feeling similar to what the outside of the house had produced, only vastly more intense. Industry is a magician's wand, and had done a great deal; but it had not turned the hard-working old washerwoman into a fashionable lady.

Once in the street again, and out of Louisa's intoxicating presence, I began to reflect on what I had done, and what I was doing. Should I marry this girl? Pride answered 'No!' And contemplating giving her up, I fancied I would never marry at all. Her brother, of whom she was so fond, should be a protegé of mine. I would do her all possible favors; and, in short, try very hard not to break her heart. And then my ideas became indistinct and confused, and wandered away into all sorts of impossibilities. I believed I would do anything, suffer anything, to alter the inexorable destiny which made me afraid and

ashamed to make her my bride: which destiny was not so much a doubt of my ability to maintain her, as it was a belief that I could not do it in a certain style. I had thought also that my wife must be distinguished: I must be envied for her sake. Her family must be something to boast of. Mrs. Moskey was right: I had counted upon a market for my manly attractions, and Louisa could not pay the price. To be loved where I did love was not sufficient; it was not all I asked. Here was the difficulty which separated us. But I did not reason thus at that time. No, I thought of what the world would say; of what my friends would say. 'He has married the daughter of an old washerwoman!' The thought was intolerable. Whither would go my visions and hopes; my dreams of being distinguished and eminent? My vanity and self-conceit I should have looked after, but I did not. I thought (it is astonishing how like are all men to great characters!) of Bonaparte renouncing Josephine, and contrived to see an analogy between his greatness and mine. I thought of other great characters, who have cursed the world by their example. And then I thought of Adam, in the midst of Paradise, reaching out his hand to take the forbidden fruit. The analogy in this instance was not greater than in the other, save that I am sure he did not long for it more than I did for Louisa. At last I thought, and it was the most sensible thought which had occurred to me, that I was a rascal to think of abandoning her now. My whole course of conduct toward her passed in review before me, and forcibly enough returned to mind my first letter, and my assertion that Mrs. Moskey knew nothing of me or of my affairs. Did she not? Did I wish I had not said it? What had been my reply to her answer, telling me not to seek to see her again? Above all, what had been my conduct since? I had, as it were, forced her to confide in me: to desert her now would be base, mean, dastardly. Oddly enough, I was glad when I had come to this conclusion. If I had been guilty of consummate folly, I resolved at least that I would not add to it deliberate wickedness.

During this conflict of the passions of love and pride, I had arrived at my hotel. There lay, upon the mantle-piece of my room, a copy of the New Testament. Without reflection, I took it up, and opened accidentally to our SAVIOUR'S temptation, where Satan taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth unto him all the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them, and saith unto him: 'All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' How forcible was the contrast to the thought recently in my mind! Adam, surrounded by every delight, fell for a single forbidden fruit; the SAVIOUR, hungry and solitary, was tempted with all this world can offer, and fell not. Yes, the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them — these are our daily temptations; and for these we daily fall down and worship — ay, the Devil. And was I not in the very act of doing him homage when I would so ill-treat that lovely and unprotected girl? Yes, and tear out my own heart also, to lay it a sacrifice upon his worldly altar! I felt disgusted with myself. I resolved again to do otherwise — to do better.

The next day I saw Louisa again, and as I had had some work to do to

bring myself to a right conclusion, so had I still more to make her consent to our immediate union; for with the usual consistency of a human being, I, who the day before did not believe I would marry her at all, now declared that my prosperity depended on this last proposition. My determination being taken, I had resolved at once that they could not too soon, for my pride, quit their present mode of life, and I well knew it could not be done in any other way.

All my plans of life were now changed; or rather it became necessary for me to have a plan, and not to dream any more. And first I wrote to my mother a full account of what I had done, and received for reply: 'My son, be always honorable, just and generous, and you will be always right.' Also came a letter from my brother, saying: 'Dear Fred., I understand you are about to be married to a very worthy girl, a bricklayer's daughter. (I had, in my account to the family, substituted the father's occupation for the mother's.) I hope you will prove yourself worthy of her. Moreover, I intend that this, my reply to your letter, shall gain me a considerable number of votes, and beg you will speak of it accordingly; it will not interfere with your own capital. I believe you are a cunning fellow, and I have a great mind to envy you your luck. Had my father been a wood-sawyer, or my mother a washerwoman, or myself a blacksmith, I believe I could have won my last election. Yours, Frank.' Thus was the first great bug-bear of my imagination, what would my family say, answered. As for the world in general, they did not send in their opinions in writing.

My next business was to hire an office in P——, and look me out a respectable house, both of which I furnished as well as the means at my disposal would permit, feeling all the while as if I had renounced the world, which means that I believed the world would certainly renounce me.

And Louisa and I were married. After which I had insisted that my mother-in-law should no longer work for the public. 'No, Lou.,' said I, 'if I cannot make out to maintain you all, you must be content to starve with me.' 'Nobody will know it,' urged the old woman. But I insisted strenuously that no such idea should be for an instant entertained; and making it a matter of personal favor to myself, my wishes were acceded to. I hired a carriage to take us all, after the wedding, to our new home; whereupon Mrs. G. and Tom. were of opinion that Louisa's castle of fancy had come down to her, so great was their sense of elevation. It was now their turn to talk, while Louisa and I were silent. For us, although no pomp of circumstance attended our simple wedding, there was deep and heartfelt happiness. I had acted rightly and honorably, in my own estimation, (oh, the blessing of a clear conscience!) and I was married to a woman whom I felt that I loved as I never could have loved again any other upon earth. No, not although I had found another as beautiful and as talented, which was scarcely to be looked for, with wealth and friends, and all to boast, another would not have been the same; another would not have been my first love. And with these reflections there came a sense of manliness and independence, which actually seemed to expand my

frame, and made me feel more like a man than ever I had felt before in my life. If there rested a shadow of anxiety upon my feelings, it was a fear that I might not have success in my business, and that what I had said in my haste would even prove a prophecy, and they would have to starve with me. How little I knew the world indeed!

I was earnestly attentive to my business. I associated with men of business, and to business alone I applied myself. My home was the abode of neatness and cheerfulness. What bright smiles ever greeted me there! What devoted hearts sought my comfort! I was a happy man. My business increased; and when at the end of a year I settled up my accounts, I found that so far from being in debt my income had exceeded my expenses. As for my clothes, one of the blessings of the Israelites seemed suddenly to befall some of them; my shirts did not wax old, nor my stockings wear out, for the garments, which were always mended, seemed never to wear out. How white was the linen washed by such careful hands! How sweet, how healthful the viands, where affection plead for economy, and economy was influenced by affection! In every part of my domestic establishment did devoted love show its superiority to careless wealth. How could I do otherwise than grow rich, with my interests so carefully attended to? My acquaintances thought it worth their while to notice my wife. My constituents boasted of my independence; and not without reason, for my eyes were opened to the real independence of an American citizen; to the nobility of birth, indeed the born of noble hearts; not of wealthy manors, not of lordly titles! My mother-in-law has become reconciled to her black silk and cap; and the kind-hearted, clever old soul, has nursed me through so many bad colds, and helped me through so many trifling dilemmas, that I have come to think her cheerful face and sound sense quite as valuable as a fashionable air. Tom has gone to college, and Louisa rides in her carriage, holding as distinguished a position as wealth and real merit can bestow. As adversity did not sour their tempers, so neither has prosperity hardened their hearts. That religion which was the support of the former caused the latter to overflow with good deeds, which are all the more judiciously planned and executed from the experience of privation and the practical knowledge of the ways and means of the poor. They have not thought it necessary to forget the friends and acquaintances of their obscurity; and their universal affability, and particular good opinion of myself, has added its quantum to my present popularity, so that, for my especial benefit, I do not know where I could have found a more influential family. And I myself have the comfortable reflection, that I neither courted the rich nor ill-treated the poor to win my present prosperity.

EPIGRAM.

Eupeptic Alcott, furious against meat,
Says men assimilate to what they eat;
Mutton makes sheepish, pork turns souls to swine,
And so should we on vegetables dine:
Granted: 'Ye gods! on what 's this Alcott fed?'
On greens, potatoes small, and coarse bran-bread!

THE YOUNG ROMANCER.

Mother, come lay by your knitting,
Little you know what you miss,
In the dark ante-room sitting,
Losing such beauty as this;
Now while the red glow of sunset
Gilds every quivering cloud,
If you will list I will tell you
Tales of the mighty and proud:

Fitting this shadowless twilight,
Tranquil and fragrant and bland,
Fitting this stillness to wander
Over a fanciful land;
Breathing the dreams of my spirit,
Fearless, my mother, and free,
Weaving my thoughts, like my flowers,
Into a garland for thee.

Castles and knights and fair ladies
Themes of my story I 'll make;
Lords shall be courtly and gentle,
Hearts, too, in plenty to break;
Moats, and drawbridges, and chambers
Haunted with whisper and sigh,
Spectres, all restless and frightful,
Hurrying silently by.

Walls shall be storied with paintings,
Lined with grim faces, and old;
Domes shall uprear their proud arches,
Covered and blazing with gold;
Fountains shall play in the gardens,
Forests rise stately behind,
Deer on the velvet lawn gambol,
Bugles ring soft on the wind.

Mother, the zephyrs shall revel
Through marble chapel and hall,
Playing outside, where the delicate
Moss and green-ivy leaves crawl;
Then, as the turrets are bathing
In the mild lustre of night,
There shall come forth a fair woman,
Gleaming in jewels and white.

Mother, her face shall be lovely,
Clear as pale azure her eye,
Cheeks like yon crimson now floating
On the pure brow of the sky;
Hair like the blush of soft sunshine
On the bright polish of gold,
Teeth like the pearl-drops that whiten
In ocean's fathomless fold.

In the west wing of the castle
Brave men and merry shall sit,
Shouting in boisterous laughter,
Mingling their wine and their wit;
Two shall be proud, cold and gloomy,
Each hating the other shall be,
All for the love of the lady
Out in the moonlight, you see.

Now in the dim-lighted armory,
Hung round with corslets of mail,
Stalk those two deep-smitten lovers,
Vengeful, half frantic and pale;
Each has his shining blade ready,
Smothered with passion each voice:
'Stop! e'er we fight for the lady,
Let her fair lips speak her choice.'

Then I must make them go softly
(Hunting the lady, you know)
Down in the long stately garden,
Where bending cypress-trees grow;
While from the stained Gothic windows
Shouts of the wassail are flung
On the still language of even,
Like a coarse tale that is sung.

Then how they creep to her bower,
Cowardly knights that they be!
Ho! there 's another before them!
Back! 't is a stranger they see,
Clad not in garb of a noble;
Shame! he is whisp'ring of love!
Draw they their blades, yet they listen,
Ready to rescue the dove.

What, doth she smile on him? madness!
Gently he raises her hand,
Then on bent knee doth he kiss it,
Kisseth the first of the land!
Blankly they gaze on each other,
Quickly each sword is laid low;
Linked arm in arm, both together,
Back to the castle they go.

Whisper they low to her brother
Words of dark meaning and shame;
And, as they lean on his shoulder,
Hissingly murmur *her* name.
See how his swarthy cheek flushes!
See the sharp glow in his eye!
'Thank ye, lords,' whispers he darkly;
'S'death! but the dastard shall die!'

Now he is hurrying thither;
Now, mother, murder is there!
And the fair maiden is frantic,
Flinging her shrieks on the air.
Up to the wall she has hurried,
Where it o'erhangeth the moat,
Moaning 'For aye and forever,
There let poor MARIAN float!'

Fifty feet down she hath plunged,
Mangled her body and torn,
All for the death of a lover
Who was not loftily born.
Father and kindred in sadness
Weep by the fireless hearth,
For the mad hate of a stranger,
Noble in all but in birth.

Now is the castle in ruins,
Nought but the walls to be seen,
And a thick bunch of the ivy,
Mid desolation yet green;
Drawbridge and moat and old garden
All have been crumbled by time,
Crumbled to dust and to ashes,
Yet tell they mutely of crime.

Wearily glideth a spectre
By the black ruins at night,
Ever bemoaning her lover,
While the cold moon lingers bright;
Peasants will shudder and tell you
Softly of spirits they see:
Mother, my story is finished;
Here comes the summons to tea!

Washington, D. C. MRS. C. W. DENISON.

A WALK IN A CHURCH-YARD.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

A FEW Sundays ago, while strolling in one of the suburbs of the city, I entered an old Catholic burying-ground, in the neighborhood of which I used to live, and within the precincts of which I had spent many an hour. Inside of the enclosure is a small church, which then was occupied by a regular congregation, but now is used only as a chapel for the burial-service for the dead. From a distance the spot has a neat and romantic appearance, being situated on a green slope, with its little chapel of brick nearly hidden from view by a cluster of fine old trees, whose dark foliage throws a sombre hue over the scene, in unison with the purpose to which the place is consecrated. A closer inspection, however, will disappoint one, for signs of slovenliness and the grossest neglect are every where seen, and the visitor cannot help contrasting it unfavorably with the Protestant cemeteries in the neighborhood, where wealth and taste have been lavished until they have become literally gardens and pleasure-grounds for the living, as well as burial-places for the dead. Indeed, the condition of too many of our Catholic burying-grounds reflects no little discredit on those who are responsible for it. This, however, I am fully persuaded, is not chargeable to the people. They, the children of Exile and Poverty, have done what they could, as the numerous monuments, some of them tasteful and highly ornamental, sufficiently testify. The fault lies rather in the authorities of the church, who from the sale of burial privileges draw a lucrative revenue, no part of which is expended, as it should be, to keep the grounds in repair. Consequently, in quite too many instances, the 'consecrated ground' in our country is but a naked,

dreary enclosure, without tree or shrub to hide its ghastliness; with grave-stones broken and prostrate, dilapidated walls, and a sickening stench; in fact, a place altogether repulsive in its appearance, and too often a downright nuisance to the neighborhood.

And yet no people perhaps excel the Irish in their affectionate remembrance of the dead. This sentiment is a national trait in their character; and there are few families among them in our community, however poor they may be, that cannot point to the monument, either of granite or marble, or the humbler one of slate or wood, beneath which sleeps the dust of some of their kindred. The enclosure of which I have spoken is wholly blocked up with these memorials; and there is hardly one of them which has not connected with its history some tale of touching self-denial in the survivors who erected it; of privations and toil undergone for weeks and months, and sometimes years, while scraping together the means to pay for it.

At the bottom of this little field, in one corner, is a tall granite obelisk, the loftiest and costliest in the yard. Since I last saw it, however, it has been somewhat disfigured by a trellis which has been raised against it—the suggestion of affectionate remembrance rather than of taste—over which an evergreen has climbed to the very top. This stone marks the spot where sleeps a mother and her son. The former, who was a widow with only this one child, died first; and the boy, then but eighteen, and an apprentice to a stone-cutter, immediately on the burial of his mother formed the resolution of erecting a monument to her memory that should mark out her grave above all others. He was but an apprentice, as already stated, with scarcely the means to keep himself in food and decently clad; but, under the impulse of that beautiful sentiment to which I have already alluded as a national trait, he set himself to the pious task with a resolute will, and pursued it with indomitable perseverance. His evenings and holidays were all devoted to this one object, and the hours of sleep often entrenched upon; and yet nearly two years were consumed before he approached the termination of his task. He reached it at last. The tall obelisk stood in his master's yard, and the marble block inserted in it was already inscribed with the name and virtues of the deceased, and his own filial remembrance of them, when Death laid his hand also upon the sculptor. In less than a fortnight from the time when he put the last chisel-touch to his labor of love, he was himself borne to the grave, and his cold form laid side by side with that of his mother; and another name was added, and other hands than his lifted the monument of his toil and affection over the remains of both parent and child.

A short distance from this obelisk, a little to the right, is a spot to me of peculiar interest. It is the grave of a young woman who, as the simple stone cross at the head tells us, was from the county of Wexford, Ireland, and who was buried in the twentieth year of her age. She had been in this country but a few months when she died; and, as I learned from one who knew her, if she had lived but four weeks longer she would have been married to a young man to whom she was betrothed long before in their native land. With what singleness of heart he had loved her was told in the affectionate care he bestowed

upon her grave. Every weed was sedulously plucked from its vicinity; the rank grass waved not near it; while the choicest flowers bloomed, it seemed in almost perpetual verdure, over the little mound that covered her remains. Nor did this appear enough to the survivor. In the season of flowers, every Sunday morning a fresh bouquet of the loveliest, which he knew so well how to cultivate, was tied to a wooden stake at the foot, and a green wreath hung on an arm of the little stone cross at the head. And later still, when the garniture of summer had faded, and out-door flower and leaf were swept away, the hot-house yielded its treasures, and it was not uncommon then to see the rich dies of summer contrasted with the glittering frost around that favored spot. Yet, choice as were these offerings in their beauty and fragrance, no one was ever molested, and they remained sacred from human touch until each recurring Sabbath-morning brought fresher ones to take their places. But a sad change is now visible here. What has become of the lover — whether he be living or dead — I have not been able to learn. Certain it is, the little grave, once guarded and decked with such pious care, is now utterly neglected. The tread of the living has nearly obliterated the land-marks; weeds and rank grass have sprung up around and covered it; but the stone cross is there, and at its foot the little round stake, with the withered stems of the last bouquet still tied to it, though nearly two seasons have passed since flower and leaf were scattered on the ground, or floated with their fragrance away with the autumn winds.

In one corner of this yard I noticed, some years ago, a bit of board, scarcely bigger than a shingle, stuck at the head of an humble grave, in which was buried a young Swiss emigrant. The material and the execution of this little memorial indicated a condition in the survivors of the most helpless poverty. At the top were cut, in the rudest characters, evidently with a dull knife, the mystic letters 'I. H. S;' and underneath, 'Wilhelmina, Basle, Switz.: aged fifteen.' On this humble grave, too, I have seen flowers scattered, in their season; not, it is true, of cultured beauty, like those which bloomed over the gardener's love, but only such simple wild ones as affectionate Poverty could gather in fields not its own.

The wooden monuments are quite a peculiarity in this yard. They may be seen of all shapes — slabs, crosses, urns, and obelisks; the inscriptions on some of them, 'this *stone*,' etc., exemplifying another trait in the Irish character, which will readily recur to the reader. A few of these wooden stones are lettered with some little taste and care, but too many are disfigured by the rudest scrawls and the most ludicrous blunders. In this respect, however, they but share in common with their more ambitious neighbors.

While alluding to inscriptions, I will copy a few that may be found here, and which are noticeable; some for their simplicity or beauty, and others for entirely different qualities. Many of the epitaphs are new to me, though they may all be familiar to the reader. One of the most beautiful marble slabs in the field was erected by a sister to an only brother. After enumerating his virtues, the inscription closes with

a beautiful quatrain, the first line of which I presume was intended to be read thus:

'Farewell, sweet brother of my heart!'

Unfortunately, however, the sculptor has left out the *r* in the first syllable of the word brother, thus giving to the whole quite a roguish and Tom. Mooreish expression.

Near by is a memorial of filial affection, closing with the following neat epitaph:

'A HUSBAND kind, a father dear,
In quiet rest reposes here;
No sorrow clouds his faded brow,
Or breaks his peaceful slumbers now.'

Close to this may be seen a stone erected by a wife 'in gratitude for the death of her beloved husband, Patrick ———;' and scarcely a step farther on, a 'weeping husband' has placed a monument over his departed spouse, as a 'memorial of his grief, love, and respects!' A rod from this a slab marks the spot where rest an aged couple, and invokes Heaven to have mercy on their '*soles*.' And side by side with it stands another, on which the sculptor seems to have made an attempt to suit the orthography to the Hibernian brogue. The beginning of the inscription, taking the words in the order in which they occur, will make a very passable couplet, though it does not appear in that form on the stone. It commences thus:

'CHRISTIAN brethren, of your charity,
Pray for the *sowle* of THOMAS GARETTY.'

In another part of the yard I find the following epitaph, which strikes me as being very felicitous:

'HERE to thy bosom, Mother EARTH,
Take back what thou hast given,
And all that is of saintly birth
Recall, O GOD! in peace to Heaven.'

A stone over the remains of a young girl, who 'died in the hope of a blessed resurrection,' contains the following old but exquisite lines:

'DUST to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its GOD on high:
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.'

On the grave-stone of Mr. Thomas Murray may be found the following rare specimen of the double negative:

'No friends nor physicians could not save
My mortal body from this grave;
Nor this grave could not confine me here
When the LORD shall call me to appear!'

I shall notice at present but one more of these inscriptions, and that is on the monument of a distinguished doctor of the church, and a most accomplished linguist, whose eloquence, piety and learning were widely known and honored by all sects in his lifetime, and are not forgotten now. His virtues, and they were many, are duly commemorated on this stone, which, as we are told near the close of the inscription, 'was

honorably erected to his memory by his friends and admirers;' and then follows the epitaph, thus:

'Requi*scant* in *peace!*'

This, from a church which prides itself on its Latinity, and over the grave, too, of one of its most learned doctors, is ludicrous enough.

Somewhere in this ground, I believe, though as yet no stone marks the spot, were laid, some twelve months since, the remains of a young man, whose untimely and awful death struck all hearts with grief. On him had been bestowed the fatal gift of eloquence without the balanced mind that should accompany it, to guard its possessor from the snares of which the world has too many for the impulsive children of genius. Those who have ever heard his eloquent voice in our assemblies, when pleading in behalf of his native land, will not soon forget the thrilling tones of that voice, nor the thundering plaudits with which his warm-hearted countrymen answered its impressive appeals. The child of poor parents, and self-educated, he had while yet a boy fought his way up to a respectable position in society. He was the idol of his friends; fame and honor were wooing his footsteps; and had he not turned aside, and stumbled in the mire, he might perhaps have reached the topmost round of distinction. But adulation and flattery followed him at every turn, and made him giddy; the temptations of social life met him at the threshold, and he turned aside and dallied; the fatal glass touched his lips, and he drank; until at last Intemperance laid an unyielding grasp upon him, and he became a helpless victim to its power; and then, sad finale to his short and warning career, Death, in its most awful power, struck him from the earth. And yet, though he died as all of us should pray to God we may never die, yet he left behind many friends who loved him, and will cherish in perpetual greenness the remembrance of his virtues, while they lament in secret his folly and his untimely death.

'Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

'But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.'

SONNET: THE SEA-SHELL'S MURMUR.

As in the shell once cradled on the billow,
Though torn from home, and far from Ocean's shore,
Lingers a murmuring song, so like the roar
Of whispering waves, that, lay it on his pillow,
(The land-bound sailors, voyaging no more,)
He dreams of wandering by the restless main,
Of sailing o'er some sunny sea again,
And lives the varied scenes of sea-life o'er:
So go where'er I may, whate'er befall,
Thy cherished gifts a spell have for my heart;
They bear me back to that which gives them all
Their power to bring thee to me as thou art,
And just as soon thy love forgot may be
As ocean-shells forget to murmur of the sea. J. E. B.

THE WIDOW'S REPROOF.

BY 'ORRITA.'

I.

Nay! do I hear your words aright,
And can it surely be
That you can speak again of luve,
Anither luve to me!
Oh, Donald, Donald! I hae thought
You were a better friend,
Than thus the heart of ane sae lone
Wi' words like these to rend.

II.

Can you speak thus, when here you ken,
Beneath this very sky,
We pledged our faithful hearts in words
The angels heard on high.
Can you, wha ken'd my ain lang-syne,
Wha ken'd the gentle dead,
Believe that when his life-strings burst
My luve should then hae fled?

III.

Because nae mair we fondly meet,
As once we fondly met,
And the starry curtain 's drawn between,
Can I go and forget?
Can I leave his grassy mound, Donald,
Alone for ever mair,
With the violet and the buttercup
The only watchers there?

IV.

How oft at eve beneath this tree
I 've sung when he was nigh,
Or from his bosom watched the orbs
Shine out from yon blue sky!
How oft we marked the sunset clouds
Grow dimmer and mair dim!
Oh, could I gaze wi' you on scenes
I gazed on ance wi' him?

V.

What! do you say that I should fly
To ither scenes mair glad,
Where nought should meet my een again
That ever made me sad?
I 'm ganging soon mysel', Donald,
I 'm ganging soon, I feel;
But the country I shall visit, Donald,
Is the blessed Land of o' the Leal!

VI.

Oh, cauld, cauld is the grave, DONALD,
Where lowly lies my pride,
But caulder, caulder is the world
Since my poor DUNCAN died!
Its storms are blawing round my heart,
And beating round my brow;
Oh, would this trembling form were laid
Beside that dear one's now!

VII.

Ah! do you say that I am fair,
Too fair a thing to flee;
That the lily's light is on my brow,
And a starbeam in my e'e?
Oh, I am glad to hear you say
My beauty is not fled,
For it only makes me lang the mair
To lie beside the dead!

VIII.

He went down in his pride, DONALD,
Wi' that blue tender e'e
As brightly glad as when it turned,
First turned its light on me:
He went down in his pride, DONALD,
And I would join him there,
Ere Time has touched the brow he luved,
Or blanched the golden hair.

IX.

He comes to me at night, DONALD,
He comes in dreams of bliss;
For the GOD who took him kens my heart
Would break if not for this:
He comes to me at night, DONALD,
And oh! he looks sae bright,
That I can see he has been bathed
In Heaven's eternal light!

X.

And then he faulds me in his arms,
And holds me to his heart,
And tells me of that far, far hame,
Where we never mair shall part:
He sometimes wakes me wi' the strain
He then sae sweetly sings,
For oh! the song he must have learned
While angels swept the strings!

XI.

I rise up in the morn, DONALD,
To my loneliness again,
And through the lang, lang day, DONALD,
My thoughts are wi' my ain:
And I watch the setting sun, DONALD,
Sink down in yon broad wave,
But then I turn to see, DONALD,
Its beams upon his grave.

XII.

Then can I list to ye, DONALD,
Then can I list to ye?
My heart is a' anither's, DONALD,
I cannot gie it thee:
The shadow of my husband still
Is round me every where,*
And the luve that 's a' his own, DONALD,
Ye must na ask to share.

XIV.

Then gang, and speak nae mae again,
For I wauld na gie my dead
For the proudest laird alive, though he
Wooed me in tears to wed.
Oh, DUNCAN! DUNCAN! canst thou hear
Thy fearfu'-hearted wife?
Then ask thy GOD to grant to her
Wi' thee eternal life!

Baltimore, 1849.

A DAY AT UTICA:

OR THE FIRST HOUSE-WARMING.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

ABOUT half a century ago, a gentleman from Holland erected in Utica a brick building three stories in height, which is still standing. It may well have been deemed gigantic at the period of its construction, for it has lately been formed into two spacious private dwelling-houses by a very little modernization of the original mass. The building was constructed for a tavern, and on its front-wall the word 'Hotel' was painted in letters which were severally four feet tall; though nothing now remains to chronicle the former occupation of the house except that the street which it faces retains the name of 'Hotel-street.' The house had four large chimneys towering above the lofty roof, and a large lightning-rod rose above each chimney; so that people who lived in the vicinity would come many miles to view the building, as one of the curiosities of the period; and so little were the beholders conversant with kindred establishments, that the word 'Hotel' constituted a sort of puzzle as to the manner in which it should be pronounced, and public usage finally became settled in placing the accent on the first syllable instead of the second, as is practised by the initiated in the mysteries of orthoepy. The mistake may have originated with the proprietor, who, speaking English but poorly, may

* THIS remark is said to have been made by an Indian woman when solicited to enter into a second union.

have misled the infant community into the adoption of his Dutch accentuation of the word.

The existing inhabitants of the Central City are more beholden for their civic consequence to the above building than they are probably aware, though its enterprising projector was not exempt from pecuniary personal motives in its construction. He was part owner with several opulent Hollanders of a large tract of country in and around Utica, and his business in our country was to manage and dispose of the common property, as the general agent of the proprietors. He saw that the position of Utica was favorable to the production of a large town, and that a great tavern would be profitable in itself and beneficial to prospective interests. The Mohawk river, how unfitted soever for navigation we may now deem its shallow meanderings, was then the only avenue by which merchandise could be brought from the city of New-York into Upper Canada, and into our own western inland new settlements; while the downward current of the river greatly facilitated a transmission to the Atlantic of the furs and heavier articles of pot and pearl ashes which began to be manufactured in large quantities, as the forests were swept by fire, in the double purpose of manufacturing the ashes and preparing the land for husbandry.

Nor was the founder of the hotel mistaken in his anticipations. The house was no sooner tenanted and properly furnished than it was found to be the general stopping-place during the day and the rendezvous at night for all travellers; and in addition to the river travel, a state-road had just been cut through from Utica to Canandaigua, thus creating a very important new avenue into the heart of a rich country, with a tide of emigration tending rapidly thither.

The first landlord that occupied the house was a Mr. Schwartz, who, with his wife, were a young couple of Dutch descent; and they had already enjoyed some little experience in tavern-keeping. Their intelligence and suavity caused them to be selected by the proprietor as proper persons to give due effect to his experiment; and he determined that a grand 'house-warming,' in the shape of a large public dinner, should be given by way of encouraging the landlord and adding eclat to the new establishment. The preparation for such a feast was no small operation at the period in which it occurred, and even Albany had to be visited for the procurement of some extra luxuries and extra conveniences; so that the dinner was delayed until some weeks after the hotel had been opened for general purposes; but the interval was well employed in disseminating information of the contemplated festival and in inviting the attendance of guests from far and near.

Many circumstances conspired to enlarge the contemplated gathering. A number of persons in different parts of the state, and some in Connecticut, projected the creation of a turnpike from Utica to Canandaigua, on the state-road already formed; and the time for a meeting, which was expected to be large, of all persons favoring the new project, was with a little management planned to be held at Utica on the day of the contemplated house-warming. A like management succeeded in designating the same time and place for a public meeting of

persons who contemplated, by means of locks at Littlefalls and Wood-creek, the formation of a continuous flat-boat navigation between Schenectady and Lake Ontario. Patriotism was also invoked to supply guests, by designating for the house-warming the fourth of July, when a grand celebration of independence was to be undertaken in a grove at the rear of the hotel, with a public oration by a young attorney (Francis A. Bloodgood) who had just opened a law-office in Utica. On the fourth the state paid an annual stipend to the Oneida Indians, and the commissioners who were sent for that purpose from Albany were also pledged to join the dinner party; thus conferring on it a sort of diplomatic dignity.

As the important day tended toward its advent, the bustle of preparation at the hotel increased in intensity, and great was the anxiety for the arrival from Albany of a quantity of green peas which had been ordered, as a premature luxury, to add piquancy to the feast and wonder to the guests. Unfortunately, no peas were found at Albany, and they had to be ordered from New-York; and great were the hopes and fears as to their arrival in due season, to-morrow being the fourth of July. The day wore away, and still no tidings were received of the peas, whose presence seemed to grow in general importance as the chance of their arrival diminished. They had been publicly spoken of as a type of the kind of fare that the guests were to receive; and the villagers took as much interest in the arrival as the host, who had been constantly questioned during the day by all his neighbors, till he became excessively nervous, as to the information which he possessed on the subject.

Night came without the peas, but it brought a more absorbing difficulty to at least one of the actors in the busy scene that was to be enacted on the morrow. The only child of the hostess, a little daughter of two years old, became violently ill of the rapid and fatal disorder called croup. The symptoms had shown themselves for the last two days, but they had been mistaken for an ordinary cold; but now the insidious disorder, having fast hold of its victim, assumed its horrid form of impending instant strangulation. The mother had just completed the labors of the day, and was preparing for a brief repose, when the child's danger, no longer mistakeable, sounded in her ears the alarm of death. No doctor lived in Utica, but some mile therefrom resided Doctor Coventry, a Scotch physician of much merited celebrity. For him a messenger was speedily despatched in a wagon, but before he could arrive the day had begun to dawn, and death had performed its office on the child. The landlord was not deficient in parental tenderness, but his urgent duties hardened his nerves beyond the depression of his loss. But not thus felt the mother. Pecuniary influences seem but comparatively little operative on women. She was stricken to the heart, and grief would claim its mastery over her, despite all the persuasions of her husband and his friends. She withdrew to the bed on which her dead infant lay, and by its side the doctor saw her kneel, and apparently resign herself to intense devotion, in silent prayer. She knew not that he was observing her, nor would he permit her to be intruded on by the impatient domestics, who were anxi-

ous to obtain her directions. Shortly, however, she voluntarily emerged from the room in apparent resignation, and proceeded with serenity to the occupations which the day required. The doctor was never wearied during after years in relating the deep impression which the scene produced on him, and to add, that several times in the progress of the day, when grief seemed to renew its supremacy over her, he saw her withdraw into the room of death for the same tranquillizing process, and speedily return therefrom with renewed endurance.

The death was carefully concealed from the guests who were in the house, and from subsequent arrivals, lest this new incident in the programme of a day that was to be wholly devoted to hilarity should cast a gloom over the festivity. Nothing more, however, occurred that was disastrous; even the green peas arrived in time for the dinner. The expected guests all arrived, with many that were unexpected; and among them a son of the then President of the United States, returning from a long and venturesome journey to the Falls of Niagara; some Scotch gentlemen, who were proceeding to the West in connection with a large landed estate belonging to an English baronet, whose descendants still own a portion thereof; some Dutch self-expatriated patriots, who had left Holland when the first attempt failed of subverting the power of the Stadtholder, and who intended to settle on lands near Utica belonging to the Holland Company; and some Frenchmen on their way to Canada from the massacre of St. Domingo, and many other persons arrived, of whom nothing was known.

The oration was pronounced at noon to an unprecedented crowd of delighted listeners. The subjects of such discourses were then unhackneyed, and among the auditors were usually many persons who had participated personally in the events that were celebrated. Such were the present auditors; and among them was one, an early settler of Utica, Colonel Walker, who had been an aid of General Washington at the surrender of Cornwallis.

After the oration, a very large part of the assembled crowd proceeded to the hotel, where the long-expected dinner was finally, at about three o'clock, after an immense effort, smoking on the table of a large assembly-room, that extended the whole width of the second-story of the building. The guests, with occasional exceptions, were strangers to each other, except the slight acquaintance which during the day they had contracted by participating in a common amusement; but the parties who were known to each other became separated at the dinner-table, where seats had been taken in a promiscuous rush for places, under a mistaken apprehension that of so large a number all could not be seated.

The delay of the dinner had sharpened the appetites of the partakers, but the abundant supply of solid eatables soon gave leisure for a circulation of wines and the stronger drinks which were the fashion of the period. While thus the different courses of the feast were succeeding each other, amid patriotic toasts and already sated appetites, a young man who had been rather remarkable for his diffidence started from his seat in great agitation, and announced hesitatingly, and not over loud, that he had entered the room with a large sum of money in his

pocket-book, the entire proceeds of a boat-load of furs which he had taken from Canada to New-York, and that the pocket-book was lost.

A deep silence succeeded this disclosure, especially as it had been uttered in a manner which intimated, as strong as the timidity of the speaker would permit, that the money had been stolen, and that the theft had been committed in the room.

A gentleman on the opposite side of the table hereupon rose, and said he was exceedingly sorry that the common festivity should be disturbed by such an occurrence, and he was still more sorry to announce that the pocket-book had been stolen, and that the theft had been committed in the room, and by an unworthy guest now at the table. 'I saw it taken,' said the speaker, 'and the miscreant who took it is before me. I intended not to interrupt the harmony of the day, but to have waited till the company were about to separate before I arrested the offender and obtained a restitution of the property.'

While he was thus speaking, every person's attention was directed to a young and gaily-dressed man, who sat opposite to the speaker, and whose countenance displayed the mortification of exposed guilt. He had been too plainly pointed at by the speaker to leave in himself any doubt of detection, and he therefore drew from an inner pocket the fatal book and burst into tears. A high excitement instantly agitated the company. Some vociferated for the expulsion of the offender, others for his imprisonment, and others for corporeal chastisement.

In the midst of these conflicting vociferations, an old French gentleman, of known respectability, and who had long been distinguished through the state for his wealth and philosophical liberality of sentiment, arose and thus addressed the meeting: 'The offender who has abused the patriotic sanctity of the day, and hazarded an imputation upon us all, is a stranger to me; but his youth and general appearance indicate that he is not accustomed to guilt, nor a willing object of disgrace. I shall not undertake to conjecture the motive which has impelled him to commit an act that places his liberty in imminent peril, and to commit it under circumstances that are well calculated to excite honorable aspirations. I cannot, however, avoid some commisseration for him, especially as I have long entertained an opinion which, though it may expose me to misconstruction, and perhaps obloquy, I will still announce for the benefit of the offender.

'The opinion to which I have referred is not the offspring of misanthropy, but is founded on a severe review of my own life, conjoined with an impression that I am not worse than other men, nor very different. Many of you know me, and I believe I may venture to say that my character is without reproach; still I must candidly admit that I am indebted for it somewhat to chance, rather than to an exemption from all acts that can mar a man's reputation; and while I would not wish to imply that I ever committed any act like that which has occasioned these remarks, yet I have committed acts that, if detected as inopportunely and suddenly as this has been, might have been fatal to my character, and perhaps ruinous to my subsequent hopes of prosperity. I have even thought that the vindictiveness with which crimes are prosecuted, and the eagerness with which detection of evil deeds

is promulgated, are somewhat induced by a consciousness of our own frailties. We seem anxious to attempt a manifestation of our own innocence by an ostentatious horror at the guilt of other men; and I have found that a man is naturally tempted to make such manifestations in proportion to his consciousness of self-deficiencies and ill-desert. The only one of our race who never knew sin, exhibited a remarkable exemption from such vindictiveness; let us manifest our purity by imitating his placability, and, like him, say to this erring young man 'depart, and sin no more.'"

The old gentleman had spoken with a strong French accent, but still sufficiently plain to be distinctly understood; and after he had finished his address, and taken his seat, the company sat in silence for a few seconds, evidently not knowing how to receive the address, and each person waiting for some one to make a proposal or comment. At length another of the guests, a Danish vice-consul, arose and said: 'I have listened with much interest to our venerated friend who has just spoken. His remarks are new to me, but they may be correct; and if they are, the unfortunate youth who occasioned them is entitled to more tenderness than he would be were he the only person present who ever offended against the laws. I am no advocate for licentiousness; still I would give the young man all the benefit which ought to result from any general infirmity. Crime should not be permitted with impunity; but we may visit a criminal with all the tenderness that is compatible with public security; and if I understand correctly our friend's remarks, they inculcate that detection and consequent punishment are more fatal to subsequent usefulness than the mere commission of crime; hence oblivion and forgiveness may subserve the ends of justice (reformation of conduct) better than the infliction of vengeance. I have myself often thought that honesty, integrity, and kindred virtues are too frequently deemed innate qualities, rather than acquired characters, as I suppose they truly are; hence, also, we ought to be more indulgent to the offences of young persons than to those of persons more mature, whose habits of conduct are established. Permit me to say further, and in corroboration of the views of the former speaker, that in my youth I knew a lad whose father was a subordinate officer in the naval pay department of Denmark. The lad being active and intelligent, was frequently employed by his father to assist in paying the sailors as they came for their wages. The lad possessed acuteness enough to discover the carelessness which is proverbial of sailors, and also the confidence which they usually repose in their official superiors; and he was thereby tempted to occasionally withhold from the amount due the applicant a dollar, and sometimes more, and he would spend it in various youthful enjoyments.

'The amount which altogether he had taken was not large, for he took only when opportunity seemed to specially preclude detection. One day, however, a sailor, from whose wages a dollar was attempted to be abstracted, saw the theft; but without intimating that he saw it, he feigned a usual degree of stupidity and awkwardness. He staggered as if intoxicated, and seemed unable to place the money in his purse, several of the pieces falling on the floor. The new temptation

was greater than the lad could withstand, and he took three dollars more, fortifying the theft by cautioning the sailor against a loss of his money. 'Well,' said the sailor, altering his manner suddenly, to perfect sobriety, 'let me examine if I have not lost some already;' and he proceeded adroitly to recount his money. The boy saw the trap into which he had fallen, and taking from his pocket the four dollars, said: 'I have taken some of your money to see if you would miss it.' 'No,' said the sailor resolutely; 'I saw you take it, and you intended to keep it.' The shock to the youth was excessive. His father was not in the office, and only a few of the clerks. He pretended great indignation against the sailor for presuming to question his intentions; but his fears were great lest the sailor should institute criminal proceedings against him, or in some other way disgrace him.

'Whether the sailor was not quite sure of the boy's guilt I cannot say, but after he left the office the incident was no further heard from. Still the boy saw the destruction which he had but barely escaped, and the fright produced his entire reformation. He grew up and became a man of integrity, and has filled creditably several important stations, both public and private; but had he been publicly disgraced, he would probably have become a vagabond.'

'Gentlemen,' said another speaker, 'I am emboldened, by the relation of two of our most honored friends, to adduce the reformation of an apparently less corrigible offender than the lad of whose aberrations we have just heard. His first delinquency was to steal a gold ring from the shop of his father, who was a petty jeweler in Amsterdam. The object of the offence was to appease another boy, who for some reason required to be propitiated. Afterward, and while he was only eleven years old, his uncle, who was the captain of a vessel that traded to Malacca, committed an act of piracy, for which he was brought home in a Dutch man-of-war, and delivered over to the civil authority of Amsterdam. He was tried for the offence, and sentenced to be hanged. A short time before the execution, the gaoler was induced to believe that the prisoner's wife was dying, and by the offer of a large bribe was persuaded to accompany the prisoner to his wife, that he might take a parting view of her. To avoid detection, the prisoner and gaoler were to leave the prison at midnight, and a dark night was selected for the occasion.

'As the prisoner's friends had concerted his rescue when he should arrive at a bridge that was to be passed on the way to the alleged residence, the plan required that a watchman, who was stationed near the bridge, should be withdrawn. To effect this, the boy, with his mother, preceded the prisoner some minutes, and requested the watchman to light her and her son on their way, some distance across the bridge. The boy was provided with a quantity of stivers, (a copper coin, worth nearly two cents,) which were carried in a handkerchief, and which the boy was to drop on the ground and scatter, as if by accident, so as to detain the watchman in searching for them, after he should have been decoyed as far from the bridge as he would proceed, that the rescue might proceed without molestation. Every part of the stratagem was successful except the rescue of the prisoner, which failed by

the intrepidity of the gaoler, who, discovering the plot that had been laid for him, and that several men had seized him, released his right arm, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, fired at the retreating prisoner, who fell dead about midway over the bridge.

'Thus early familiarized with crime, and even made to participate in it by his parents, the boy's sensibility toward virtue became increasingly feeble. The only dissuasives he ever heard against dishonesty, were the fears of detection and punishment. The proverb says of a liar, that he will not be believed when he utters the truth, and we may parody the proverb, and say of a man admittedly accustomed to crime, that he will not be deemed honest when his actions are innocent. This was realized by the boy's father, whose discreditable conduct in many of his dealings, and a suspicion that he participated in the piracy of his brother, entirely ruined any reputation he at any time possessed. He had sold on credit some jewelry to a Dutch soldier, who was about to be stationed at Batavia, in the island of Java, and who, for the purpose of securing and paying the jeweler, executed a power for the jeweler to receive the soldier's pay for the coming year. Unfortunately the soldier died soon after he landed at Batavia, and as he had executed before leaving Holland a will in favor of his mother, she called at the pay department of the Dutch East India Company to receive the pay that might be due to her son, and there discovered that it had already been paid to the jeweler. Her disappointment was extreme, for she was in the lowest stages of poverty, and she insisted that her son would never have executed such a power as was alleged to exist; and when the power was exhibited to her, she positively affirmed that the signature was not her son's, and the suspicion of forgery on the part of the jeweler was at once excited in all who heard the woman's story. The jeweler was accordingly arrested, to be tried for forgery, the penalty for which, by the laws of Holland, is death.

'The jeweler, confident in his innocence, was at first unintimidated, but he soon heard that public opinion was against him, and the signature attached to the power was pronounced a forgery by many persons who professed to know the writing of the deceased soldier. As the trial approached, the unfortunate jeweler's confidence progressively diminished; and his counsel at length informed him that no chance of escape existed, unless he could produce some person who was present at the execution of the power.

'In this bitter extremity he thought of the ductility and shrewdness of his son, and concluded to induce the boy to testify that he was present. Had the boy been even less confident than he was of his father's innocence, but little inducement would have been necessary to make him testify as required; but under present circumstances he was glad of an opportunity to be useful to his parent, for though deficient in general morality, a lack of filial tenderness was no part of his character. He was assiduously instructed for the momentous occasion by the father, and taught how he would be interrogated by counsel and cross-questioned, and the answers that would be necessary under various contingencies.

'The day of trial arrived. The impression of the jeweler's guilt

was strengthened by the testimony of the son rather than weakened; for though he answered every question with shrewdness and promptness, still he exhibited such an exuberance of detail as to exceed the modesty of truth, and the casual recollection of so common an occurrence as the execution of an ordinary power of attorney on an ordinary occasion. The trial accordingly resulted in the conviction of the supposed offender, and he was actually executed for the alleged offence, though in truth entirely innocent thereof, and a sad victim to only a bad reputation.

'The boy was but fourteen years old at the time of this mournful catastrophe. The shop was continued by the mother with the little property that the father left; but the infamy of the family operated as a constant obstruction to her efforts, well seconded though they were by the industry and intelligence of the son. She could obtain no credit for goods, nor would any person trade with her except strangers, who were ignorant of her history. As the son verged toward manhood, he began to feel with increasing sensitiveness the humiliation of their situation, and finally prevailed on his mother to remove with him to Brabant, a distant province in the Dutch Netherlands, where their wretched history being unknown they would no longer be oppressed by associations with crime. She, with the natural bias toward virtue and reputation common to her sex, assented, and converting her little property into articles that would be saleable in their proposed new home, and assuming a new name, they arrived safely at their place of destination.

'Persons who have never experienced the degradation of exposed guilt, and the consequent depression of fixed obloquy, will be unable to conceive the delight of the young man when he found himself among a people who deemed him neither despicable nor contaminating. The common courtesies which he received from respectable neighbors appeared to him special honors, which elevated him gradually in his own estimation, and created in him an ambition to maintain and justify the prepossession in his favor that his youth and activity seemed to inspire. His mother readily accommodated herself to his expanding aspirations, and they soon traded advantageously with the little property they brought with them. Though occasionally perplexed when any inquiries were casually made in relation to their former residence and history by the unsuspicious curiosity of their new friends, their conduct was so severely moral, and their deportment so conciliatory, that they increased rapidly in property and reputation, and in virtue also; for after discovering the enjoyments which pertain to a good reputation, they became increasingly scrupulous in their dealings, and so elevated in their principles, that instead of eschewing evil practices from the mere fear of detection, they refrained by reason of a determination to act justly.

'After some years the young man married into one of the most respectable commercial families in Brabant. He had improved his leisure by reading, and attained a more than ordinary degree of general information and literature. His intellect was naturally vigorous, and his feelings sensitive, and he eventually became rich, liberal and patriotic.

He was also happy, except as he would occasionally remember with horror and humiliation the incidents of his boyhood, and still dread lest some untoward accident should identify him in connection therewith — an accident which fortunately never occurred.'

After the speaker resumed his seat, several other persons related anecdotes, and all tending to show, that if a man will severely examine his life, he will detect reasons for believing that the tenants of our prisons exemplify less an inevitable tendency in vice to perpetuate its practices than they exemplify the depraving consequences of detection and public exposure, and hence that philanthropy and virtue are more likely to be promoted by the impunity of the young than by their legal punishment. Every narrative was vouched to be an unadorned picture of real life, and most of the company suspected that each of the narrators was covertly relating his own history. In conclusion, the young man who had caused the interruption of the feast was unanimously permitted to retire without farther molestation. The company even voted in his presence that no circumstance to his disadvantage should be divulged, in the hope, that as his character could yet be saved, he would never jeopard it again.

The young man seemed greatly affected by the generosity of the company, and hastily withdrew, with the most solemn promises of an entire reformation. He had, however, not long been away, before another gentleman, who had also sat alongside of him, missed his gold watch, which no doubt the young villain had purloined while the stories in his behalf were in the process of delivery, for the gentleman had but recently looked at the watch, and thus probably excited thereto the cupidity of the offender. The denouément seemed to overthrow all the philosophy of the previous discourses, and to extinguish all the forbearance of the company, for they immediately despatched waiters in every direction after the culprit, with a determination to punish him to the extremity of the law; but he could not be found, and had in some way escaped from the hotel and its vicinity, leaving also his dinner-bill unpaid, and effectually marring much of the hilarity, and deranging much of the programme of the great house-warming, which broke up with some disappointment, and without having committed full execution on the host's store of good wines. Forth from the hotel issued the guests to their respective designations, full of life, its cares and hopes. Forth, also, issued on the next morning a little coffin, containing the blighted body of the fair child, now mourned by the host, who has leisure to realize his loss, and by the hostess, who again has to seek for consolation in prayer and faith. But the cares, sorrows, hopes and activity of all the actors are now among the perished past, and by a curious, but not unusual dispensation of Providence, even the brief memento of so much life and bustle is indebted for its preservation to only the seemingly untoward event which disturbed the feast. The stolen gold watch was accidentally found last fall by a laboring man, who was excavating the earth for a new cellar. It was greatly corroded by the damps of a half of a century, and had doubtless been buried by the young man who stole it, from a fear that he might be captured with it in his possession. Why he never returned to exhume it is a mystery

not capable of solution; but the finding of it, as above, caused an old inhabitant to recollect the early occurrences that we have been narrating, and we have embodied the tradition in a form which we hope may place beyond the contingency of being again forgotten the first public house-warming of the city of Utica.

MEMORY: THE GLEANER.

BY CARL LINLEY.

THE harvest-field of BOAZ. Like a host
Drawn up for battle stands its yellow grain,
Rustling its own sweet music. Brawny men
Are there to steal its beauty; and the noise
Of the keen sickle blends with random songs.
Close on their track, the agile binders haste
To form the lately-fallen grain in sheaves,
Which throng the field with golden monuments
To Industry and Labor.
Glance again:
Woman upon the field, the sweet and frail!
Like a young lily in a waste of thorns,
So she among the workmen. See! she bends,
And with a graceful, stainless hand collects
The single stalks that else would perish there.
'T is gentle RUTH, the meek and beautiful,
Around whose name are wreathed the rarest flowers
Of generous remembrance: whom, though years
Counted by centuries have come and gone,
Woman delights to love and man to praise.
Oh! who can gaze upon her slender form
Intent upon its labor, or can catch
The mild expression of her lovely face,
Nor feel his veins thrill deeper? Filial RUTH!
While that blessed page endures that chronicles
Thy winning history for after times,
LOVE shall embalm thy name in benisons,
And hearts shall be thy home.
Another scene:
Behold before thine eye a mightier field,
Th' unmeasured, the illimitable PAST.
Yonder, well-busied with her ceaseless toil,
LO! MEMORY, THE GLEANER. Not like her,
The gentle Moabitess, laboring for love,
But as another NEMESIS in look and work.
One gleaned to succor life; affection led
Her footsteps to the field and cheered her toil:
The other gleans for justice; hoarding up
A store of testimony in her garner-place
For judgment and for Heaven. Pause awhile;
View her vocation and its circumstance:
Give wing to Thought; expand Reflection's sails,
And thy salvation may be thy reward.

She stretcheth forth her hand and gleaneth. Day
And cheerless night are each to her the same:
A stranger to vicissitude and change,
She gathers up material for heaven.
Mark what is in her grasp: lo! thrifty tares,
Old, unrepented sins thou hast forgotten;
And thistles too, thine unforgiven wrongs;
And worthless weeds, thy lost and squandered hours:
And flowers, thy deeds of common charity,
Which PITY'S ardent hot-bed forced to shoot,
Not DUTY'S tardy but unerring soil;
Life's sweet embellishments which make it fair,
Yet have no signal claim to merit; these
Were but unwelcome witnesses when thou
Art summoned for thy last account to meet
With thine accuser, MEMORY: and these,
If these were *all* to testify of thee,
Would seal thy doom with rayless misery:
It is alone the rich, ripe, perfect grain
Of goodness and of virtue, that can win
For thee the taintless wealth of Paradise.

. . . . .

Our lives are what we make them: human will
Moulds human destiny: spirits on earth
But leave and bud — the blossom is the FUTURE'S.
Earth, like a cunning sculptor, fashioneth
The form and features of Eternity.
Like JACOB'S dream-born angels, we can rise
Upon 'celestial stairs' to his and their fruition;
Or like to him who burned and glowed in heaven,
Be quenched amid the mists of endless night.

. . . . .

As thou shalt sow, man-brother, she shall glean.
'Like maketh like:' the seed thou scatterest
Into Life's furrows shall produce its kind
In generous abundance. Oh! reflect
That thou art sowing for Eternity; that this
Thine earthly labor shall be known on high;
For as thou sowest MEMORY will glean,
And as she gleans, so shall thy portion be.

Her store-house shall be opened: from its depths
Her treasured evidence shall be produced,
Hoary with years, yet firm and forcible.
All else is worthless: but if thou hast left
Upon thy pathway pure and sterling grain,
And MEMORY'S hand has gathered it for thee,
Then shalt thou tread the golden streets of Heaven,
And thy pure brow shall wear a seraph's crown.

Scatter, oh! scatter on thine earthly way
The perfect seeds of goodness, truth and love:
That when thou meetest MEMORY on high,
Bearing the tokens of thy life's employ,
Thou shalt embrace her as an olden friend;
And, counted with the angels, shalt remain
In the eternal childhood of the skies.

'NEVER SURRENDERS.'

He *has* surrendered! he who so withstood,
With pride becoming, yon proposal tendered,
To yield his warfare: 'You may have my blood!
My liberty? No, no!' He has surrendered!
A captive now, fast bound in fetters rude,
While a whole nation stands to pour a flood
Of grief and hero-worship. Great and good,
Success no pride within his bosom gendered.
Detraction died; Malice, for want of food,
Stood silent; Neglect, Slight, Envy, rendered
No answ'ring ill. Lo! man's resistless foe
Drew near, and with one fell and mighty blow
Conquered the conqueror, laid the lofty low:
God grant more glorious wars and thrones than ours to know! c.

A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

BY 'PASTEL.'

A fine morning after a shower lights up the village of D ——, on the south shore of Massachusetts; the summer's sun for the space of an hour or so, has been exterminating the rain-drops and shortening the long shadows; when the writer hereof emerges from the grand entrance of the 'village hotel' and takes a long deep draught of the fresh invigorating air. And fully to appreciate how he drank up, and feasted upon, and revelled in the healthful, freshening influences, the reader is to suppose an individual born and brought up in a country farm-house long, long ago. Noble trees threw their shadows on the door-stone; garden, orchard, meadow, and corn-field stretched around, where beneath many a summer sun was realized the primeval curse. In the distance lay a noble sheet of fresh of water, with all sorts of irregular coves running up into thick woods, which the axe had never yet profaned. From this water a creek run, or rather crept through a rich meadow, turning and twisting, as if it would linger there, as well indeed it might do. Past the house however, it ran briskly 'off about its business' which was to turn a grist-mill two miles away, and let shoals of herring, waiting in the salt water know that spring had come, and that the ice was gone.

How well do I remember my first visit to that grist-mill! What a terrible thing was that big water-wheel, throwing up the spray, making a great black circle on the moss-covered shingles. What a feeling of pity I had for the corn remorsely shaken into the stone that whirled round so madly; a feeling also of dread that some unknown power

was surely going to shake me in along with the doomed grain, although I held on never so stoutly; how I used to bring away with me along with the meal a sense of profound respect for the miller as a man of iron nerve, standing unmoved amid such fearful scenes. And many a fine trout did I capture from that brook; some by fair means, but more by foul. On the waters of that creek was launched my first essay in naval architecture, consisting of 'punt,' the floor of which was an old hen-roost door, partly begged but mainly stolen from a neighbor, who is foolish enough to lament the loss to this day. The sides of that ungainly craft knew no smoothing-hand but that of Time: a great many nails were used in its construction of a great variety of sizes, and in all stages of oxidation; every one of them burglariously abstracted and feloniously purloined not only from the nail-box, but from fence and wall, and wherever the claw-hammer could embrace one; for which exploit the master-builder was visited with parental indignation. Spite of the multiplicity of fastening and tar applied with a prodigal disregard of expense (this last compound was always getting on the thwart, and fastening down the unwary oarsman like a galley-slave) spite of all this, that punt afforded constant employment to two hands in the way of baling. In truth it was a most perfidious bark; and why it did not consign its adventurous skipper to a watery grave was always a mystery to me. Perhaps my enemies have a way of accounting for it. In after years an unexceptionable sail-boat was wont to glide up that winding creek, and bound over the bright waters beyond; and 'many a time and oft,' has the sound of music, ringing laughter, and silvery voices been heard through the moonlight air.

Much I loved to see the first blades of grass under the kindly influence of the March sun, and still more to hear the 'trees keep on their pleasant murmuring,'

'In the leafy month of June.'

Then I saw no sadness in the 'changing' hues of autumn and no gloom in the wild storms of winter.

Chiefly was it my delight, when the harvesting was nearly over; when the 'Indian Summer' came with its foretaste of the millennium; when there was a delicious tone in the west winds and a dreamy haziness in the air, to row my skiff up those solitary coves, and with frog-baited hook, lure from under the lily-pods, sundry piratical, sharkish-looking pickerel; or anchored in the deep water, pull up golden-hued perch, speckled trout, or ill-looking cat-fish; and when the sun waned low, return home with a prospect of a glorious time in husking by moonlight.

Amid such scenes did I pass my youth, and when I arrived at man's estate, I was taken and shut up in a great city, principally confined in a dingy office that looked out on a brick wall, a slate-roof, with a dreary perspective of roofs and stacks of chimneys and little glimpses of smoke-stained sky. This was well enough through the winter; but when there began to be a spring-look to the sun, and the south wind blew gently, I grew somewhat uneasy, and as spring advanced, more and more uneasy, and I used to walk in squares, pleasant squares enough,

but the trees looked dusty and the grass sickly, and I was warned to 'keep-off of that;' and I could n't get beyond the sound of echoing pavements and the eternal roll of omnibuses.

At length, when spring had given place to summer, and the brick wall shimmered in the heat, and I grew sick and feverish and had the headache of an afternoon, I was put into a rail-road car and eventually deposited in a quiet country village, and went to bed (where the linen was suggestive of the clover upon which it was aired) with the comfortable assurance that I was forty miles away from a brick-house, a pavement, or an iron-fence. And when I went out in the morning and saw a landscape of surpassing beauty, I felt the exhilarating influences of the scene upon my smoke-dried senses, and went off into ecstatics of the most flowery description, or committed any other absurdity; was I not perfectly excusable, when the foregoing circumstances are taken into consideration?

But, reader, you shall be spared any poetical infliction just at present, for the breakfast-bell rings, and the effect of the invigorating air will soon be perceptible in my devotion to the good cheer before me. The trout, the coffee, and the nicely-browned cakes are delicious. With perfect sincerity do I compliment my host on having attained great perfection in the art of curing ham, and on the excellence of her dairy; and I devoured her eggs like a man having perfect confidence in their freshness.

An hour or two later I set forth on a long tramp, leaving the more populous part of the village; rambling over fields, where the cloud-shadows sail majestically along and through woods freshened by last night's rain; eloquent with the unwritten music of bird-notes and leaves rustling in the light breeze. Pleasant sights and sounds are these, which find their way through the brick-and-mortar covering of my heart, and expand it with the boyish freedom of old days; pleasant pictures to take back with me and hang up in the dingy office that looked out on the brick-wall.

But chiefly do I delight to drop in at the old farm-houses, under pretence of lighting a cigar, and chat with the old ladies, finding now and then a bright vision of a Tarius's daughter, lighting up the long kitchen with her sunny presence. And well I know that every one of them '*wish I was further;*' the silly things not knowing how charming they look in their every-day working dresses, with their free and unconstrained movements; with perhaps a ringlet or two loose, and their rosy faces glowing with health and exercise. 'They do wish, if I was going to call, I would wait until they got fixed up, and set down of an afternoon.' And much I like to talk with the Tariuses at work in the field, opening hay with a wary glance at the double-headed clouds piled up in the north-west. I take pride in showing them that I know a thing or two connected with the 'farming interest,' and enjoy their astonishment thereat, as though I had forgotten those corn-fields where there were long rows to hoe, and a great many of them, and those meadows where my keen scythe was wont to slip through the rich clover of a morning before the dew was off.

At one house I rap at the front-door, and my call being unanswered,

I make bold to push in, and find myself in the sacred precincts of the best front room — a room seldom opened, except when the minister calls, or the regular cleaning-day comes round. It is a tolerably large apartment, but intolerably low in the ceiling, and there is a huge beam running across in the centre. It has to serve as the guest-chamber on occasions, for there is a large bed in one corner, with a patchwork covering of the highest conceivable colors, most inharmoniously mingled. On the bed I perceive the Sunday bonnet of the good lady of the house, and the Sunday coat of her lord and master. I am willing to take oath, that in that same blue-coat, with bright buttons, he stood up and was married years ago; and it 's just as good as new, and with even more cloth in it, especially about the collar. I see no indications of the discovery of printing, for they do n't allow the 'best room' to be littered up with books — not they. A desolate, cheerless place it is, with its uncarpeted floor, painted yellow, upon which the footsteps sound with appalling distinctness, and its row of wooden chairs, mathematically arranged. The eye is irresistibly attracted by the figure of the paper on the walls — not from any intrinsic beauty it possesses, but because there is so little else to look at. There is one cane-seated rocking-chair, evidently a modern innovation, the back of which is covered with an unapproachable netting of spotless white, called a 'tidy.' If a visitor of distinction, the minister for instance, should drop in for a social call, instead of allowing him to retreat to some shady nook of the long kitchen, or expand his kindly sympathies before the genial glow of the great fire-place, they forthwith usher him into 'the front-room,' and seat him in the rocking-chair, where the 'tidy' is, which he won't dare to lean back against, and avoiding which he will find sufficiently uncomfortable. Hence it is that a friend of mine calls these cherished apartments 'minister-rooms.'

Hanging against the broad panel, over where the mantel would be, if there was one, I see two colored lithographs, 'master-pieces,' placed close together, probably to indicate that they both refer to the same subject. One is called 'The Sailor's Farewell,' and represents a young man with profuse whiskers, loose legs, and a jacket of the brightest conceivable blue, taking an affectionate leave of a young lady, with her hair done up high, very small hands and feet, and a dress of startling crimson, evidently 'warranted fast colors.' Though he has taken a long voyage, we see the young man in the next picture, called 'The Sailor's Return,' wearing the same jacket of unfaded brilliancy, and the young lady with the small hands flings herself, crimson dress and all, into his arms.

Some poetry there is in the fact of these pictures being placed there, though very little in the productions themselves. Perhaps some mother who has a child at sea placed them there, and thought of her boy pacing his lonely night-watch, and thinking of home; or perchance some gentle maiden looks at them and thinks of her 'true-love' out on the waste of waters. And although the representations before her are met together, she sighs to think what a long interval there is in reality, and breathes a prayer for his safe return, and loves to recall his last words, 'that the thought of *her* would cheer him in his lonely hours,

and nerve his arm when he hung over the yard reefing top-sails in a midnight squall, when the ship was plunging through the dark waves beneath him.'

But here all dreams of midnight squalls are put to flight by an actual day-light squall of an infant, in an adjoining room; and as I don't take to babies very kindly, I conclude to withdraw quietly, as I came, thinking as I go: 'Perhaps the first dawn of taste I discover in the lithographs will so far develop itself in the next generation, whose wail I just now heard, as to effect an entire revolution in the cheerless room; convert some of the old man's lands into fashionable furniture; have a centre-table with annuals, and walk out the great bed to a tune from one of Chickering's best; and in place of the colored prints, hang up pencil-drawings of bridges, castles, wind-mills, landscapes with unhappy-looking cattle, all executed by 'Matilda Ann' at boarding-school; the pride of parents and the admiration of neighbors.'

Still I ramble on, and see the ever-changing shadows, breathe the air coming from off clover-fields, and hear the delicious tones of the red-bird in the far-off woods. Bright and pleasant are the scenes I have thus far endeavored to present. I ask the reader to look now upon one of grief and suffering. I see before me a well-remembered cottage, and methinks the cloud-shadows should rest there, sombre trees wave over it, and none but plaintive bird-notes be heard about it; for in that house I know there is deep and heavy sadness, which seems brooding in the air around it, oppressing the senses as I approach.

In that cottage lived a school-mate, the companion of my early sports, the warm friend of later years. He was a noble youth, well educated and gifted; he was an only child, and his parents were in easy circumstances in those days. Soon after we separated his father died, and trouble came upon them. From that time poverty and pride, ill-matched pair that they are, seemed to have marked him as their victim. Ill-success attended all his undertakings, and at length California swallowed him up. Remorseless place that it is, that golden Maëlstrom of the nineteenth century, that brilliant mirage, from which the sheen but too often vanishes on a near approach, thickly strewing many a wreck for one successful issue, and for a single smile of happiness causing oceans of tears to flow! Looking over the California news a few weeks since, I read: '*Died at the Mines of S——, Henry ——, of D——, Mass.;*' a simple announcement, lightly glanced at by thousands, but bringing gloom and sadness upon all who knew him: and who shall tell of the floods of anguish it rolled upon the stricken soul of the widowed and childless mother!

The room which I enter forms a bright contrast to the one last described. I see around me a thousand little evidences of taste and skill, by which the lady knew so well how to make a room look pleasant and home-like, even with humble means. Gazing on the picture of the lost wanderer, I deem it indeed sad that one who so loved that little parlor should never behold it more.

The mother greets me cordially, with a faint semblance of her old cheerfulness; but though she struggles to appear calm, she can but think of *one* whom she used to see by my side. Nature will have its

way, and the tears gush forth. Sorrowfully I mark the ravages that care and grief have made in the gentle being before me, who I remember so bright and gay, lighting up the little cottage with her cheerful presence; and sorrowfully I remember what the neighbors told me, mournfully shaking their heads: 'Poor thing! I'm affeered she can't stan' it long: her heart is breaking.'

Mysterious Providence! there are dark and malignant spirits who run their riotous course through existence, with no check upon their rough-shod career; and there are loving, gentle beings, ministering angels of goodness, who are called to suffer no common grief; the very loveableness of their nature turning back upon them, and sending the cruel shaft deeper and yet deeper! In her simple, touching way, she told me the sad story. 'When Henry first mentioned that he was going, it did not much affect me; now I wonder how I could look upon it so lightly; but others were going from the village, and he had been to sea, you know — I had parted from him, and welcomed him back — and why should I not do it again? But as the time drew near for him to leave, I began to have anxious fears and forebodings; and when the dread morning came, I felt most wretched and sad. I well remember the scene as we were waiting for the stage that was to bear him away. You know the arrival and departure of the stage was always a pleasant little event in our quiet life. You remember on a stormy day in winter how we would watch for it, bringing news from the busy world about us — papers and books to cheer our long winter evenings. How different it was now! How I dreaded its coming! How I wished something might detain it, that I might have my dear boy yet a little longer beside me! I remember how earnestly I gazed upon him, striving to fix each look and word and action on the memory, well knowing that I should not soon see them again — perhaps never. And well I remember Henry cheerfully walking to and fro, telling me: 'Oh, I shall soon come back, mother; I always *do*, you know. I may not be rich; perhaps I shall return poorer than I go away; but I love home too much to be long absent.' Spite of his efforts, when he spoke of the home he was leaving, his eyes would moisten, and I loved him all the more for this.

'The dreaded stage appeared at length, and though there was a heavy weight upon my heart, I should have borne up well enough had not our neighbor (a silver-haired old man, of whom he was always a great favorite) 'come in to say good-by; for he never should see Henry again, that was sartain.' The sight of the old man's tears, and his broken voice, after repeating 'Well, I never shall see Henry any more, that 's sartain,' was too much for my firmness; my pent-up grief broke forth, and I remember nothing but tears, bitter tears, until my streaming eyes beheld him waving his hand, just before the trees hid him from my sight.

'And that was the last of my dear boy. Never more on earth shall I see that loved form, or hear that cheerful voice again.' Here the mother's voice failed her: she buried her face in her hands, and could not proceed. After a time she resumed: 'Sometimes in dreams I see that waving hand, and it seems to beckon me to some far distant world.

I thought I could not feel more wretched and lonely than I did the day he left; but now I know that the heart can bear yet more grief and loneliness. After a time letters came — long letters, written as only he could write. Pleasant and mirthful were the pictures he drew of their life on ship-board; and so vivid were his representations, that I seemed to see the quiet sunlit Pacific, the noble ship majestically rising and falling on the long swells; to hear the gentle breeze murmuring in the sails, and rustling the awning over the deck; the groups of happy voyagers and my dear son walking to and fro, as he was wont, vigor in his step, and the light of hope and courage in his eye. After he landed, his letters became shorter and less frequent, ill-fortune still pursued him, and he could not find it in his kind heart to write what he knew would give me pain; so he waited, and still waited, and hoped for better times, which never came. At length he wrote from those dreadful mines that he had been ill, but was better, and hoped soon to write that he was well again.

'But the next news was that terrible notice, in the papers. Oh, the wretched, wretched days that followed, and the sleepless nights, yet more wretched; or if I slept, it was but to see him sick and suffering; and when I would fly to him, some cruel power still held me back! And sometimes I would hold him in my arms, and when I would wipe the damp dews of death from his pale face, he would be torn away, and I only saw the *waving hand*, that beckoned me where I could not follow! It was only when I looked to Heaven, that I found the least ray of hope or peace. It was only *this* that kept me from utter madness. The neighbors, in their kind way, told me to 'cheer up;' 'perhaps it was a mistake after all;' but there was something in that simple notice that said, 'There is no hope — *no hope!*' Its terrible calmness rolled on me like deep water. Soon came this sad confirmation.'

Here she handed me a letter; and it was with deep feelings that I recognised my friend's hand-writing, cramped and trembling. These were his own dying words:

'Mother, they tell me I am dying, and it must be so. The visions that visit me in these moments of unearthly buoyancy are those of another world: then comes the heavy sinking, the deep suffocation, through which I scarcely breathe. It must be death!

'They will tell you, mother, that in my long, weary sickness I have not much complained. Sometimes the breeze would come in at the rude hut-door and fan my fevered cheek, and there was a thought of my native hills in its freshness and freedom; and again a floating cloud, a passing fragrance or a familiar bird-note would bring *home* before me with cruel distinctness, and the heart-fever would overpower all bodily suffering. I did not complain.

'Often, when I was restlessly tossing through the long hours of darkness, have I thought 'Could I but hear one sound of that soft voice, feel one touch of that kind hand on my burning brow, it would be a heaven to me, and I could die content?' But it could not be, and even then I did not murmur. It is only when I think of the sore grief that must rend your loving heart that I am tempted to cry out, 'Why was I born to bring desolation on one so dear to me?'

'I can write but little, for my senses grow dim. My companions have been very kind to me; I know you will bless them for it. One thought there is, oft recurring, towering above and absorbing all others: it is the dread thought that I am dying; that eternity is close at hand. Is it of bliss or wo? Here on my death-bed I have hope; perhaps, like many an earthly hope, it is false and ill-founded. Still, *I have hope*. I look back upon a misspent life, and a volume of sins rises up, huge, dark and appalling; yet between them and me I see an angel-form. I hear a voice pleading to the throne of grace, such as I used to hear in childhood: earnest, effectual, fervent; and we read that 'such a prayer availeth much.' And thus I have hope. I must soon say, 'Farewell, mother!' Surely, it cannot be forever! The dear love I bear for you, and your never-changing, unfathomable affection for me, is it not one link of that golden chain that shall unite us in heaven, never to be severed?

'Mother, I well know that every trembling word here will be dear to you; but these mortal powers grow weak and faint; they guide my hand while I write, and my chilled fingers scarce feel

the pen. I will breathe one prayer that you may not mourn for me 'as one without hope;' and then, as I used to do in childhood, I will say '*Good night, dear mother!*' and fall asleep.'

Another hand added the following:

'He was quite exhausted after writing the above, and lay quite motionless for hours. We feared he would never speak again; but toward midnight he revived, and called us each by name. He said: 'You have been very kind to me, brothers. I can wish you no greater blessing than that you may once more look upon your native village; and when you lie down to die, may it be with sights and sounds of home around, and kindred hands to minister unto you. You will lay me on the east side of the hill, in the place which I showed you, and tell *her*, when the morning sun lights up the little room that I loved so well, to think it is shining on my grave; and bid her see in the increasing light the hope that cheers me now — the hope of an eternal day.' He never spoke again!

'We buried him on the hill-side, where he had directed, and A —— read the burial-service. It was a solemn scene. Those noble words, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' rising amid this wild solitude, spoken by a voice now deep and manly, and anon choked and trembling, the rough-clad group about the grave, and tears falling from 'eyes all unused to weep' — it was a scene never to be forgotten. It was a gallant spirit that we laid there to rest, 'in the hope of a glorious resurrection.'

'When we sit round the hut-door after our day's toil, we love to speak of him and to recall the keen wit and sprightly humor of happier days, as well as the dying words of tenderness and affection. Perhaps it will be pleasing to you, dear Madam, to know that we always think and speak of you at those times.

'It seems but idle to offer you our regard and sympathy; but we were children together; we knew your son in joy, we heard his cheerful words when adversity came upon us. We watched beside his sick-bed, and heard no murmur or complaint. We caught his last dying words, closed his eyes in death, and laid him in his last resting-place; and if one kindly word from us will do aught to soothe your sorrow, 'like which there is no sorrow,' it is all we ask or expect.'

This most touching letter was signed by four of the young man's companions in self-exile. I handed it back, and the mother gazed long upon it, as if the words were not already deeply graven in her inmost heart. 'I have been calmer,' she said, 'since this came. It is a strange joy to read it again and again, and his spirit seems near me when I see the trembling lines. But then I think, if he could only have died here at home, I could have blessed the stroke; and sometimes I think, if some sudden accident, or the hand of violence even, had laid him low, it would have been better. It is when I think of him in the long, long hours of suffering, vainly wishing for one touch of the hand that soothed him in childhood, that I feel this sharp pain here. I fear my heart is indeed breaking! All joy is gone forever from this world; buried with my dear boy on the far-off hill-side!'

She covered her face again with her hands, and the tears fell fast over them. Poor stricken mother! What could I say?—how could I console her? I could only repeat, 'Thank God that the hope dimly seen by the far-off sufferer was with her a glorious certainty! — that through no earthly medium, but with the eye of faith, did she look to that place where there shall be 'no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither any more pain; for God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes' who inhabit therein.

Continuing my walk, it was long before I could forget the scene I have described. Although it was a sad picture, I said it should even go back with me to the great city and the gloomy office, and in my hand-to-hand struggle with existence I would look upon it, and learn to forget and despise my own petty griefs and annoyances.

And now, as I occasionally get a glimpse of blue water through the trees, there is a healthful sense of the salt sea in the air, and I hear the sound of the surf borne up by the light south wind. As I stand musing by an ancient well, I see a dignified matron approaching with her bucket, and I hasten to offer my assistance, and swing down the long pole, pour out the cool water, and insist on carrying it to the

house; and there I am quite taken aback by finding myself in the presence of two young maidens, 'comely and fair to look upon.'

A draught of the cool beverage from the cocoanut-cup soon restored me, and rest assured I did not neglect the matron's invitation to 'take a cheer;' and a cheering sight I looked upon. One of these damsels was a mild, quiet, blue-eyed girl. I have no distinct recollection of what she was doing, for to see the other was to forget every thing else. Just imagine a creature with curls, black eyes that had a touch of roguery in them, short sleeves, and a delicious roundness of face and form; just such a rosy-cheeked beauty as farmers' boys fall in love with at first sight; and, remember, I am a farmer's boy myself. She stood by a window where the breeze came off the sea and rustled through the leaves of some kind of creeping vine, and she was starching bits of lace; 'doing up' muslins, I think they call the operation. Heaven forgive her, but she came very near 'doing up' *me*, that sleeveless young girl with the black eyes!

Perhaps, reader, you have seen muslins 'done up,' and know that the articles, being dipped in the starch and squeezed out, are held up lightly by the fingers and smartly slapped between the outspread palms. And you will also know, if you are a person of any taste, that where the hands are reasonably small, with dimples across the knuckles, and the arms are round and white, and other circumstances favorable, the effect of this performance is decidedly pretty. For what is she preparing those bits of finery? Perhaps to wear next Sabbath at the village church, to aid in captivating some susceptible swain; perhaps he is already captivated, and that little lace cuff she is now manipulating with such earnestness will rest lovingly upon his stalwart arm as they go slowly home through the moonlight from some evening party; or perhaps she is getting those things ready for her own wedding; who knows? And at this suggestion I mentally ejaculated 'God forbid!' But what business was it of mine, I should like to know!

Under pretence that it was cooler where the breeze came through the vine-leaves, which physically it was, I drew my 'cheer' up in that direction, and said to the sleeveless creature that I loved to see her doing that, for I remembered to have seen my mother doing the same thing years ago; and something about this enlisted her sympathies, and we were on the best possible terms 'in no time.' Dissembler that I was! as though I needed any associations to make me like to see *her* thus engaged; and as though my recollections of the matriarch when in this business were not any thing but pleasant; for I remember that she generally wore a knit-up brow, and the juvenile members of the household considered it unsafe to approach the presence on such occasions; and just as though I did n't have a vivid and distinct recollection that on one occasion she apparently mistook my ears for a bit of obdurate lace, and visited them in such a style as to leave therein a murmuring sound for a considerable space of time, as though my head were a big sea-shell!

There was no frown on *that* brow when the shaken-back curls revealed it; no anger in the laughing eye; no sternness in the silvery voice, and no vengeance in the dainty little hands, which would have

been white, only that the exercise started out the carnations. Looking at the action of those hands, I would gladly welcome back that murmuring sound of old days, and am almost tempted to wish that 'this too solid flesh would melt,' and resolve itself into—muslin!

I am a sober, plodding sort of a man, cold, reflective and philosophical; but to look on that rosy face was ecstasy!—to undertake to count the dimples across the knuckles, or let the eye revel on the pearly whiteness of the rounded arms, was delirium!—and to glance at that flexible form of rounded slenderness was frenzy and madness!

I do n't know how long I stayed by that window, but the muslins were all 'done up,' and I thought the dignified matron was looking rather uneasily over toward our side of the house; so I left, like the young man mentioned by St. Matthew, 'going away exceeding sorrowful,' though from quite a different reason. And I deemed this indeed a pleasant picture to hang up in the dingy office that looked out on the brick-wall.

A little farther, and I reach the extreme limit of my walk. I stand upon a high bluff, and look forth over the Vineyard Sound, and see the surf tumbling in on the beach at my feet. It is a glorious sight, and well repays the long walk, if it had had no other attractions. The Sound is full of vessels, as it always is in fine weather. I see the humble fisherman, with no fore-topmast; aristocratic liners, with their taper spars; business-like lumbermen, from 'down-east,' loaded deep in the water. Larger vessels, with now and then a noble ship, are drawing off the land, steering south-east by Great Point and the island of Nantucket, and so far out to sea, on their various trackless courses. I see a solitary steam-boat in the distance, her white length relieved against the blue headlands of Martha's Vineyard. It is the Nantucket steamer Massachusetts, Captain Barker, just coming out of Holmes' Hole, on her way to New-Bedford. And now, with my quiet cigar, I lie at length under the tall pines, through which the south wind is sighing. Thick as the fragrant smoke-wreaths around me are the fast-coming fancies; as light, airy and graceful; and truth to say, as unsubstantial.

I remember, when a boy, ranging the shore with my gun (for I had full share of the killing propensity inherent in all boys), and, becoming tired, I would recline under the trees, and in my boyish way long for the painter's eye and hand, to reproduce the bright scene before me, or the poet-feeling that should convey to a thousand hearts, in beautiful images, what I felt within me; all which aspirations suddenly disappeared if ever a gull came within gun-shot.

The same tall trees wave over me now. I look forth on the same scene, with the same aspirations, almost as hopeless; though I would fain, with my poor prose, make a compromise between the poet and the painter-longings.

There are not wanting those who say, that for one wearing perpetual mourning for past days, the writer of this contrives to extract a wonderful deal of enjoyment from the present; that for one born in a Puritan New-England village, and brought up at 'the feet of Gamaliel in the nurture and admonition of the LORD,' he hath an undue liking

for brilliantly-lighted halls, where the blaze of beauty is yet brighter; that the touch of soft hands, the gleaming of bright eyes, have peculiar attractions for this moody man; and when there is music to be heard, the slanderers further say that he has not the power to resist, but gives himself up, heart and soul, to the delicious melody leaping gaily from violins, stealing out from flutes and clarionets; that he thinks he hears spirit-voices in the wild, wailing oboe, and has all sorts of feeling when he hears skilfully touched the unearthly, almost human violoncello, and is ready to fall down and worship the high art that can portray human passions by such delicious floods of harmony. It may be so; perhaps I must plead guilty to these charges; but, thank Heaven! my ear is not impaired for these old familiar sounds, musical as when I had not heard the Germania, and the opera was a thing unknown. There is a majestic 'movement' to that tenth wave; a glorious 'crescendo' in its gathering roar; a delightful 'shake' is performed when, nearly spent, it rushes far up on the beach, and some delicate 'fingering' in those points of foam, thrusting by the rest, curling round the pebbles, as if to find something the last wave had left; there is 'minor' sound in its deep-drawn sigh when it sweeps back, that increases to a sullen roar; the wind through the pines is a pleasing 'accompaniment,' and not inharmonious is the distant cawing of sombre crows and the scream of the white-winged sea-gull. There is no discord, no false note, here. Nature paints and shifts the scenes with her own hand, and there needs no prompting.

When I cease to find beauty in these scenes, and to delight in these sounds; when they cease to rouse in me all my better nature, awake me to whatever is lovely and pleasant, noble and grand, beautiful and bright, 'then may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget its cunning!'

STANZAS.

To me it is a quiet spot,
A sacred holy place
Where, with a veilless eye, I see
Our FATHER's smiling face.

To me it is an angel's form,
With angel's vestments clad;
And with a voice of softest tone
It cheers me when I 'm sad.

To me it is a gladsome eye,
That beams with nature's soul;
And waking joyous thoughts in mine,
How swift the minutes roll.

To me it is a guide to heaven,
A resting place from care;
And buoyant faith the while espys
Eternal glories there.

THE DEAREST FRIEND OF MAN.

BY WILLIAM H. ANTHON.

I.

HARK! how the sounds of mirth are borne
Upon the stilly midnight air;
Yon marble hall is bright as morn —
A thousand lamps are gleaming there.

II.

A thousand guests, in long array,
Beside the laden tables sit;
And rosy wine drives care away,
With merry song and sparkling wit.

III.

Disciples of old GALEN's art,
Their lives are spent, and not in vain,
In calming dread Disease's smart,
In soothing weary Nature's pain.

IV.

From many a distant foreign land,
From Afric's sands, from Iceland's snows,
They 've gathered with untiring hand
Each healing herb that science knows.

V.

And one can bid the joyous light
Beam gently on the long-closed eye,
And open to the dawning sight
The wonders of the earth and sky.

VI.

And there is one whose potent skill
Hath unsealed lips to speak his worth,
And the long-silent ear can fill
With the sweet sounds of joy and mirth.

VII.

Another boasts the blessed power
To drive away disease and pain,
And even in DEATH's awful hour
Restore to life and health again.

VIII.

But as they poured the ruddy wine,
A high dispute among them ran;
Each deemed his skill the most divine —
Himself the dearest friend of man.

IX.

Sudden a VOICE upon them broke!
Like the deep thunder was its tone,
And thus in accents clear it spoke,
While all around strange brightness shone:

X.

'Cease, cease your vain tumultuous strife;
Mine is the name!'—so DEATH began;
'I loose the weary load of life—
I am the dearest friend of man.'

XI.

'And *thou!*' cried one, 'and dost THOU claim
That noblest title Earth can give?
Man trembles when he hears thy name—
Thou bane, thou curse of all that live!'

XII.

'And think'st thou, then,' the spectre cried,
'That life 's a treasure so much prized?
Hast thou ne'er seen it cast aside,
A tattered garment most despised?

XIII.

'See yonder couch, where groaning lies
A victim of disease and pain;
Hark! list his agonizing cries!
Confess your boasted skill is vain.

XIV.

'But see! a smile lights up his brow,
Like sunbeams on a stormy sea;
What, *what* can soothe the sufferer now?
'T is thus, 't is thus he welcomes me!

XV.

'What skill can soothe the broken heart,
Or bid the mourner's sorrow cease?
How far beyond your vaunted art
To give the wounded spirit peace!

XVI.

''T is mine alone to grant relief
When nought can still the mourner's sighs;
When 'neath its weary load of grief
Poor feeble Nature prostrate lies.

XVII.

'I burst the chains that bind the slave,
I set the pining captive free;
They gently slumber in the grave—
They find their dearest friend in me.

XVIII.

'Ah! like an angel clothed in light,
I close the Christian's dying eyes;
With holy rapture, sweet delight,
His spirit greets me ere it flies.

XIX.

'Your arts but lengthen life's short span,
Or heal the body's agony;
I am the dearest friend of man—
His guide to immortality!'

THE MINSTREL OF THE 'WORKING ROOMS.'

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

AH! these busy wheels and engines! I remember a scrap of poetry that went the rounds of the newspapers a year or so ago, bemoaning that our sylvan streams had been degraded to such servile use. *They* turn a mill! Every poet-aping spirit in the land declaimed against the outrage. But blessings on them, *I* say: it is good to hear their hum on the clear river banks. There is a life, a real poetry about them. Instead of tales of want and drudgery, their din has a tone of music in it, and it talks of thrift, and hope, and cheerful songs. Ay, it is good to look out when the summons of their bells is answered now-a-days. Forth they come, human beings from all lands and climes; thrifty Yankees, and sons and daughters of old Ireland; girls from the far backwoods of Maine and Canada; children with the sunshine of France and Spain in their eyes, and men from rovings on the broad, deep seas; all mingle on the way, and all unconsciously I had almost said, so blessed is the law of industry and social intercourse, imbibing and imparting good.

Instead of losing their humanity amid the discords within doors, humanity seems only the more spiritual. There is always some redeeming angel in the room; something to love, and that calls up pure associations; a mere tame bird or squirrel it may be; or a mild-voiced old man; or, oftenest of all, a young child, to shed a halo on the spot and make the dusty arches beautiful.

Thus associated, I always love to hear the people of a certain district talk of one ANTOINE. The joyous little Antoine, they will say, (I never heard him called there by any other name,) with his dancing brown locks and songs flowing out upon the air the whole day long. He alighted in their midst on a summer's morning, just as the swallows came, nobody knew how or whence; but there he was with the children on the green, singing and fluttering about to his own music, as though he had been a very bird and that spot his chosen summer-haunt his life time long.

He might have dropped from the clouds for all that could be gleaned from him; for to all questions as of who he was, or whence he came, he only answered 'Antoine,' and 'I'm only the little boy, you know, that comes to sing to you.'

At the end of every song, however, he held out his little soiled cap to intimate his errand; but still it never entered into a single heart to call him vagabond or stroller. No; he looked so beautiful and sent so much sunshine into the atmosphere, that before an hour he was found out to be kindred to every heart in the village, and the half-dimes and coppers were raining into the little cap at a great rate.

It was ascertained at length that the boy had stolen from a circus that was going the rounds, and was now wandering unconstrained, whither he listed. But no one cared to send him back. When the day wore on and he was found still hovering about the place, there was just the same kind of rejoicing among the groups that there is in the far northern latitudes when the ice breaks up in spring. His coming was to the neighborhood like the sight of the 'Good Spirits' to the heroes and heroines in the old German legends. They would as soon have shut their eyes upon their sunniest day-dreams as to have driven *him* away who seemed sent there on purpose to tell of hope and promise.

I said the neighborhood was made up of people from all lands; but he was a very child of the house, go where he would. No matter how many there were to feed and clothe already, there was not a home so poor but the door flew open to let *him* in, and not a hearth so crowded but there was ample room for him.

And it was wonderful how the musical little stranger took to the place. There must have existed some secret affinity between his heart and theirs from the first. On the morrow his little face had found the way inside the mills, and his fingers were trying to get the ways of work. In vain: the task was strangely bungled, and the child, as though in fault of other resources, drowned inquiry with a gush of song. Still he showed no inclination to depart, but, encouraged by his new friends, came and went as regularly as the best of them.

And now they knew more of him, what a singularity for a child he was! Some said they had been entertaining an angel unawares. While the other children blustered up and down, he loved best of all things to tell tales with the old people by the hearth-side, or to sit down among the men and talk of times and changes; or to creep away by himself among the shade-trees, and listen to the waters. He was never rude or boisterous; and yet, save in a wondrous kind of wisdom that looked out from every thing he said and did, never unchild-like. Thus goes the story.

But his work — alas! he tried again and again, but again and again he failed. At last, however, it was observed that his little face was melancholy at those times, and finally the truth came out: little Antoine was almost blind. 'Blind!' — that explained the whole.

He had not been connected with his old associates by any ties of love or kindred, and when the infirmity had come upon him, instead of making him an object of peculiar interest, it only shut him out from sympathy. He was alone in his gathering darkness, and how could his

child's heart but yearn for the sunlight of home and love? So he had planned to creep in among the workers, and win him a place by the exercise of his sweet gift, and he was keeping his malady a secret, lest, as his small experience suggested, they too might cast him off for it. *They?* — 'not they!' Who of all the world knew what hardship was, if not *they?* — or who ought to be readier to alleviate it?

They were working people, hoping and doing; and they did not pause half so long to bewail the misfortune, as to decide upon the surest means of alleviating it. Who knew that it was incurable? Money was raised forthwith, a purse made up, no one knew how far with 'widow's mites;' and the child was carried away to an infirmary, and lo! brought back seeing!

No story is oftener told; and the child now, they add, is a famous vocalist, a man in the great world, singing and composing such music that it seems like interpretations of all beauty. And who knows? Why may not its spirit echo in his music, and go forth into the world revealing its Divinity in the mysterious language of sweet sounds? A. P.

HISTORY OF MANSOUL.

FULL poorly cometh MANSOUL to his birth,
Shrinking and moaning he toucheth the earth,
Tearfully, tearfully.

Blithely he sings in the sunlight of youth,
Building in hope what he ne'er sees in truth,
Cheerfully, cheerfully.

Boldly in manhood he buffeteth fear,
Sinking 'mid waves still he shouteth 'Good cheer!'
Manfully, manfully.

Cautious and soberly steppeth old age,
Fearing youth's fervor, despising its rage,
Carefully, carefully.

Trembling and wailing, in darkness and gloom,
Halting, reluctant, he seeketh the tomb,
Doubtfully, doubtfully.

Struggling and gasping, with horror and dread,
Sinketh MANSOUL in the Sea of the Dead,
Fearfully, fearfully.

Buoyant, elastic, he droppeth the clay;
Upward MANSOUL springeth, new-born, away,
Hopefully, hopefully.

Tearful, yet hopeful, out starteth MANSOUL;
Wearied and wayworn, he reacheth his goal.

ST. BERNARD.

SONNET: ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET.

Soft meadows lapped in sunlight; green arcades
Loaded with fragrance; leafy, woodland nooks,
Silent and dim, where the rath floweret fades
Unseen by any; quiet, shady brooks,
Flecked here and there with spots of dazzling light,
And doubling the green leaves and leaning flowers
That blossom on their banks: how every sight,
That thrilled my soul with gladness in those hours
When life was new, comes o'er me as I gaze
Upon thy gift, dear Lady! Ah, my heart
No longer throbs as in thôse sinless days,
And in my eyes the unbidden tear-drops start
Only to think how the world's care and strife
Have dimmed the freshness of my boyhood's life!

Washington, July, 1850. R. S. Chilton.

THE DEAD HEART.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

On her twenty-ninth birth-day Evelyn Clause bent over the body of her lifeless son, and saw him, the eldest, the most beautiful, the last surviving of her four bright boys, placed in the coffin for burial. She watched and even assisted in this sad duty, with a calmness that was almost frightful to behold: and the hearts of those who witnessed the strange composure of the bereaved mother trembled and fluttered into quiet, even while their hands were busied with arranging the robes of the dead; the tears which had gathered in their eyes fell not; voices which had faltered as they strove to utter consolation or sympathy grew calm and strong suddenly; even the grief of the nurse who had watched over Frederick from his infancy was hushed, and became voiceless in the presence of the mother, who stood so calm and silent beside her lifeless child.

When Clarence, the baby, died, it was far otherwise with her. Never was infant mourned with such wild, such exceeding sorrow as he. Night and day through his illness, and after his death, the young mother clung to him, until at last they were compelled by force to remove her from the corpse when the funeral hour was come. It seemed then as though she would weep her very life away; and the mourning in which her form was enrobed was not comparable in gloom with that natural mourning which enveloped her lovely face. Though three children still remained to her, it was of him who was lost that she held most constant remembrance; it was of him, the affectionate little one, who had never learned to express his love in words, who had never even learned her name, that her stricken heart held continual thought; and she who had lived all of life — real *life* that had been given her to live

in her children — trembled now, and looked with constant fear on the future; in them she had fixed all her hope and her love, and behold, one already was taken!

Evelyn Clause was married in her youth to a 'merchant prince,' who had already been twice married. They stood together at the altar a strangely matched pair; she a very child in experience and in beauty, and he worn in the world's service — his hair already tinged with gray.

There were some witnessing this bridal who envied the new-made wife of Jesse Clause; for he was a man respected and looked up to in the world; but he was also one to whom it would seem the fancies or the hearts of the youthful would not *naturally* incline. But he had money, and to the young creature who in the morning of her life joyously consented to wed him, this was his sole recommendation — the *only* reason why she for a moment thought seriously of his offer. For Evelyn was the daughter of a poor family, (a large family moreover,) and it had been sheer madness in her, and profound selfishness also, (so her own generous heart assured her,) to decline so precious an opportunity of aiding her beloved ones of home. With the sincere earnestness and heartiness of youth, Evelyn strove to feel for her great benefactor more than gratitude, more than respect — she tried to *love* him. Poor child! must she also learn that bitter lesson, which they who thus bind Poverty and Wealth together so often, so almost invariably, so fully learn?

As Evelyn learned her husband, to know his nature as his departed companions had, a wild suspicion would anon torture her; that love which she had vowed to maintain for him was not that which she must strive for; to preserve that reverence which she *had* for him, that respect, that friendliness, that gratitude, she must struggle. Ah, reader, no task like that can be given the bewildered young soul! God save thee from the necessity of learning it! It was then that Evelyn hushed, with an effort one must have himself made in order to fully appreciate, the indignant voice which Nature prompted her to raise against many a word he uttered, many a deed he wrought. She tried, how devoutly, with the charity that *thinketh* no evil, to forget the evidence he daily forced upon her of his ungenial and unworthy spirit; and had this been a possiblity, she had certainly succeeded in an effort so continuously and so faithfully made.

It was only after years had passed, that the truth, which slowly but surely gathered its force, burst full upon her, and the wife knew that the doom of solitariness in the midst of splendor was upon her. Urged then by the 'strong necessity of loving,' she folded in a more idolatrous passion her young children to her heart, and she made gods of them.

It was said by some who inquisitively watched the fading of her face, and the sadness that revealed itself in her eyes and in her voice, that Evelyn Clause was but reaping in bitter disappointment the fruit which she well deserved, for wedding where her heart could not by possibility have chosen its home. But no word from her lip ever added to the testimony of her face; and it was not the truth which they spoke, who looking on the apparent wreck of her happiness, told of the just reward of the covetous. If it had been a self-immolating sense of duty

to her parents which led the girl in her youth to wed with Jesse Clause, it was likewise a sense of justice, lofty and holy and stern, that prompted and constrained her to be to the husband all he should have been to her. The consciousness of his utter uncongeniality was with her constantly, yet she continued unweariedly faithful and devoted to him: still how often, how very often, her heart fainted and failed within her, need I tell? Let the mortal who has looked for love and found only wealth — who has received a stone where it craved for the bread of life — answer.

Yet the reader has seen that entire bankruptcy was not forced upon the wife. In the children given her, the craving spirit of life within her found consolation; in their unfolding natures her resigned heart aroused to act; the floods which had been fast settling into a Dead Sea were arrested, were stirred again; the clouds which were growing dark and threatening assumed a sun-brightness once more.

Frederick, the first born, was a lovely boy. In him the soul of his mother seemed personified; and well might she look with pride on him, who was the first in all the world to love her as she prayed one human being might. She was *satisfied* when his eyes fixed upon her, when his voice called her, when he followed in her footsteps, like an attendant angel. She asked no more of Earth's good things when his merry laugh rung in her ear, when his smiling happy face was before her. With the other children born unto these parents, there was a mother's love born — a twin with each, a protector to each. It sprung with them into such exultant life, that none who looked upon Evelyn then could say, 'She is unhappy.' She became more beautiful then than she had been in her girlhood; and the peacefulness, the continual harmony of her existence in those days, proved that she was satisfied. In these young beings her own dead youth was beautifully revived; in the sunshine that enveloped them she revelled; and the 'light-joy' of perfect innocence and contentment, which was over them, reflected itself in and through her.

How terrible then was the awakening from this security of happiness to an unimagined, unthought-of sorrow! The immutability of her idols had seemed a thing unquestioned; she had never borne to think they might be shattered, she had *never* thought it. And, therefore, when Death came and stood before her, and clasped her infant in his arms, she was frantic in her grief.

In her bereavement the wife was indeed most lonely. During the several months in which one by one the three younger boys successively sickened and died, it was in Frederick's presence, in his voice alone, that she found any comfort. Her husband's tears did indeed fall with hers over the lifeless children, and with a heavy heart he followed them to the burial-place, but it seemed the loss of *heirs* that he most mourned. The children had never been to him what they were to her. It was in the passionate grief of the last surviving son that she could best sympathize; and with him clasping her hand when the third of her offspring was laid in the grave, Evelyn felt that there was yet left on earth a comfort and an exceeding joy. How infinitely precious he became in her sight, whoso has bound up all their hope in this life,

and all their deep affection in one human being, will fully comprehend. He was her future. The rainbow of promise circled his glorious forehead, the sunlight of beauty was on his hair, and in his eyes, and in his graceful figure. When he was merry she was a very child in her gladness. His boyish grief made her also sorrowful; she seemed indeed an elder sister rather than the mother of the lad; a gentle, fond, and proud companion, rather than an instructor or guide.

As year by year passed on, and still the child was spared, the trembling foreboding with which Evelyn had, on every succeeding morrow, clasped him to her breast, passed, and a blessed conviction that HE, who is most merciful and just in all HIS ways, would grant long life to her darling, began to fill her mind. Then she built up high hopes of his manhood; she saw him pressing on in the loftiest paths of being, and how earnest was she in her endeavor to educate his heart! And a bright reward was given the mother for this labor of love in the honest and noble spirit of the boy, in his virtue, in his filial reverence and devotedness to both parents. Looking then into his clear eyes, she read a joyful truth in them, respecting the lofty character of her child.

'That he should die!' No warning of a calamity so awful was given in the healthful look, the ringing voice, and the winged footsteps of the boy; and indeed it was without any warning that Frederick was called away. There were but a few brief moments of solitary struggle in the night-time that passed between the sleep of life and the breathless slumber of the dead. And *she* was not there to hear his struggling and his cry; to hear him, when the convulsion and the agony were over, murmur her name with his dying breath!

When the sunlight of morning streamed in at the window of his room, which was close adjoining hers, Evelyn stood by his bed-side, as she was wont, to welcome him back to day and to her heart; but his greeting was for her ear no more; his smile was no longer to rival that sunshine which flooded the little chamber. Long, long continued was the vain effort to bring him back again, and frantic was the voice that rung through the solemnly silent room, whose walls alone coldly echoed his dear name: and all the while upon his young face was an expression inexpressibly tranquil and soft, which, while it bitterly mocked her despair, seemed to rebuke her sorrow.

As I have already said, when Frederick was arrayed for the grave, and placed in his coffin, there was a wondrous calmness, a strange composure in the face, the voice, the manner of the mother. Yes; for in her also had there been a death and a burial, and she had wept the last tears, had passed the last agony. All indeed of *life* was over to her; and whatsoever of misfortune or of suffering might yet befall her, would be without a name, and without reality to her. Of old a bright, bewildering light had danced in her large eyes, gloriously brilliant when her heart was glad, mournfully sweet in the days of sorrow: that light was now entirely vanished, and it was chilling to the heart when she fixed her gaze on the things of the earth, which were now but as chaos, as void to her. Once in her youth, and after her marriage, indeed, her voice vibrated, like a rich stringed instrument, with every emotion, but a cold, even metallic ring, was now in the calm cadence of her words

Jesse Clause knew that there was a change in his wife, but he could not understand it. When after two years of mourning she laid aside the dreary garments, and went with him into the world, to become like the mass with whom they mingled, only more brilliant, more courteous, more enchanting than the syrens there to be found, he was vastly proud of her — prouder than he had been when he wedded the timid, lovely girl. Freely he laid before her the wealth which made their dwelling-place to rival all others in splendor, and their magnificence became their fame. The life which Evelyn Clause now led was the same as is vouchsafed to many, and is lived in completeness by them; only her career as a fashionable woman was not marked or marred by littleness in any shape; she had no faults that any could discover; she was generous and just, not only to the beggar at her gate, to the people in her employ, but also to her daily companions, and to her husband. Her tongue spoke no evil or malice; her counsel was never denied when it was sought. But Evelyn was without GOD, and without hope in the world. To HIM who had taken away the treasures that HE gave she never bowed her knee, or her soul. Into the house that is made with hands, the earthly courts of the ALMIGHTY, she never entered from the day of that last funeral, which had gone forth from her home. There were a multitude who admired her, a multitude who envied her; but, alas! she was of all about her most miserable; not because sick at heart — her heart was *dead* — but in that affliction had driven her from HIM who 'wounds us for HIS mercy's sake.'

The life which she lived — what was it to her? Yet as the wife of Jesse Clause it was the only life which she imagined she could live; and when Evelyn saw that in this career she had reached the standard which was perfection in her husband's eyes, she abated not one jot. She suffered him to find his pride in her because for herself she knew there was nothing, *nothing* but an automaton existence, which, by reason of its nature, could not find in the world anything to charm, or to interest, or to rejoice it. To many there was something *too* cold in the supreme indifference, the perfect calmness of the lady; but the most about her saw only the perfection of style in her manner and her raiment, and they labored hard to imitate that which, alas! in Evelyn was but the natural expression of one whose heart is dead; over whom the burial service most solemn has been read; for whom in this world there is no possible resurrection.

So long as her husband lived, this was the wife's mode of life; but the old man died at last, and left his fortune without a single reservation to Evelyn. Then there was an instant change, that *might* have betokened much to the wondering world in her. Among her husband's relatives and her own, in charities wide and almost numberless, that immense property was dispersed, and penniless the widow went away from the world where she had suffered uncounted agonies, and shone a brilliant star, to the silence and obscurity of a convent.

There may be some glancing over this record who have not yet forgotten thus much of her history, and my words may now have wakened freshly in their remembrance the beautiful woman whose sudden departure from among them was an event so far beyond their compre-

hension. O then, reader, could I unseal to you those years of convent-life which passed over her head; could I tell you of the prayers that went up from the hearts of the holy sisterhood for her, day after day, through all those many years, a fountain of tears would open in thy heart, that might never be sealed again; and bearing her in mind, how humbly henceforth — nay, how thankfully — wouldst thou receive at thy FATHER'S hand the cup of grief, knowing that these light afflictions, bitter though they seem, are but for a moment!

It was a dreary life that Evelyn led — I had almost said it was a hopeless death she died; but that I may not say, that I will not believe; for they who entered her cell late one Sabbath morning found her on her knees — and she was dead! And so her last breath may have been a prayer.

FREEDOM.

TYRANTS, with cruel and despotic sway,
May hold man bound through weary centuries,
Forcing him to submission. They may plant
Armies as pillars to support their thrones,
And navies on the blue and boundless sea
To guard their wide dominions. All the pomp
And majesty of royalty may move
And awe the mind of man, and be a cloak
Of veneration for the kingly form,
To shield him from suspicion. Yet the air
Is free to fettered nations. The majestic sea
And the swift winds may wreck his navies.
The tall old forests, nurtured beneath the sky
And breathing the illimitable air,
Chant their wild music and inspire the breasts
Of all who tread them with the love of freedom.
Their solemn songs and untaught melody
Posseds a syren's charms to rend the bolts
And chains of tyrants. The cloud-soaring eagle
Fixes his eyry on some lofty cliff,
With innate love of freedom. Mountains lift up
Their heads all crowned and diademed with snow,
Purer and loftier than the crowns of kings.
Heaven's immeasured host, the burning sun
Lighting creation with his wings of fire,
The extended firmament and melodious sea,
Valleys and hills, and all created things,
Hymn one perpetual song to Liberty.
Yet, Freedom, are thy victories to be won!
Yet must thou wrestle with the stern, strong powers
Of tyranny, and rush to battle with
Thy armor on, until thou shalt have made
Tyrants to quail and tremble in their dens.
Then thou shalt rise up, powerful and strong,
To burst thy fetters; and the mighty West,
Whose flag now proudly floats upon the breeze
Which fans an empire stretched from sea to sea,
Whose hearts, attuned to sympathy, still beat
With lofty hopes for her immortal cause,
Shall raise a song of triumph which the vales
And 'rock-ribbed' mountains will reëcho back.

E. S. H.

LITERARY NOTICES.

El Puchero: or a Mixed Dish from Mexico. By Richard McSherry, M. D., U. S. N. In one volume. pp. 347. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo and Company.

It was the remark, if we mistake not, of the late Gilbert Stuart, that there were no such things as 'tolerable' pictures or 'tolerable' eggs; they were either *good* or *bad*. He might with some justice have included books, although there are perhaps many very well-meaning people who endorse the current expression, 'A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in 't.' With all due deference, we think otherwise. That the author of the volume, the title of which is given above, has succeeded in writing a book on a somewhat thread-bare subject any way readable, is much to his credit; that he has been successful in writing one replete with interest will, we think, be conceded by all who have read it, or may hereafter read it. To go over ground that has been gone over by others, and described again and again, and to say any thing new, or to repeat what has been said in a fresher and better style, calls for talent of no ordinary description, as numberless signal failures amply testify. For instance, what probability of success would attend the publication of a new book of *Travels in the East?* — a field that has been so frequently reaped that only meagre gleanings at best could be expected. Pompey's Pillar, the Pyramids, the Sphynx, the gorgeous sunsets at old Cairo, have ceased to be wondered at; the Nile has been robbed of its mystery; the Bedouins no longer excite alarm; the temples of Denderah, Karnac, Isis and Medinet Abou have no more secrets to unfold; the Obelisk of Luxor has been brought to our own door; the Tombs of the Kings have been explored; the Fountain of Marah has been tasted; the Red Sea and the Desert have been crossed; and the oriental traveller's occupation, if not gone, has dwindled to a triviality. With Mexico, a subject of great interest to Americans, particularly since the recent war, the case is hardly different. The press has teemed with volumes descriptive of the country and its inhabitants, and abounding in details of the operations of our army under command of the gallant and successful generals Scott and Taylor, many of them admirably written; and yet, we repeat, the author of 'El Puchero' has given the world a book of travels, spirited, reliable, and one that will take rank with the best. A surgeon in the army that followed General Scott from the storming of Vera Cruz to the capture of the city of Mexico, Dr. McSherry enjoyed favorable opportunities for giving accurate accounts of each day's scenes: that those opportunities were not neglected, the succeeding extracts, selected almost at random, will bear witness. Evidences of hasty, careless composition are apparent in the first few letters of the volume, which are not detected in those that follow; and we cannot but regret that the author had not bestowed a little more care on that portion of his book, the impression it conveys of his style being unplea-

sant. This defect, however, will scarcely be remembered by those who read the volume through, and perhaps would not be noticed at all were it in a less conspicuous part. Accounts of the battles of Vera Cruz and Cerro-Gordo, carefully prepared from official documents by DAVID HOLMES CONRAD, Esq., of Virginia, together with a list of officers of the United States army and volunteers who were engaged in the battles of the valley of Mexico under command of Major-General WINFIELD SCOTT, are appended to the volume. We proceed to present all the extracts for which we can find space. The following are from two letters, dated 'near Lake Chalco,' in August, and 'San Augustin de los Cuevas:'

'THIS valley is marked by numerous truncated cones, varying in height from one to five hundred feet, which are extinct craters. What must have been the condition of the basin when it was, as it were, one huge caldron, boiling over at so many points! Imagine, if you can, hundreds of these Cyclopean chimneys belching forth at once fire and smoke, sending forth torrents of liquid lava, boiling and raging as it descended to spread over the troubled and trembling plain! And if the pigmy earthquakes and eruptions of this age of the world are accompanied by so fearful a roar, what must it have been when these huge mountains were heaved up to their present wondrous height by the giant throes of earth convulsed! Behold the change. Nature is stilled and hushed; a calm serenity, a death-like stillness rests upon the scene once so fearful; and man, the creature of yesterday, weak and proud, dares to wake the slumbering hills and dales with *his* contests: and to announce, upon this spot, through the iron throats of his destroying agents, the story of his ambition and his hate! . . . Our slow progress gave us some opportunity of seeing the cultivation of the country, as we passed through and by many fields and patches that represent the market-gardens near our large cities. The most important article of produce appears to be the *Agave Americana*, or maguey plant, which is the vine of Mexico: it furnishes *pulque*, the wine of the country, and *mescal*, a strong alcoholic drink, somewhat resembling Irish whiskey. If the Mexicans were a poetic people, many would be the odes, written and sung, in honor of the former, for it receives the devoted attentions of all classes of people, as the numerous signs attest at innumerable *pulquerias*. You are constantly seeing by the road-side not only men, women, and children, with pulque for sale, but at every angle of the road a hut with tempting invitations, as follows: '*Pulque!! al nectar, de los Dioses*,' 'Pulques Finos de ——,' from some particular hacienda, as fine wines from some particular vineyard. The walls of the pulquerias are commonly adorned with illustrations in fresco of the charms of the beverage. It is the fermented juice of the maguey, and varies in strength and condition, like cider. Our people were at first as much prejudiced against it as are the natives in its favor; and when one sees the uninviting form in which it is carried to market, it requires a stomach above all squeamishness to acquire a relish for it. A string of dirty and squalid-looking Indians, with long-matted hair, garments of the scantest, leaving the chest and limbs exposed, feet bare, or with the simplest sandals, and the whole person sunburnt almost to blackness, are the *cargadores* of the precious burden, which they bring on their backs in skins. These last preserve the form of the 'entire swine' from which they are taken; so that every Indian appears to have a hog on his shoulders, wanting only the head. The tails and legs stand out in bold relief, occasionally moved by the fluctuations of the contained liquid. But campaigning cures fastidiousness so effectually, that dirt becomes a sort of condiment, or at least nobody objects to it; and pulque soon obtained favor, in spite of Indians and hog-skins. It is really a most refreshing beverage, with a piquancy peculiar to itself, that becomes by habit very grateful. The immoderate use of it, as of hard cider, causes intoxication. It is obtained somewhat as follows: About the period of inflorescence, when the plant has reached from five to ten years of its growth, the central leaves are cut, and the juice, which was to have been expended in furnishing the flowers, exudes slowly for some months, when it is daily collected in gourds by the Indians, and kept until it undergoes the necessary fermentation, a process much hastened by the addition of a little old pulque. The first liquor is called *agua miel*, (honey-water;) it is rich in sugar and mucilage, and the taste resembles much that of the milk of the green cocoanut, a favorite beverage wherever known. I have drank the sweet liquid from the cup formed in the plant for receiving it as it exudes; but the Mexicans never use it until after fermentation. The plant fulfilled various purposes among the Aztecs: it furnished them paper, coverings for their houses, lancets, from the sharp prickles bordering the leaves, needles, cordage and cloth, from the strong fibres which form the texture of the leaves, and, as now, impenetrable hedges. Ropes are still made of the fibres, of such strength that bridges are suspended on them in certain parts of Mexico. Withal, the plant, so rich in juices, will thrive in a soil too arid to produce any of the ordinary fruits of the earth. It has other uses, you see, besides bringing pulque and mescal.'

The subjoined passages, in a letter written from Mexico after the battle of Chapultepec, will afford the reader a vivid idea of the horrors of war:

'HEAPS of dead and wounded presented themselves to my vision on every hand, as I approached the castle. The wounded Americans were carried in as fast as possible; the Mexicans, though there was every disposition to give them the attention humanity required, had to bide their time. Our losses had been heavy, but theirs greater incomparably, notwithstanding the shelter they had enjoyed to the last moment from their defences. Their dead bodies lay in masses of tens, twenties, or more, wherever there had been concentration; some there were gasping in the last agonies, with their dark faces upturned to the sun, like fish thrown on shore by the angler, writhing and struggling in death; others lay motionless, but an occasional gasp, an upheaving of the chest, alone gave evidence that the vital spark had not entirely fled. Upon entering the castle, I was arrested by some Mexican officers, who besought me to see a person, apparently a general officer, to whom they were attending. One moment sufficed. A ball had passed through his neck, another through his head;

he was speechless and motionless, the blood was passing into his windpipe, but his dying eyes seemed to say he knew his own condition, as I believe he did. As his case was hopeless, I passed immediately on, only pausing a moment to gaze on the fearful mutilations of the human body lying around. There were crushed heads, mangled limbs, and torn-up bodies, brains, hearts, lungs, and bowels released from their natural confines, eyes hanging out from their sockets, and all the lacerations and contusions that follow the use of fire-arms, the sabre, or the bayonet. Brave officers, who had just participated actively in the fearful scene, told me they had enough of the horrors of war, and hoped never again to witness them. I soon was earnestly engaged in my occupations, lopping off crushed limbs, and dressing wounds, snatching occasional moments to glance at the movements of the troops, as they moved along the causeways, by the aqueducts, to the city. . . . I was fagged with labor, hungry and sleepy; but there was no rest to be had there. I passed the night operating and assisting the operations of others. At times I threw my weary person down on one of the benches for a little sleep, to enable me to continue my labors; but sleep had fled far from me, and the groans and cries of the sufferers, the heavy tread of soldiers bringing in wounded, the flashing lights of the surgeons and attendants, dispelled the hope of a moment's repose. About midnight a considerate person boiled a little coffee for those who stood in need of it, or rather for such as saw it, for all were nearly famished; and I found half a tincupful, without milk or sugar, but accompanied by a little dry bread, refreshing and renovating. Although there was immense suffering among the wounded, they bore it generally with remarkable stoicism; men in their senses seemed to scorn to complain, but lay patiently awaiting the operation, or the change that was to decide the prospect of life or death. In one instance, while taking off the forearm of a rifleman, a sturdy son of the Emerald Isle, with a shattered wrist, he conversed calmly during the operation, uttering not a groan; and the arteries were scarcely tied, before he was smoking a pipe borrowed from a comrade. Men seemed to feel cut off from human sympathies, and certainly were not unnerved, as is so common in civil life, by the kind and gentle attentions of friends.'

In times gone by, it would appear that Mexico suffered not a little from civil and religious quarrels, governmental mal-administration, revolts of Indians, and, high as the metropolis is, from inundations:

'GENERAL inundations and fearful earthquakes caused, at times, great desolation, but were scarcely more disastrous to the masses than the factious contests of their local rulers. During some of the inundations, the waters rose to the height of eight or ten feet in the streets of the city, drowning thousands, of Indians especially, destroying their habitations, and bringing, secondarily, pestilence and famine. Wide-spread disease followed the slow drying up on the surrounding *potreros*, or low grounds, while famine followed the extensive loss of provisions caused by the floods. It became, of course, a matter of the first importance to protect the community from such disastrous visitations, and even in the days of Montezuma, dikes and drains were made at great labor and expense. They were, however, quite ineffectual; so much so, that after the Spaniards had devoted many years of scientific labor to the same object, the streets of the city were under water, and intercourse had to be carried on in boats. Many expedients were devised for directing the superabundant water of the lakes out of the valley, which, after many delays, was at length effected. Of the five lakes in the valley, the surface of three is higher than the level of the city; of the three to the north of it, that of Tescuco, the nearest, is some three feet below that level; that of San Cristobal, a mile beyond Tescuco, is eight feet above it, and that of Zumpango, a league to the northward and westward, is about twenty feet above the level of San Cristobal. Into Zumpango emptied the river Guautillan; and as the former had no outlet, during a long prevalence of northerly winds, its waters passed to San Cristobal, where, uniting in one, the two, rushing into Tescuco, spread rapidly over the low shores upon which stands the city. By immense labor, the Guautillan has been turned from Zumpango to the river Tulu, or Montezuma, by which it passes, through the Rio Tampico, to the ocean. Drains from San Cristobal and Tescuco connect with the great river channel, called the *Rio del Desague*; and thus the city remains free from the dangers of deluge. This diversion of waters, while it saves the city, has been the cause of robbing the valley of a great part of its fertility. The floating gardens we read so much of have long since disappeared; there are now to be seen in place of them, slips of land reclaimed from the marshes, intersected by numerous ditches, and which can only be approached in boats. These then represent the floating gardens, and contribute to supply the city market with fruits, flowers, and vegetables.

'The great work of the *Desagüe*, or drain through the mountains, was effected, as everything else in Mexico in the way of great internal improvement, under Spanish dominion. The Mexicans are beset with the *laissez aller* spirit of old CUFFEE, who would not leave his chimney-corner to repair his leaky roof during the rain, and as to repairing it during dry weather that was useless, as the old roof answered as well then as a new one. The Mexican government sits like an incubus on the people, doing nothing for their welfare, and the old people look back with regret to the old *régime*. They say it is a mockery to speak of the Mexican republic; that they have the burdens of monarchy without its stability. That abuses abounded during the time of the vice-regal sway is admitted, yet in those days it appears there was greater security for life and property. The scientific establishments planted and fostered then, have now dwindled into insignificance; the great highways and bridges are in the state in which the republic found them, except for the ravages of time. It matters little what a government is called, the *spirit* of a republic exists not here. The old nobility retain their titles (by custom;) high functionaries affect princely style, and the humbler *empleados* practise more than courtly servility. Mexico, to become a republic, wants regeneration, wants a PEOPLE, for there is nothing in the land deserving that appellation. The middle classes, that body politic that gives strength and stability to states, are but fragmentary; great landholders and princely merchants represent the aristocracy; the army, the church, shopkeepers, artisans, etc., and adventurers, and place-seekers of all kinds, fill up the space between the *ricos hombres*, and the *peons* of the soil.'

We take our leave of this agreeable volume, commending it to the reader as a work well calculated to afford entertainment and valuable information, and each in no ordinary degree.

STUBBS' CALENDAR: OR THE FATAL BOOTS. By W. M. THACKERAY, Author of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' etc., etc. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

WE need not mention that there is good store of entertainment in this little book, for THACKERAY has never written a work, that we have encountered, which did not elicit at least this praise from his readers. But better than entertainment, more valuable than amusement, is the moral lesson conveyed by the history of Mr. STUBBS. He is a mean, narrow-souled man, whose selfishness is transparent in every act of his sneaking life; and by a singularly dramatic and entertaining concatenation of circumstances, his very selfishness is made to 'work him much annoy' from his very childhood, until at last he is left worse than a beggar, despised and scorned by all with whom he had ever come in contact. We are not going to give the story, nor shall we say any thing of the 'Boots' on which so many important events of STUBBS' contemptible life hinge, for we wish to stimulate without satisfying the reader's curiosity, so that he may be moved to compass the entire history. We give only a single passage in the early life of the hero:

'I BEGAN at school that life of prudence and economy which I have carried on ever since. My mother gave me eighteen-pence on setting out (poor soul! I thought her heart would break as she kissed me, and bade GOD bless me); and beside, I had a small capital of my own, which I had amassed for a year previous. I'll tell you what I used to do: wherever I saw six half-pence I took one. If it was asked for I said I had taken it, and gave it back; if it was not missed I said nothing about it, as why should I? Those who don't miss their money don't lose their money. So I had a little private fortune of three shillings, beside mother's eighteen-pence. At school they called me 'the copper merchant,' I had such lots of it.

'Now, even at a preparatory school, a well-regulated boy may better himself; and I can tell you I did. I never was in any quarrels; I never was very high in the class, or very low. But there was no chap so much respected; and why? *I'd always money.* The other boys spent all theirs in the first day or two, and they gave me plenty of cakes and barley-sugar then, I can tell you. I'd no need to spend my own money, for they would insist upon treating me. Well, in a week, when theirs was gone, and they had but their three-pence a week to look to for the rest of the half year, what did I do? Why, I am proud to say that three-halfpence out of the three-pence a week of almost all the young gentlemen at Dr. SWISHTAIL'S came into my pocket. Suppose, for instance, TOM HICKS wanted a slice of gingerbread; who had the money? Little BOB STUBBS, to be sure. 'HICKS,' I used to say, '*I'll* buy you three-ha'p'orth of gingerbread, if you 'll give me three-pence next Saturday:' and he agreed, and next Saturday came, and he very often could not pay me more than three-halfpence; then there was the three-pence I was to have *the next* Saturday. I'll tell you what I did for a whole half year: I lent a chap by the name of DICK BUNTING three-halfpence the first Saturday for three-pence the next; he could not pay me more than half when Saturday came, and I'm blessed if I did not make him pay me three-halfpence *for three-and-twenty weeks running;* making two shillings and ten-pence-halfpenny! But he was a sad dishonorable fellow, DICK BUNTING; for, after I had been so kind to him, and let him off for three-and-twenty weeks the money he owed me, holidays came, and three-pence he owed me still. Well, according to the common principles of practice, after six weeks' holidays, he ought to have paid me exactly sixteen shillings, which was my due: for the first week the three-pence would be six-pence; second week, a shilling; third week, two shillings; fourth week, four shillings; fifth week, eight shillings; sixth week, sixteen shillings. Nothing could be more just; and yet, will it be believed? When BUNTING came back he offered me *three-halfpence!* — the mean, dishonest scoundrel!

'However, I was even with him, I can tell you. He spent all his money in a fortnight, and *then* I screwed him down! I made him, beside giving me a penny for a penny, pay me a quarter of his bread-and-butter at breakfast, and a quarter of his cheese at supper; and before the half-year was out I got from him a silver fruit-knife, a box of compasses, and a very pretty silver-laced waistcoat, in which I went home as proud as a king; and what 's more, I had no less than three golden guineas in the pocket of it, beside fifteen shillings, the knife, and a brass bottle-screw, which I got from another chap. It was n't bad interest for twelve shillings, which was all the money I 'd had in the year, was it? Heigh-ho! I've often wished that I could get such a chance again in this wicked world; but men are more avaricious now than they used to be in those dear early days.

'Well, I went home in my new waistcoat as fine as a peacock; and when I gave the bottle-screw to my father, begging him to take it as a token of my affection for him, my dear mother burst into such a fit of tears as I never saw, and kissed and hugged me fit to smother me. 'Bless him! bless him!' says she, 'to think of his old father! And where did you purchase it, BOB?' 'Why, mother,' says I, 'I purchased it out of my savings' (which was as true as the gospel). When I said this, mother looked round to father, smiling, although she had tears in her eyes, and she took his hand, and with her other hand drew me to her. 'Is he not a noble boy?' says she to my father; 'and only nine years old!' 'Faith,' says my father, 'he *is* a good lad, SUSAN! Thank thee, my boy; and here is a crown-piece in return for thy bottle-screw; it shall open us a bottle of the very best, too,' says my father; and he kept his word. I always was fond of good wine (though never, from a motive of proper self-denial, having any in my cellar), and, by JUPITER! on this night I had my little skin full; for there was no stinting, so pleased were my dear parents with the bottle-screw.

The best of it was, it only cost me three-pence originally, which a chap could not pay me. Seeing this game was such a good one, I became very generous toward my parents; and a capital way it is to encourage liberality in children. I gave mamma a very neat brass thimble, and she gave me a half-guinea piece. Then I gave her a very pretty needle-book, which I made myself with an ace of spades from a new pack of cards we had, and I got SALLY, our maid, to cover it with a bit of pink satin her mistress had given her; and I made the leaves of the book, which I vandyked very nicely, out of a piece of flannel I had had round my neck for a sore throat. It smelt a little of hartshorn, but it was a beautiful needle-book; and mamma was so delighted with it that she went into town and bought me a gold-laced hat. Then I bought papa a pretty china tobacco-stopper; but I am sorry to say of my dear father that he was not so generous as my mamma or myself, for he only burst out laughing, and did not give me so much as a half-crown piece, which was the least I expected from him. 'I sha'n't give you any thing, BOB, this time,' says he; 'and I wish, my boy, you would not make any more such presents, for really they are too expensive.' Expensive, indeed! I hate meanness — even in a father.

'I must tell you about the silver-edged waistcoat which BUNTING gave me. Mamma asked me about it, and I told her the truth — that it was a present from one of the boys for my kindness to him. Well, what does she do, but writes back to Dr. SWISHTAIL, when I went to school, thanking him for his attention to her dear son, and sending a shilling to the good and grateful little boy who had given me the waistcoat.

''What waistcoat is it?' said the Doctor to me; 'and who gave it to you?'

''BUNTING gave it me, Sir,' says I.

''Call BUNTING;' and up the little ungrateful chap came. Would you believe it? he burst into tears; told that the waistcoat had been given him by his mother, and that he had been forced to give it up for a debt to 'Copper Merchant,' as the nasty little blackguard called me. He then said, how, for three-halfpence, he had been compelled to pay me three shillings (the sneak! as if he had been *obliged* to borrow the three-halfpence!) — how all the other boys had been swindled (swindled!) by me in like manner; and how, with only twelve shillings, I had managed to scrape together four guineas. . . . . .

'My courage almost fails as I describe the shameful scene that followed. The boys were called in, my own little account-book was dragged out of my cupboard, to prove how much I had received from each, and every farthing of my money was paid back to them. The tyrant took the thirty shillings that my dear parents had given me, and said he should put them into the poor-box at church; and, after having made a long discourse to the boys about meanness and usury, he said: 'Take off your coat, Mr. STUBBS, and restore BUNTING his waistcoat.' I did, and stood without coat and waistcoat in the midst of the nasty grinning boys. I was going to put on my coat: 'Stop! stop!' says he; 'TAKE DOWN HIS BREECHES!'

'Ruthless, brutal villain! SAM HOPKINS, the biggest boy, took them down — horsed me — and I *was flogged*, Sir; yes, flogged! Oh, revenge! I, ROBERT STUBBS, who had done nothing but what was right, WAS BRUTALLY FLOGGED at ten years of age! Though February was the shortest month, I remembered it long!'

As was the boy, so was the man; and we are right glad to be enabled to state, that in all the larger transactions of his after life, in trade, finance, love, matrimony, etc., STUBBS met with no better success. His history is neatly printed, and the inimitable CRUIKSHANK has exceeded even himself in the numerous illustrations.

RURAL HOURS. BY A LADY. In one volume octavo. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Number 155, Broadway.

THIS is a delightful book; a book to take up of a summer's day, and read by single chapters; each one of which will almost imperceptibly transport the reader into the quiet country; and if it shall have been his good fortune to have been born, or at some period of his early life to have lived in, the country, he will soon be in the midst of a thousand pleasant recollections. This volume is a striking example of the good that may be secured, the pleasure that may be enjoyed, by a mind gifted with acute observation and refinement, in the every-day life of the country. The notes of which the work is composed are in the journal form, and are the simple record of those little events which make up the course of the seasons in rural life, and were commenced in the spring of 1848 solely for the writer's own amusement. 'In wandering about the fields,' she tells us in her preface, 'during a long, unbroken residence in the country, one naturally gleans many trifling observations on rustic matters, which are afterward remembered with pleasure by the fire-side, and gladly shared perhaps with one's friends.' She therefore modestly ventures to offer her notes to the reader,

'more from the interest of the subject than from any merit of their own.' But they *have* merit of their own, and that of no common order. They are written in a style of simple elegance, without a particle of affectation; the subjects which arrest the attention of the author evince a fine poetical susceptibility to the beautiful, and great accuracy of observation in minute detail; and the whole is imbued with true womanly delicacy of perception and feeling. Birds, trees, and flowers; changes of weather, of day and night, and of the seasons; these are all treated of in a way so earnest and so felicitous, that one cannot help but see that the writer's heart was in each record of her pleasant journal. It has transpired that the writer is a daughter of J. Fennimore Cooper, Esq., the distinguished American novelist. If this should prove to be so, there will be at least one example of literary talent being transmissible to one's posterity. The volume is marked by the uniform typographical elegance of works from Putnam's press.

Europe, Past and Present: a Comprehensive Manual of European Geography and History. By Francis H. Ungewitter, LL. D. In one volume. pp. 671. New-York and London: George P. Putnam.

Dr. Ungewitter is the author of several extensive geographical works which have been successfully published in Germany, his native country; and in the work before us he offers to the American public an authentic guide in European geography and history. As the value of such a work must necessarily depend entirely upon its authenticity and accuracy, it is well that our author has previously established a high reputation as an author in whose works, in a country eminently learned and critical, these qualities were conspicuous. In the present volume he has aimed, with success, to avoid all superficial and unfounded statements on the one hand, and to steer clear of pedantry and prolixity on the other. The materials he has employed are original and authentic. The official almanacs, published every year in most European countries; censuses, taken at certain periods, and not restricted to the population only, but extended to a great variety of other matters; with special geographical and historical descriptions, written by native scholars; these have supplied our author with reliable and copious statistical particulars; added to which, may be mentioned official parliamentary reports and documents, authentic statements with regard to the public finances, the army, navy, etc. More than all, our author has himself personally visited most of the European countries described, and has thus been enabled to fill up deficiences which are inevitable to one who knows a people or country only through the medium of books. An index annexed to the volume contains nearly ten thousand names, by the aid of which the reader will readily be enabled to find any essential fact connected with geography or history; while the table of contents prefixed to the volume gives at once a clear view of the fifty-six states which constitute political Europe. By compressing into one common description the mountain ranges, rivers, lakes, etc., of all Europe, much tedious repetition is judiciously avoided. The order observed is worthy of remark and of imitation. First, we have records of the area, population, surface, soil, natural products, manufactures, commerce, trade, public finances, form of government, strength of the army and (if any) the navy; secondly, the history, and thirdly, the topography, of the fifty-six European states. Verily, a comprehensive and well-arranged work, which must speedily find its way to the public favor.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY THE LATE SYDNEY SMITH. — We have already given two or three passages, taken from the London literary journals, of a work by the late Rev. SYDNEY SMITH. These and kindred passages transpired before the work had yet appeared in England, and whetted the public appetite for the forthcoming volume, which subsequently appeared, and now lies before us, reprinted in a handsome form by the BROTHERS HARPER. The work consists of '*Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy*,' delivered at the Royal Institution in the years 1804, 1805, and 1806. It appears from the preface that not long after their delivery they were submitted to Lord JEFFREY, of Edinburgh, who rather discouraged their publication. Reading them over again, however, after the death of their author, he fortunately changed his mind. In a letter to Mrs. SMITH, he speaks of the great and unexpected pleasure he has derived from a re-perusal of the sketches, and marvels at the rash and ungracious judgment which he had previously passed upon them, after the perusal of only a few passages. He pronounces them eminently original, interesting and instructive, and adds: 'I did great and grievous injustice to their merits. My impression is that they will do the author as much credit as any thing he ever wrote, and produce on the whole a stronger impression of the force and vivacity of his intellect than most of what the world has yet seen of his writings. They are full of good sense, acuteness, and right feeling, very clearly and pleasingly written, and with such an admirable mixture of logical intrepidity, with the absence of all dogmatism, as is rarely met with. I retract therefore, peremptorily and firmly, the advice I formerly gave against their publication, and earnestly recommend you to lose no time in letting the public at large have the pleasure and benefit of their perusal.' Right glad are we that the great critic changed his mind, and that his last decision was acted upon; for a more delightful and instructive volume has not for years been given to the world. Its style is the perfection of good writing. One is not less impressed with the clearness and vigor of the thoughts than the plain, simple and felicitous language which clothes them. The strong *common sense* of the writer, that glorious quality, is every where apparent. Upon the little table where we laid the volume at night, to read after retiring to bed, was laid also the last issue of CARLYLE'S 'Latter-Day Pamphlets.' What a transition it was, to take up CARLYLE after reading SYDNEY SMITH! Walking through a clear silver stream into the thickest of mud-puddles! But without talking any longer about the book, suppose we proceed to make liberal extracts from it, in exemplification and justification of the high praise which we have awarded to it? And this

we can do very easily, for it is dog-eared and pencil-marked from title-page to colophon. In a 'Fragment of a Lecture' on 'Conception' we find pencilled the subjoined passage, illustrative of the confusion between our sensations and conceptions:

'I MAY think when I am awake of a chariot drawn by tigers; but I know *then*, it is merely a thought. When I am in a revery, I am in a confused state between doubt and belief of its existence. When I am asleep, I take this thought for reality; and as our sensations follow one another in a regular and established order, and our conceptions are very loosely connected together, this is the reasou of all the absurdity and incongruity of dreams. Indeed, sense and nonsense, congruity and incongruity, are only determined by the outer world; and we consider our conceptions to be wild or rational only as they correspond with it. According as sleep is more or less perfect, sensations do or do not produce an effect upon the mind, exactly the same as in revery or in madness. A person may, in some cases, sleep so soundly, that the firing a pistol close to his ear will not rouse him; at other times the slightest sensation of light or noise will rouse him. A sort of intermediate state between these two is that where the sensation comes to the mind in so imperfect a state that it produces some effect upon the current of conceptions without correcting them. If there is a window left open, and the cold air blows in, the sufferer may think himself on the top of Mount Caucasus, buried in the snow; or the cat making a noise shall immediately transport him in imagination to the Opera.'

A squalling cat suggesting the *opera* to the dreaming ear is very SMITHISH. Speaking of the mistake which is often seen to take place from the confounding together of the ideas of memory and those of conception, our author makes the following comment, which we commend to the attention of parents: 'Children are often detected in falsehoods which evidently originate from this cause: they have not learned to distinguish between their memory and their conception, and therefore believe they have seen and heard things which they have only fancied.' Doubtless many a poor little fellow has suffered, physically and in reputation, from this evidently philosophical fact. 'In the same manner, very old men, approaching to their second infancy, are apt to confound what they have only conceived, with what they have remembered; and for this cause to become somewhat unintelligible to those who converse with them.' In a fragment of a lecture on 'Memory' we have marked the passage which ensues. STEWART, in his 'Elements of Philosophy, says: 'One old man I had the good fortune to know, who, after a long, an active, and an honorable life, having begun to feel some of the usual effects of advanced years, has been able to find resources in his own sagacity, against most of the inconveniences with which they are commonly attended; and who, by watching his gradual decline with the cool eye of an indifferent observer, and employing his ingenuity to retard its progress, has converted even the infirmities of age into a source of philosophical amusement.' To this our author appends the following remarks:

'I BELIEVE that this old gentleman was Dr. REID; and he certainly is a memorable instance of a victory gained over the infirmities of age. I have heard, from a friend of his, that at the age of seventy he was as keen and eager about the then new discoveries of chemistry as if he had been just beginning his career of science. Such facts appear to me to be of the greatest importance, as they evince what may be done by a noble effort of resolution. A modern writer, who at one time made some noise, says, that it is men's own faults if they die; that dying is a mere trick, which may be avoided with a little resolution. I can not quite go so far as this, but I am convinced, that it is for a long time in every man's power to determine whether he will be old or not. The *outward* marks of age we are all of us very willing to defer; forgetting that we may wear the inward bloom of youth with true dignity and grace, and be ready to learn, and eager to give pleasure to others to the latest moment of our existence.'

Personally, we are twenty-two; we don't care who knows *our* age; but we commend the foregoing to those of our readers who may happen to be growing old, or who have '*seen* the time when they were as good as ever they were.' Here is a hint worthy of heed by those who rely upon pen-and-ink recollections rather than real memory:

'THERE can, I should think, be very little doubt, of the bad effects of habitually writing down those facts and events which we wish to remember; they are taken down for future consideration, and consequently receive very little present consideration. From a conviction that our knowledge

can be thus easily recalled. It is never systematically arranged or deeply engraved; we atone for the passive indolence of the mind by the mechanical labor of the hands, and write a volume without remembering a line. The desirable and the useful thing is, that we should carry our knowledge about with us, as we carry our health about with us; that the one should be exhibited in the alacrity of our actions, and the other proved by the vigor of our thoughts. I would as soon call a man healthy who had a physician's prescription in his pocket, which he could take and recover from, as I would say that a man had knowledge who had no other proof of it to afford, than a pile of closely-written common-place books. Every body knows the importance of exercising the memory; and it seems to be very useful to carry it to the extent of getting select passages by heart; it insensibly adds to the riches and the copiousness of fancy, and communicates, perhaps, a habit of attentive reading. This practice is carried to a prodigious extent in our public schools, and furnishes men with materials for wit and imagination through the whole of their lives. At the same time this practice is not without its danger, and that a very considerable one. He who trusts to what he can produce of other men's imagination is apt to lose the flower and freshness of his own, and gradually to sacrifice the vigor and originality of his mind.'

We commend the annexed passage from a lecture on 'Imagination' to the consideration of a learned friend in the country, who disputed the correctness of an assumption on our part which was precisely identical with that contained in the close of this extract:

'In mechanical invention, no one would ever think of saying that Mr. Bramah had displayed a great deal of imagination in his patent locks, or that there was any poetry in a steam-engine; and yet the process in one and the other composition does not seem to be very dissimilar. Mr. Gray, in speaking of Mars, gives to his lance the epithet of *thirsty*:

> 'Or Thracia's hill the Lord of War
> Shall curb the fury of his car,
> And drop his thirsty lance at thy command.'

Now let us see how this epithet of thirsty got into the mind of Mr. Gray. Perhaps he stole it (I believe he did;) but if he did, we have only to reflect how it got into the mind of the person whom original property it was. But let us *suppose* it to have been Mr. Gray's own. By what process did he acquire it? He began thinking about lances, and all the common notions attached to that of a lance rushed into his mind; bloody, fierce, cruel, thick, thin, murderous, rapid, brazen, iron, etc., etc. At last came, all of a sudden, the epithet of *thirsty*; and the poet, perceiving its relation to his original substantive, and its aptitude to excite poetical feelings in the mind, immediately made it a part of his poem. If we follow out any long and complicated description in a poem, the same process will be found constantly to have taken place. Now is there any thing very different from this which takes place with respect to mechanical invention? You want to work the rod of a pump by means of a horizontal axis which revolves above it. In considering how it is to be effected, innumerable ideas connected with machinery crowd into the mind. A thousand projects are proposed, examined, and rejected, till at last the idea of a crank is hit upon. Its relation to the other parts is immediately perceived, and it becomes a part of the machine. Now in these two processes of mind, which have received such different names, I am not able to discover any difference; association brings together in each, a great number of connected ideas, and judgment discovers some relation between them which was not at first obvious; the only difference is in the ultimate objects which they have in view. The imagination of a poet proposes to itself to give pleasure by the sublime and beautiful; that of a mechanical inventor has in view to promote some purpose of utility. It is precisely the same with every sort of invention.

Toward the close of this lecture we have marked the subjoined passage:

'The imagination (which delights to be fed by the eye) is cherished and inflamed by great sights. Nothing can be more striking and solemn than the first sight of a mountainous country to a person who has been only accustomed to the sleepy flatness of an alluvial district. The abruptness and audacity of the scene, the swelling and magnitude of nature, the universal appearances of convulsion, the magnificent disorder and ruin, astonish a feeling mind, and not only fill it with grand images at present, but awaken its dormant life, rouse slumbering irritability, and tell those whom nature has made orators and poets that it is time to fulfil the noble purposes for which they were born.

'Mere magnitude — any thing vast — affects the imagination and sets it to work. A first-rate ship of war, or a Gothic cathedral, the waters of an immense river discharging itself into the sea, the boundless prospect of the earth below, that we gain from the top of a high mountain, an expanse of stormy sea, the concave of heaven in a serene night — all these examples of immensity are ever found to have a powerful effect upon this faculty of imagination.'

In the lecture 'On the Conduct of the Understanding' there is a pregnant lesson for those indolent young men who entertain the idea that there is an incompatibility of labor and genius; who having aspired to be geniuses, read nothing new, forget what they have read, and pretend to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, and thus collapse into the most frivolous and insignificant of men:

'It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of

the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing them that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and historians; men of the most brilliant and imposing talents; have actually labored as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indexes; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men, is, that they have taken more pains than other men.' . . . 'Generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility; overlooked, mistaken, contemned, by weaker men; thinking while others rioted, feeling something within them that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world; and then, when their time was come and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind. Then do the multitude cry out, 'A miracle of genius!' Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow.'

While our author venerates the ancient languages, he objects to their monopolizing study, in preference to other objects of more than equal importance. He objects to a student being led to hold nothing in honor and estimation but classical learning; to have no other idea of ignorance than false quantities, and no other idea of excellence than mellifluous longs and shorts. Here is a striking illustration of the wisdom of knowing more of *things* than of books: 'It is no more necessary that a man should remember the different dinners and suppers which have made him healthy, than the different books which have made him wise. Let us see the result of good food in a strong body, and the result of great reading in a full and powreful mind. Measure the value of study by the insight you get into *subjects*, not by the power of saying you have read many books.' Scarcely less characteristic and felicitous are these remarks upon the necessity of intellectual energy: 'In order to do any thing in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time left to follow their advice.' Elsewhere in the same lecture, speaking of the advantages derivable from the early knowledge of one's own peculiar constitution of mind, the writer observes: 'It is a prodigious power gained if any man can find out where his powers lie, and what are his deficiencies; if he can contrive to find out what nature intended him for. Most things in this world are done by persons who could have done something else better. If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes upon a table, of different shapes — some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong — and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly, that we can say they were almost made for each other.' We quote this passage from the lecture on 'Taste,' that our readers may enjoy the beautiful stanzas which they embrace:

'If a man were to discover that vinegar was sour, we should give him no great credit for his natural taste. If any man were to discover the true language of nature and of feeling in this little

poem of Mrs. Opie's, he would gain no credit for his metaphorical taste, because the beauties of it are too striking for a moment's hesitation:

'Go, youth beloved! in distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou mayest grant this humble prayer —
Forget me not, forget me not!

'Yet should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think of me.
But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness, be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forgot me not, forgot me not!'

For this very reason, the word taste has not been applied so often to novelty; because whether a thing be novel or not, is no question of critical inquiry, but of plain fact, which one man can answer to with as much satisfaction as another.'

In reading the very admirable lecture on 'The Beautiful' we were struck with the force and spirit of these remarks:

'Variety is a very strong cause of beauty; and this is the reason why we are so fond of natural objects, and is the cause of the great bustle made about nature. I have no doubt but that (all other things being equal) a regular figure is more beautiful than an irregular figure, and that the principal reason why we like the strange figures presented to us in a forest among the boughs of the trees, or in a field by the irregular lay of the ground, is the perpetual gratification of this passion for variety which it affords. I went for the first time in my life, some years ago, to stay at a very grand and beautiful place in the country, where the grounds are said to be laid out with consummate taste. For the first three or four days I was perfectly enchanted; it seemed something so much better than nature, that I really began to wish the earth had been laid out according to the latest principles of improvement, and that the whole face of of nature wore a little more the appearance of a park. In three days' time I was tired to death; a thistle, a nettle, a heap of dead bushes, any thing that wore the appearance of accident and want of intention, was quite a relief. I used to escape from the made grounds, and walk upon an adjacent goose-common, where the cart-ruts, gravel-pits, bumps, irregularities, coarse ungentleman-like grass, and all the varieties produced by neglect, were a thousand times more gratifying than the monotony of beauties the result of design, and crowded into narrow confines with a luxuriance and abundance utterly unknown to nature. When we speak of a beautiful landscape, we include under that term a vast variety of sensations; the beauty of colors, of smells, and of sounds. It would be difficult to look at milch cattle without thinking of the fragrance of their milk; or at hay in the hay-making season, without enjoying in imagination its delightful smell.'

Toward the close of the same lecture we have these reflections upon the immense effect which a love of the beautiful produces on human life, and especially in 'the desire of possessing.'

'Of possessing what? — not mere money, but every species of the beautiful which money can purchase. A man lies hid in a little, dirty, smoky room for twenty years of his life, and sums up as many columns of figures as would reach round half the earth, if they were laid at length; he gets rich; what does he do with his riches? He buys a large, well-proportioned house: in the arrangement of his furniture, he gratifies himself with all the beauty which splendid colors, regular figures, and smooth surfaces, can convey; he has the beauties of variety and association in his grounds; the cup out of which he drinks his tea is adorned with beautiful figures; the chair in which he sits is covered with smooth, shining leather; his table-cloth is of the most beautiful damask; mirrors reflect the lights from every quarter of the room; pictures of the best masters feed his eye with all the beauties of imitation. A million of human creatures are employed in this country in ministering to this feeling of the beautiful.'

The last article in our 'Gossip' for August was a striking anecdote from this same lecture, illustrative of the morally beautiful. There is a great deal of the writer's quiet, dry humor in the lecture 'On the Faculties of Animals, as compared with those of Men.' The lecturer remarks in opening, that he should be 'sorry to do injustice to the poor brutes, who have no professors to revenge their cause by lecturing on our faculties;' and in reply to those 'who view all eulogiums on the brute creation with suspicion, and who look upon every compliment which is paid to the ape as high treason to the dignity of man,' he adds: 'I confess, I feel myself so much at my ease about the superiority of mankind; I have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon I have yet seen; I feel so sure that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music; that I see no reason whatever why justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul, and tatters of understanding, which they may really possess.' Our extracts are already so large,

that we must needs content ourselves with commending this lecture to the reader's special attention. The subsequent lecture is upon 'The Faculties of Beasts,' and it is truly an admirable one. The writer argues that animals have the same *sort* of faculties as man, and that one great cause of man's superiority is his superior longevity. 'How diminutive and absurd,' he observes, 'all the efforts of man would have been, if the duration of his life had only been twenty years, and if he had died of old age just at the period when every human being begins to suspect that he is the wisest and most extraordinary person that ever did exist!' And he quotes HELVETIUS as avowing the belief that 'we only owe our superiority over the ourang-outangs to the greater length of life conceded to us; and that if our life had been as short as theirs, they would have totally defeated us in the competition for ants and ripe blackberries!' Without agreeing with this extravagant statement, the lecturer is not sure that in a life of twenty years the efforts of the human mind might not have been so lowered that HELVETIUS might have been thought a good philosopher. How perfectly characteristic is the subjoined passage, touching another cause of man's superiority over the brute creation, to wit, his gregariousness:

'MAN'S gregarious nature is another cause of man's superiority over all other animals. A lion lies under a hole in a rock; and if any other lion happen to pass by, they fight. Now, whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock, and fighting with every gentleman who passes near him, can not possibly make any progress. Every man's understanding and acquirements, how great and extensive soever they may appear, are made up from the contributions of his friends and companions. You spend your morning in learning from HUME what happened at particular periods of your own history: you dine where some man tells you what he has observed in the East Indies, and another discourses of brown sugar and Jamaica. It is from these perpetual rills of knowledge that you refresh yourself, and become strong and healthy as you are. If lions would consort together, and growl out the observations they have made, about killing sheep and shepherds, the most likely places for catching a calf grazing, and so forth, they could not fail to improve; because they would be actuated by such a wide range of observation, and operating by the joint force of so many minds.'

The learned lecturer next mentions the advantage possessed by man over animals in the structure of his body and the mechanism of his hands. 'Suppose,' he says, 'that with all our understanding it had pleased PROVIDENCE to make us like lobsters, or to imprison us in shells, like crawfish, I very much question whether the monkeys would not have converted us into sauce; nor can I conceive any possible method by which such a fate could have been averted. Suppose man with the same faculties, the same body, and the hands and feet of an ox — what then would have been his fate?' Man owes something too, he adds, elsewhere, to his size and strength. 'If he had been only two feet high he could not possibly have subdued the earth, and roasted and boiled animated nature in the way he now does.' We segregate two or three passages from the conclusion of this lecture, to which we invite the close attention of the reader:

'NOTHING can be more weak and mistaken than to suppose that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul depends upon making brutes mere machines, or denying to them the mere outlines of our faculties. To talk of GOD being the soul of brutes, is the worst and most profane degradation of divine power. To suppose that HE who regulates the rolling of the planets, and the return of seasons, by general laws, interferes, by a special act of his power, to make a bird fly, and an insect flutter; to suppose that a gaudy moth can not expand its wings to the breeze, or a lark unfold its plumage to the sun, without the special mandate of that GOD who fixes incipient passions in the human heart, and leaves them to produce a BORGIA to scourge mankind, or a NEWTON to instruct them; is not piety, nor science, but a most pernicious substitution of degrading conjectures, from an ignorant apprehension of the consequences of admitting plain facts. In the name of common sense, what have men to fear from allowing to beasts their miserable and contemptible pittance of faculties? What can those men have read of the immortality ot the soul? what can they think of the tstrength of those arguments on which it is founded, if they believe it requires the aid of such contemptible and boyish jealousy of the lower order of beings? . . . What have the shadow and mockery of faculties, given to beasts, to do with the immortality of the soul? Have beasts any general fear of annihilation? have they any love of fame? do their small degrees of faculties ever give them any feelings of this nature? are their minds perpetually escaping into futurity? have they any love of posthumous fame? have they any knowledge of GOD? have they ever reached in their conceptions, the slightest traces of a hereafter? can they form the notion of duty and ac-

countability? is it any violation of any one of the moral attributes of the DEITY, to suppose that they go back to their dust, and that we do not? . . . The weakest and the most absurd arguments ever used against religion, have been the attempts to compare brutes with men; and the weakest answer to these arguments have been the jealousies which men have exhibited of brutes. As facts are fairly stated, and boldly brought forward, the more all investigation goes to establish the ancient opinion of man, before it was confirmed by revealed religion, that brutes are of this world *only*; that man is imprisoned here only for a season, to take a better or a worse hereafter, as he deserves it. This old truth is the fountain of all goodness, and justice, and kindness among men: may we all feel it intimately, obey it perpetually, and profit by it eternally!'

Equally catholic and sententious are these remarks, which we take from a lecture 'On the Conduct of the Understanding:'

'IF black and white men live together, the consequence is, that, unless great care be taken, they quarrel and fight. There is nearly as strong a disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of a wit in society; a person who takes a strong common-sense view of a subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the lightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tastes exquisitely the fine feelings of the heart, and is alive to nothing else: whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches. Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views, its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and impudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtility seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away to the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. GOD made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent: they have all their separate duties and uses; all the happiness of man for their object: they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.'

To one who has learned so to exercise his understanding as to occupation and rational delight; who has gathered strength with every new difficulty which he has subdued, and who enjoys to-day as a pleasure that which yesterday he labored at as toil; to such, the following passage will come with additional force:

'IT is the ancient feeling of the human heart, that knowledge is better than riches; and it is deeply and *sacredly true!* To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are past; to see why nations have risen and why they have fallen; to speak of heat, and light, and winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvelous properties that the CREATOR has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our sun, that the quickness of light travelling from the world's creation, has never yet reached us; to wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the old world; to go up with great reasoners to the FIRST CAUSE of all, and to perceive in the midst of all this dissolution and decay, and cruel separation, that there *is* one thing unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting; it is worth while in the days of our youth to strive hard for this great discipline; to pass sleepless nights for it, to give up to it laborious days; and to spurn for it present pleasures. . . . I appeal to the experience of any man who is in the habit of exercising his mind vigorously and well, whether there is not a satisfaction in it, which tells him he has been acting up to one of the great objects of his existence? The end of nature has been answered; his faculties have done that which they were created to do; not languidly occupied upon trifles, not enervated by sensual gratification, but exercised in that toil which is so congenial to their nature, and so worthy of their strength. A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime. Whom does such a man oppress? with whose happiness does he interfere? whom does his ambition destroy, and whom does his fraud deceive? In the pursuit of science he injures no man, and in the acquisition he does good to all. A man who dedicates his life to knowledge, becomes habituated to pleasure which carries with it no reproach; and there is one security that he will never love that pleasure which is paid for by anguish of heart; his pleasures are all cheap, all dignified, and all innocent; and, as far as any human being can expect permanence in this changing scene, he has secured a happiness which no malignity of fortune can ever take away, but which must cleave to him while he lives, ameliorating every good and diminishing every evil of his existence.'

The extent to which our extracts have already gone preclude farther notice of the volume before us; although 'thick as the leaves in Valambrosa' are the pencilled leaves in the lectures on 'The Active Powers of the Mind,' 'Evil Affections,' 'The Passions,' 'The Desires,' 'Surprise, Novelty and Vanity,' 'The Sublime,' 'Habit,' etc.; but we can only commend these to the reader as preëminently calculated to reward a heedful perusal. Profound, intrepid, sensible, witty, humorous SYDNEY SMITH! what a loss the reading public sustained when he left a world he had instructed and delighted! His strong common sense, his power of trenchant satire, his uniform *bon hommie*, united with a charm of personal manner which we are told was inimitable, these qualities will perpetuate his memory, alike among his readers and his personal friends.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—'DEATH,' says Sir THOMAS BROWNE, is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door.' He stepped yesterday over the threshold of a friend with whom we have been for many a long year intimately associated; has 'changed his countenance and sent him away' to the land of spirits. WILLIAM OSBORN, the printer for more than sixteen years of this Magazine, is dead and in his grave! Side by side, at some time of almost every day, we sat together, during all that long period, engaged in proof-reading, or perhaps in pleasant chat, in which, when not otherwise employed, it was our wont to indulge. How many times, in summer's heat and winter's cold, in the freshness of spring and the decay of autumn, have we entered the office; always finding the same man in the same place, and in the same apparent mood; assiduous in his duty, if engaged, with the same equable, unruffled temperament; and if not employed, ever ready 'to converse,' as we used playfully to term it, until the proof-sheet, for which we both were waiting, should be ready for perusal and inspection. Ah! how many thousands of times have we read together the salmagundi which composes this 'home department' of the KNICKERBOCKER! Nor could we desire a better criterion, a more sure precursor, of what would, when published, be deemed a *true* thing, whether of humor or pathos, than the laughter or tears of our departed friend. He had a personal pride in the external appearance of the Magazine; and now that he has gone, it makes us sad to think how often impressions from the very types upon which this feeble tribute to his memory is printed have passed beneath the scrutiny of his careful eye; and sadder still, to feel that we shall no more be enabled to profit by his judicious counsels — that we shall 'see his face no more.' His equanimity of temper was seldom disturbed. When the great fire of 1835 destroyed his uninsured office, and we stood together upon the roof and saw two acres of flame rolling their fiery billows beneath and around us, he exhibited little perturbation; nor do we remember ever to have seen him when even temporary emotion or passion took the place of calm reason or manly self-respect. We close this notice of the lamented decease of our long-time associate with the following passage of a letter which we addressed, in the 'first person singular,' to our friend HORACE GREELEY, of the Tribune, on the day after the death of Mr. OSBORN: 'I write you this note seated in the office-chair of the late WILLIAM OSBORN, printer, whose death is announced in your columns this morning. For sixteen years I have known the lamented deceased intimately and well; for, engaged in my duties as EDITOR of the KNICKERBOCKER, of which he was for so many years the printer, we were brought almost constantly together. I never knew a better, a more honest, upright and conscientious man. I doubt, such was the even tenor of his way, whether he had an enemy in the world. In the large business which he conducted, he was faithful to every trust committed to his charge. He was a true friend, a faithful husband, an honorable, high-minded man — a sincere Christian. For such, 'to die is gain.' He was for many years a deacon in Dr. CHEEVER's church, and was an active supporter of many benevolent and religious charities. He leaves behind him a wife, whose loss is irreparable, but no children. His enterprise and great industry enabled him to leave his family in easy if not affluent circumstances. His disease was a complication of disorders, involving the heart and liver, and he was, toward the last, attacked with a tendency of blood to the lungs. Peace to the remains of a

good man!' . . . A YOUNG correspondent, in a gossipping, familiar letter to the EDITOR, written from a western county of our noble state, draws a familiar picture in one passage of his letter: 'Our scenery lacks sadly the finish which water would give it. Had we some limpid, flowing stream, some saucy, dashing brooklet, or some wide majestic river, along whose banks we could saunter at evening, they would murmur many pleasant things to our ears. I love to dream of running water, or of floating down the current, with a pleasant ripple under the prow. Ah! there are some dream-pictures hanging in 'Memory's hall,' which have silvery streams flowing through them, so like life, that my heart leaps again at the thought of them! We are deficient also in mountains. One never has seen the world until, like the lark, he has breathed his morning song far, far above it, in the pure still air. Our farthest view has been some score of miles of smiling country from the 'Mountain-Ridge,' with Niagara river, like a vein of liquid silver, embroidering the verdant landscape, and winding along to the broad Ontario in the blue and far-off distance. There, though the villages (Lewiston and Queenston, on opposite sides of the river) seemed to lie at our feet, yet the hum of their busy stir scarce reached us, and came with a sound like the murmur of dallying winds through the miles of seemingly unbroken forest below. The shattered shaft of BROCK'S monument, on the opposite bank, stood glittering in the morning sunshine, like a giant sentinel motionless with long watching, and the steam-boats and sail-craft moving along the bright river were almost the only things wearing the semblance of wakeful vitality. I never saw a view of grander, calmer quietness than this.' . . . A CORRESPONDENT, in a recent letter, tells a good story of a rough sea-captain in a storm, who, when the terrified passengers persuaded him to petition Heaven for a cessation of the tempest, preferred the following brief request: 'Oh, LORD! I have n't been in the habit of calling upon THEE often; and if you 'll just shift the wind from sou'-east to a leetle more sou,' I won't trouble you ag'in!' . . . WE marvel at the positive temerity of 'C. M.' in attempting a '*Hymn to Nature.*' That title has become forever associated with the lamented W. B. O. PEABODY. One stanza alone of his noble poem will live as long as there is a tree or a forest standing in America:

'GOD of the forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up imploring arms to THEE:
But more majestic far they stand,
When side by side in ranks they form,
And wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm!'

'A FEW days since,' writes a friend from a midland county of our state, 'coming up in the express train from Albany, the cars stopped at St. Johnsville, as usual, for five minutes. Not requiring any fortification at that early hour, I did not leave the cars for at least three minutes; then stepping to the refreshment-house, I heard 'Young America' shout, in tones of great urgency and mildness: 'Pa, you go back now!'—and with a gentle motion of the hand, again: 'Pa, you go back now!' 'Pa' returned toward the cars; when 'sonny,' quickly drawing his pocket-pistol, *took a drink!* This struck me as so peculiarly charac-car-trick-stic of JUVENIS AMERICUS, that I send it to you as one of the annotators of 'our times,' that you may know how the thing 's done when 'Pa 's along!' . . . AFTER the last number of this Magazine was prepared for the press, intelligence of the death of the PRESIDENT of the United States was borne on the wings of lightning to the remotest corners of the re-

public. Never was sorrow more pungent, never was grief more general, than for the sudden and unexpected death of this brave and good man. He died in his full strength, and in possession of the highest honors that earth can bestow; and his country has paid the last tribute to his memory by obsequies of the most marked distinction. The following beautiful lines to the memory of the departed hero and patriot are from the pen of a favorite correspondent of this Magazine, and are the best, in our judgment, to which the melancholy event has given rise:

It seems but yesterday when through the land,
Stirring all hearts as with a trumpet-blast,
Thy triumph rang from where the salt-sea sand
Rims the wide ocean to the prairies vast.

Then glanced thine eye, through wreaths of battle-smoke,
On ranks that reeled beneath War's iron hail;
Then on thy ear the cannon's thunders broke,
Drowning the frantic shout, the dying wail.

Unharmed, triumphant, guiding as a star
Thy faithful few, till vict'ry, like a sun,
Rose on the night of battle, scatt'ring far
The beams of peace thy dauntless valor won.

Thou stoodest then, as Glory's fadeless wreath
A nation's millions bound around thy brow;
But ah! too soon the stealthy hand of Death
Hath plucked it thence — the cypress crowns thee now.

Yet art thou victor still — o'er death and time
Triumphant now, thy soul, in realms above,
Basks in the glory endless and sublime
That dwells forever round the throne of love!

Washington, July 12, 1850. — R. S Chilton.

'The following anecdote,' writes a town correspondent, 'which I have from the best authority, is perhaps worthy of being dished up for your 'Table.' President Dwight, on the occasion of the surrender of Burgoyne, delivered a sermon before General Putnam's brigade, on a text taken from the twentieth verse of the second chapter of Joel: 'But I will remove far off from you the *northern army*.' When he had finished, the General declared himself delighted with the sermon, but would not be convinced that the parson had not made the text!' . . . We write this subsection of 'Gossipry' seated in one of the pleasant apartments of ***Hall's Phœnix Hotel at Binghampton***, in the rich midland-southern county of Broome. It is now only half-past four o'clock in the afternoon; yet, with an old and genial friend, who is the companion of our travels, we were at half-past six this very morning in the goodly city of Gotham, two hundred and twenty-five miles away! We left the metropolis, almost sweltering in the close August heat, behind us, in the well-known steamer 'Tom Powell,' and in an hour or so, passing along the noble Hudson, and through the waves of the blue Tappaan-Zee, we were at Piermont, twenty-two miles. Here a long train of capacious and luxurious cars (there are no such cars elsewhere) received the great crowd of passengers which had filled 'the Powell' to overflowing, and we were off at a flying pace, on the New-York and Erie Rail-Road. We have already described a winter-trip to Binghampton on this road; but to go over it in the middle of summer is a treat of too rare a description to be passed over in silence. There is no road of so great a length in the Union that in its whole course will compare, in the variety of its adjacent scenery, with the 'New-York and Erie.' Precipitous rocky heights, rushing streams and white water-falls, mountains pale and blue in the

distance, or verdantly swelling from nearer by, alternately arrest attention and command admiration; while ever and anon, 'vales stretching in pensive quietness between,' rich with grass and clover, or golden grain, and sweet sunny glades, diversify the prospect. As the traveller rushes onward, as if he were riding upon the wings of the wind, he cannot choose but see how the fastnesses of nature have been attacked and conquered, to construct the smooth highway upon which he is journeying so luxuriously. Deep valleys have been raised, high mountains brought low, sunless gorges crossed, broad rivers spanned, the steep rocky banks of rushing rivers terraced, by the enterprise and skill of man. As we crossed the 'Cascade Bridge' and the 'Starucca Viaduct,' we could not help but remember how they appeared when we were looking up at them from below, in company with Mr. LODER, the PRESIDENT of the road, standing in the snow, which was then some two feet deep upon the ground, in the depth of winter. Well do we remember the look of stern pride and honest gratification which beamed in his face, when he saw the impression made upon the spectators by these stupendous structures. Now that the road, even in its unfinished state, is exceeding the most sanguine expectations of its friends, and has utterly confounded its enemies, the stockholders and the public at large are beginning to see and to appreciate the wise forecaste and indomitable perseverance of Mr. LODER, assisted and supported in his arduous duties by the capable board of directors whom he has succeeded in gathering around him. But of this somewhat more in detail at another time. A little before four o'clock in the afternoon we began to descend, by a gentle grade, into the charming valley of the Susquehannah — beautiful name, more beautiful river! Surely nothing can exceed the charms of this vale, unless it be the far-famed valley of Wyoming, some seventy-five miles farther down the same lovely stream. 'What a model-landscape!' exclaimed our artist-friend and companion, pointing to the clean, close-shorn meadows and yellow grain-fields that lined either side of the blue river, as we swept toward the white steeples and handsome suburban edifices of the village; and truth to say, a 'model-landscape' it was; such an one as is rarely to be met with. Two minutes more, involving a supernatural shriek or two from the steam-whistle, and a rumbling into the car-house, and we are passing along the pleasant streets of the pleasant village to the pleasant 'Phœnix Hotel,' kept by a right pleasant host, called 'CLIF. HALL' for shortness; a popular citizen, who 'each particular knows' that can give zest to a guest's enjoyment, or make an inn yield him the 'warmest welcome.' A good hotel is the 'Phœnix,' well-officered, well-appointed, well-supplied, and we need scarcely add, well patronized. . . . AMONG many admirable things in the pile of communications which has been heaped up on the 'Table' during our absence, we find the annexed 'Sonnet' by our young friend STODDARD:

THE cloud that hath so long bedimmed my star
Begins to rift and part, with rims of light;
And lo! the dawn begins to flood the night,
And all the peaks of Poesy afar:
And now, while Summer broods o'er Plenty's horn,
Whose heapèd fruit begins to pulp and swell,
Let Fancy wake from all her dreams forlorn,
And weave a crown of fadeless asphodel.
Spur me, Ambition! to the proper beat;
Sluggish and cold too long, I rouse at last,
Shake off the dust, accusive on my feet,
And turn my back upon the idle Past:
I see the shining goal and join the race,
Content to fail, but not to fill a common place!

R. H. S.

'MR. KNICKERBOCKER,' said an esteemed friend of ours the other evening at the new and handsome 'LEWIS House,' in Binghampton, 'permit me to introduce to your acquaintance the very 'Old KNICK.' himself.' Yes; KNICKERBOCKER is the veritable name of the host of the 'LEWIS House;' and an elegant hostel does he keep, in a capacious modern edifice, with extended piazzas, large and well-arranged parlors, fine sleeping apartments, and a luxury of adornments and 'belongings,' which would not lose in comparison with the best of our town inns. Sitting in one of the pleasant rooms aforesaid, on the memorable evening aforesaid, in company with a few gentlemen (whose cordiality almost made us forget that we had not known each one of them from boyhood), the worthy host mentioned a professional anecdote that startled a guffaw from the 'present writer,' which was like unto the laugh of an 'orse for the loudness thereof. It — the anecdote — was as follows: The Irish 'Boots' attached to the establishment placed one morning at the door of a lodger an ill-assorted pair of boots. One was of fine calf-skin, of delicate proportions, the other a coarse cow-hide affair, a treasure for a Californian in the rainy season. 'Here!' exclaimed the lodger, calling after the boot-black, who was hurrying off, 'Here! how 's this? These boots are not mates.' 'Be Jabers, and that 's what bothers me ag'in!' replied 'Boots;' 'there 's a man in the room below that 's been a-ballyraggin' me about the same thing! Bad 'cess to him, *I* did n't make his boots, nor your'n 'ither: I *blacks* 'em; that 's what 's *my* business!' Could there be a more forcible illustration than this, of menial stupidity? 'Not convenient.' . . . THE name of Hon. C. CAMBRELENG's beautiful country-seat near Huntington, Long-Island, is *Kalmia*, so called from KALM, the Swedish botanist, who first carried the American laurel to Europe, where however it could not be made to bloom until after several years. . . . IN reading just now in a morning journal a touching account of a recent remarkable double-suicide, we thought of these fine lines of BROWNING, in his 'Blot in the 'Scutcheon:'

> 'THERE are blind ways provided, the foredone
> Heart-weary player in this pageant world
> Drops out by, letting the main masque defile
> By the conspicuous portal.'

WE stood, at late summer night-fall, on 'SHINANGPINT;' a 'locality' of which, in a northern county of the 'Empire State,' we had heard *so* much, 'in the days when we were young.' What a beautiful, *beautiful* confluence it is, that of the Susquehanna and the Chenango! Two such streams, commingling for the first time their virgin waters, in such a village as that of Binghampton! When the evening sun had but just set; when the waters reflected the clear amber sky; when the bright yet departing light flecked, through the trunks of the trees on the western bank, the verdant sod, we crossed the long bridge, and from a *point d'appui* afforded by the shaded river-promenade of Mr. E——, we beheld a scene of such mingled beauty, 'of water, wood and sky,' that its impress will remain with us forever. . . . HERE is something that will be of vast interest to all our legal brethren. The principles involved in the case are more important, 'if any thing,' than the great political 'principles of 'ninety-eight' and a half. We have had the case illustrated; and our engraver has thrown more light upon the question than would twenty special pleaders. Can't the case be 'carried up' on a 'sasherarrer' or a 'wheel-barrer?' There ought to be *some* relief in 'the courts.' But to the report; which we take the liberty to commend to our old and esteemed friend DAVID GRAHAM, when he next revises the codified 'Code.' It will be found on the next page, and well repay perusal.

'JOHNSON *vs.* MADOX.

'THIS action was *trespass de bonis asportatis*, and was tried on the general issue at the recent Bunkum assizes: it was prosecuted and defended with much ass-iduity, owing to the great wealth and respectability of the parties. The Plf. proved that he was and still is the ostensible owner of a jackass, which, on the day of the alleged taking, he rode into Bunkum, and dismounting, hitched to the Deft.'s wagon, by throwing the bridle-rein over one of the hindermost stakes; that the Deft., near sundown of that day, having occasion to go home, and being somewhat intoxicated, got into his wagon and drove off — the ass following.

'For the Deft. it was contended that no trespass had been committed; that he did not taste, touch, or handle the ass, *manibus, pedibusque*, and cited 1 Espin-asse's Nisi Prius, page 406, and also SHAK. on King LEAR:

> 'MAY not an *ass* know when the cart
> Draws the horse? Whoop, JUG! I love thee!'

'The Plf.'s counsel was estopped by the court, who rendered judgment for the Plf., merely observing with some as-perity, 'Sic utere tuo, ut alienum non *lædas*.'

'The case has as-cended, and gone up on a point of law.'

This case was sent to the editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*' for insertion in that journal; but he returned for answer, that he 'did n't want no law and no Lating into his columes; he wanted nothink but good Saxony English in the 'Staff;' beside, he had 'been sued once-t by a lawyer, and got 'cast' for a dollar and a half, and all the costs, and hated the hull tribe.' Hence the case was sent to us; and we leave it with a jury of our readers, desiring only to call attention to the pregnant fact, set forth in so lawyer-like a manner, that the defendant 'had occasion to go home' that afternoon. That looks suspicious! . . . To the north-west of the village of Binghampton there rises 'Prospect Mountain,' whither, one pleasant morning, we repaired with an entertaining and hospitable friend. The view from thence is one of matchless variety and beauty. On one side, and as far as the eye can reach, spreads out the lovely valley of the Susquehannah, chequered and quilted with meadows and grain-fields, and nestling in its bosom the pretty town which lies beneath the very feet of the observer; on the other, comes down the almost equally beautiful Chenango, sweeping through a rich and verdant vale to its confluence with its sparkling sister. When shall we ever cease to remember this view? It had such an effect upon one of our party, seated in a reverie of enjoyment upon a decayed stump of a tree, that through his present enthusiasm it gave way beneath him, turned out bodily by the roots, and deposited its burthen, in a sitting posture, in the cavity itself had made, in less time than we take to record the fact. It was as fair a specimen of 'ground-tumbling' as one might see of an entire evening in the circus. Now, after much agreeable chat, we began to address ourselves to descend the mountain; previous to which we raised a pile of stones to designate the spot where had been vouchsafed to us a rejoicing view of one of the most lovely of nature's scenes. Through the cool woods, redolent of pine and cedar odors, we went down the mountain, and so onward to the charming villa of Dr. E——, in an eastern suburb, where with many friends, there was pleasant and hospitable entertainment, with great and memorable delectation. . . . 'PROVIDENCE,' writes an esteemed friend, 'has wisely

ordained that in every community there is at least one person gifted with an inherent passion for attending the sick and laying out and shaving the dead. He asks no pay in money, but he is ever ready to watch all night, and perform the offices from which other men recoil. Children love him; the dying will have none else to stand beside them. There is something kind and tender about him; a charm which those in health cannot understand, cannot feel, cannot analyze; it is only appreciated by the sick. The other night I sent for such a person with reference to ploughing a field. His answer was: 'Can't come. WILLIAM TIMMONS is just dead. They say he '*works*' wonderful, and I must go and put him in!' Was not this reason sufficient?' . . . IT was with unaffected regret that we left, in the early evening gloaming, the lovely and hospitable town of Binghampton. They are a whole-hearted community, those Binghamptonians; and not soon shall we forget certain individual faces and forms among them. Men in grave stations there are not afraid to smile; and there be professional wights thereaway who do honor not only to their professions but also to humanity. But '*Whoo!-oo!-oo!*' — there 's the steam-whistle, and we are going to ride on the engine. 'All right!' and we are off. 'They needs must go whom the devil drives;' and 'Old KNICK.' (with the aid of an assistant, the first engineer) put that iron 'critter' through to Owego, twenty-two miles, in thirty-two minutes. Our engineering duties, however, did not prevent our enjoyment of the charming scenes through which we were passing. While the 'iron horse' was devouring the road before him, and the long train was thundering after him, as if in hot pursuit of the monster, we lost nothing of the retreating town, the shadows of beautiful shores and reflections of gorgeous sunset clouds in the still waters along which we were rushing; insomuch that when we arrived at Owego there was laid up in another cell of memory a 'Daguerreotype of a Landscape seen in a Dream;' for most dream-like it was, so sudden and picturesque were its beautiful changes. We sent our assistant on with the engine and train, being minded to abide for the night at DENNIS'S excellent inn in Owego, with our travelling-companion and friend. Another pretty town is Owego, and there be noble and hospitable spirits, of refined and cultivated tastes, *there*, as we had good occasion to see, and gratefully to remember. We rode over to 'Glen-Mary,' through the kindness of the present owner of that lovely sequestered spot. Something was being said, *en passant*, by one of our party, touching its former occupant, when the remark, 'His little baby lies buried up that glen,' subdued all farther speech. There was a power in a child's simple grave to arrest the expression of ungenial thoughts and personal recollections. No one can visit 'Glen-Mary' without yielding due credit to the taste which selected, and the talent which has depicted, its extraordinary beauties. . . . AN instance of misplaced affection is thus recorded in a pleasant note from a Baltimore correspondent: 'JACK G ——, an impetuous, warm-hearted fireman, seeing the fire bursting from the roof of a house, whereof the inmates gave no signs of alarm, burst open the door, and, followed by two or three comrades, rushed up stairs to the rooms on fire, and found two men sleeping in the burning room, whom they waked with much difficulty. JACK then turned to another room, and found a lady sleeping quietly in bed, who, upon being wakened and informed of her danger, fled instantly from the room, forgetting in her fright the child which was peacefully slumbering in the cradle. JACK, wondering much that the mother should forget her child, and remembering perhaps his own 'wee one' at home, gently lifted the unconscious slumberer, and tenderly bore it down stairs, marvelling as he went that it should be so good and not cry.

Carrying it to the light, he discovered that he had rescued *a big doll!*' . . . We wish to make a prediction — sitting in the sanctum this lovely morning, inditing this subsection of 'Gossipry' with one of SPENCER, RENDELL AND DIXON'S matchless gold pens — we wish to make a prediction; and it is this: that '*Castle Kenilworth*,' on the Neversink highlands, in the thick umbrageous woods above the twin light-houses which hold their lanterns over the deep, when erected, after the plans of its projectors, will be one of the most attractive, the most magnificent watering-place hotels in America, if not in the world. The edifice will stand on an eminence of two hundred feet above the level of the sea, in a most picturesque and varied forest land, of unlimited extent, on the peak of the highlands of Neversink; elegantly laid out, and divided into shady walks, terraces, arbors, etc. The vast panorama of the ocean and of the surrounding country, distant and adjacent, is wholly unequalled. A swift steam-boat, a protected passage, a safe landing, and a graduated and easy access from the water, will bring the visitor twice or three times a day to 'Castle Kenilworth' in a little over an hour and a half. What a glorious site is this for a summer hotel! It marks the very top of the last blue line that fades upon the eye as the American voyager leaves his native shores, and is the first to greet his anxious gaze as he approaches it from seaward. And the edifice itself will be in keeping with the site which it will occupy and the scenes which it will command. The architects, Messrs. RENWICK and ANDERSON, of Park-Place, have produced the plan of a work which, when completed, will not only reflect credit upon themselves but upon the country. The architectural outline is bold and pure, and the arrangement is of more than palatial magnificence. The castle will be an irregular square, and will occupy an area of more than fourteen thousand square yards. The main entrance, fronting the ocean, is four hundred and twenty-five feet long, with terraces the entire length, returning on the sides, and two wings of two hundred and fifty feet in length, of the same height as the main buildings. The ladies' drawing-rooms will occupy an octagonal tower, forty feet in diameter, of the most elegant finish, surrounded by a cloister, standing on a terrace. There will be three other towers, occupied by gentlemen's reading, smoking, reception, and billiard-rooms. There will be seventy private sitting-rooms, large and well-ventilated sleeping-rooms, nurses' and children's rooms, dining and supper-rooms for private parties, a spacious 'office,' etc., etc. The public dining-room will occupy the ground-floor of a separate octagonal tower in the centre, of one hundred feet in diameter, involving in its finish all the luxury of modern adornment, ornamented columns, elaborate cornices, stained glass, etc. In the same style of magnificence there will be a ball-room, with its orchestra, spacious corridors and piazzas, terminating on the adjoining pleasure-grounds; while the less imposing but not less necessary appendages of kitchens, baths, laundrys, etc., will be in a separate and distinct division of the princely premises. The exterior view of 'Castle Kenilworth' is dignified, graceful, and imposing; and its erection, according to the plans we have seen, and which may be examined at RATHBUN'S Hotel in Broadway, will be an honor to its projectors and to the city. A joint-stock company has been formed to carry out this great enterprise; and in the capable hands of the gentlemen who are moving in the matter, its erection and completion are sure, and its success and popularity equally certain. . . . THESE simple lines, by an endeared friend, whose mother died in giving him birth, strike us as touchingly beautiful. They are imbued with true feeling; and coming from the heart, they will reach the heart of the reader:

I NEVER saw thy mild blue eye,
I never felt thy kiss;
Thou wert welcomed to the world on high
Just as I entered this.

Yet thou didst leave a dying thought,
A blessing for thy boy;
It was the earliest smile I caught,
'T will be my latest joy.

The mission that to thee was given
Was finished at my birth;
The star that lighted thee to heaven
Did welcome me to earth.

May it always be my guiding-star!
May it always clearly shine!
Till I have reached those realms afar,
And am forever thine.

WHEN we left Owego early in the morning, the envious mists were hanging in wreaths around the mountain-tops that, in sunshine or in storm, forever look down upon the pleasant scenes we were leaving. We were whirled smoothly over the branch rail-road toward Ithaca, in capacious and luxurious cars, like those of the New-York and Erie rail-road; the courteous and intelligent agent assigned to us and to our companion the handsome 'saloon'-car, and himself imparted to us much valuable information, touching that part of the country, the village we were approaching, etc. Now the blue hills we had been nearing opened into a wide amphitheatre, and lo! afar off the green waters of the Lake Cayuga, sparkling and flashing in the sun! A little farther on, and from an elevated plateau we obtained a sight of the beautiful village of Ithaca, lying spread out on the plain below us, its white steeples rising out of the green shrubbery by which the town is profusely ornamented. It is to be regretted that the cars reach the lake-steamer by a route so circuitous (and, as it seems to us, so ill-chosen,) that the traveller is prevented from forming a correct idea of the beauties of the place. But Ithaca has receded from view; we have studied the green waters, the white clouds, the verdant shores; we have passed the beautiful village of Aurora, and one other charming settlement on the east bank of this lovely lake; and yonder is the long and dusky line of 'Cayuga Bridge,' where 'OLLAPOD' and his confréres assembled by academic order, to 'elevate the ancient Henry' on a certain evening which he has made memorable in his 'Ollapodiana.' Let us on to 'Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.' D'ever you hear *that* quotation before? It 's GOLDSMITH'S: 's a fact. . . . WHILE at Syracuse recently, we learned that a committee of six of the most respectable citizens of that flourishing town, 'finding that five or six hundred dollars were subscribed annually by that city to the 'Art Union' in New-York, and that that city averaged but two pictures in return for that amount, and wishing to patronize home talent, secure *good* pictures, and to give themselves more than double the chance, had made the following proposition to Mr. THAYER, (whose productions begin to rank among the first and best in the country,) which he had accepted, and had agreed to furnish five original pictures, well framed, each worth one hundred dollars, to be drawn in five different prizes, by one hundred members at five dollars each. The pictures to consist of three landscapes and two historical compositions illustrative of American History. As works of art,' add the committee, 'he is well capable of doing them, and he will guarantee that they shall be pronounced well worth the amount subscribed, by competent judges; and if the committee, after seeing the paintings, shall feel dissatisfied with any of them, they are at liberty to reject them and demand better in their places; thus securing perfect satisfaction and the distribution of *five good pictures* in the place of one or two;' the drawing to be on the same plan as that of the American Art Union. We had the pleasure to visit Mr. THAYER'S studio, and to examine several of his completed pictures, and one or two unfinished paintings upon his easel. His pictures heretofore in the National Academy evinced great promise, but his improvement upon these has been marked, and steadily progressive. Mr. THAYER is an able artist, and we have no doubt will

fully satisfy the expectations of his friends, in the execution of the commission to which we have adverted. Adjoining the studio of Mr. THAYER is that of Mr. E. C. CLUTE, a sculptor, of whom and of whose promising works we made mention some months since in these pages. His busts are remarkable for their great freedom, grace and faithfulness. He has just completed a bust of Major BURNETT, a prominent citizen of Syracuse, which for the qualities we have indicated we have rarely if ever seen surpassed. Mr. CLUTE is an artist of unmistakeable genius, and his execution is masterly. . . . AUBURN, since we last had the pleasure to visit it, has greatly enlarged its borders; and in the neatness of its new, and the improvements of its older structures, gives token of a healthy and vigorous growth, and exhibits all the elements of a permanent prosperity. Nothing could be more beautifully situated, its scite being a wide and varied amphitheatre, terminating at the horizon; the abundant foliage that surrounds the private dwellings, and fills the neat gardens, gives to the town a tasteful and rural aspect; while the grace and elegance of many of its churches and other public edifices might well be emulated by places of much greater pretension. If we may judge from that of General WOOD, the spacious and well-ordered 'Western Exchange,' its hotels, which are numerous and imposing, are of a high order of excellence. The 'General' is truly a 'host' in himself, and is in his own portly person a good exemplification of the richness of his fare. The State-Prison, which we first saw when a child, has lost none of the grandeur which then excited our wonder and admiration. So dignified and striking are its proportions, so solemn is its architectural order, that were we now to see its gloomy walls, with a soft dull snow melting upon its sides in the warm south wind of a mild winter day, we have no doubt that our past impressions would be fully renewed and confirmed. Old 'Copper JOHN' looks as fierce as ever, standing with his musket on the apex of the flying-buttresses which crown the main tower, and seems to guard as rigidly as ever the unhappy 'prisoners and captives' who groan in spirit below him. But neither 'JOHN' nor his live associates can always prevent escapes. A week or two before we arrived, a prisoner, working in the yard, hid himself for a moment, slipped on a pair of 'over-alls' which a contractor's agent had just pulled off, put some scraps of stone and iron upon a wheel-barrow, marched up to the large wall-gate, ordered it open, wheeled out his load, and deliberately walked off! It was three hours besore his escape was known in the prison; and he has hitherto eluded, and will doubtless continue to elude, his pursuers, for not the slightest cue to his route has yet been discovered. Riding in an eastern suburb, with an obliging and prominent citizen, and past the new rural cemetery, a singular occurence was mentioned to us. A granite tomb was pointed out, which a man had had erected for himself, and in which he had even deposited his coffin. It was his fancy occasionally to visit this tomb; and one day the door, which shut with a double spring-lock, closed upon him, fastened itself, and left him in darkness and silence, the living tenant of his own tomb! He was providentially discovered and liberated, after the lapse of two days and nights. . . . THE sun had just gone down, and a pile of cumulous clouds, gorgeous with an inner light, was rolling up in the east, when we drew rein at the country-villa of an old friend and umqwhile correspondent, residing in elegant and luxurious ease on the eastern bank of the beautiful Owasco Lake, some three miles from the village of Auburn. The house, until lately an agglomeration of just such cosy additions as were from time to time required, is now a symmetrical and perfect whole, embracing in the interior every modern improvement, yet preserving in the exterior such a variety of architectural beauty that the entire edifice seems a happy original design of a true artist, as indeed it is.

But the extent and beauty of the grounds; the semi-circular groves of forest trees by the shore of the beautiful lake; the shady glades opening to them; the close-shaven lawns of freshest green; the rustic arbors, verdant hedges, leafy vistas, and clumps of flowering plants; the abundant fruits; the 'water, mush, and other 'millions; the peaches, pears, and apricots; the 'ras., black, huckle, straw, mul., and other berries;' the 'wal., ches., beech, butter, and other nuts; all these were there, in fruition or promise. If we could envy a friend, it would be 'E. T. T. M.,' what time he leaves his well-stored library, ascends to the top of his beautiful mansion, and surveys with a grateful heart his noble paternal acres, and the scenes of loveliness by which they are surrounded. . . . Mr. P. T. BARNUM, whose enterprise and liberality in securing for the American public so great a musical luxury as M'lle JENNY LIND we cannot but hope may be munificently rewarded, has offered the handsome sum of two hundred dollars for an original song, a '*Welcome to America*,' to be set to music by the eminent composer, JULES BENEDICT, and sung by the great vocalist at her first concert in America. The decision as to the best song is to be given by a committee, consisting of Messrs. GEORGE RIPLEY, JULES BENEDICT, L. GAYLORD CLARK, J. S. REDFIELD, and GEO. P. PUTNAM. The sealed name only of the successful competitor will be opened by the committee, and the unaccepted songs will be returned to the order of their authors. A waggish friend writes us: 'You are one of the 'JENNY LIND SONG' committee. I want forty dollars for the enclosed. It is the first verse of a song which I *know* must take the prize; and if you 'll send me the two double 'saw-bucks,' you shall have the rest of the two hundred dollars' worth pretty soon:

'WELCOME, JENNY LIND!
Swedish Nightingale!
May you escape the wind,
The light'ning *and* the gale!'

'This verse was composed in less than half a day, and on a sultry August afternoon at that; and that same night, before twelve o'clock, I 'd half-composed another, almost as good!' . . . THE transition from Auburn to Syracuse 'by rail' is the work of an hour; and here we are at *Rust's Syracuse Hotel*, just over the principal canal-bridge, and formerly known as 'The Empire House.' Well, well; this is Syracuse, is it, the capital of our glorious native county of Onondaga? Short as had been the time since last we saw it, we should scarcely have known the place. A more stirring, bustling, prosperous city there is not west of this metropolis. Stand at RUST'S Hotel, facing the great square, toward and from which rail-roads, streets, plank-roads and canals diverge and radiate, and look about you. What a mart of business is before and around you! Glance at the new erections. A stone church, only not rivalling Trinity, has arisen on one hand; on another, the tower of a scarcely less beautiful structure pierces the clear air; and in more distant quarters of the town rise other new erections of a kindred character, including the chaste and graceful edifice whose dedication was recently noticed in these pages. Spacious hotels, block after block of new and extensive stores, and numerous recent streets of smaller dwelling-houses; these also attest the great prosperity of a city which now numbers some twenty-two thousand inhabitants! A word, in passing, touching the hotels of Syracuse. Without at all disparaging others, such as the 'Syracuse House,' the 'Globe,' and the like, which we are told have a good reputation, and are liberally patronised, we must say of '*Rust's Hotel*' that it is without exception the best house of its kind that we have ever seen, out of New-York, nor indeed it si excelled by the 'Astor,' the 'New-York,' or other similar establishments in this city. PHILO RUST was born with a *genius* for the profession which he has made a life-long study

and the results of which he has reduced to perfect practice. Cleanliness, order, well-ventilated and spacious apartments; in his larder and wine-cellar variety and abundance; in his kitchen good cooks; at his loaded tables ample and quiet service; and over all, a watchful personal supervision — these are the 'tools' by which Rust works, and by which he has established his well-earned and wide-spread reputation. The *freshness* of every thing on his table, so highly praised by travellers, is easily accounted for. Not a mile from his house is his farm of some sixty acres, which we visited. Here, awaiting his daily order, graze his fat beeves; here grunt in indolent repose his pigs, with a remarkable talent at corn-fed obesity; here bleat his 'South-Down' lambs; here crow his cocks, cackle his great family of hens and chickens, and 'quaäck' his ducks; and not *far* off are his 'preserves' of partridges and wood-cocks; here too grow his sweet-corn, his beets, turnips, tomatoes, red and yellow, portly, liverish-looking egg-plants, and the whole family of vegetables, common or rare, down to tanzy for old fashioned 'bitters' and spear-mint for modern 'juleps.' Wherefrom he gets his canvass-backs and prairie-chickens, we know not; but when we were at his house he *had* them, 'in good order and well-conditioned.' Of such is composed the edible *matériel* of 'Rust's Hotel,' at Syracuse. Test the truth of our unprompted tribute to just desert, reader, as thou passest east or west through that flourishing city. . . . Laughed somedele to-day at the pretty inn of the health-ful 'Messina Springs,' (the 'Burnham's or 'Woodlawn' of Syracuse,) at an account of a young country girl who had been taken to a Fourth-of-July ball by a swain of the neighborhood. Her beau found 'metal more attractive' in the 'long-room,' and left his girl a 'wall-flower' until the night was well nigh spent. Just as the ball was about to close, however, he came up to the neglected fair one and said, 'Do n't you want to dance?' 'Dance!' she replied; 'guess I *do!* Where you *been?* I been sittin' here till I thought I should ha' *took roots!*' And they stepped into line for a 'country-dance,' as they termed it. . . . It was 'pleasant yet mournful to the soul' to revisit, with two dear friends and old school-companions, the little academy at 'the Hollow' (now a mere suburb of Syracuse), to which Ollapod once so feelingly alluded, and where himself and 'Old Knick.' passed the happiest of their younger days. It was undergoing repairs, and seemed dusty and desolate. But we penetrated to every open apartment; we deciphered 'W. G. C.' and 'L. G. C.' cut on the window-sills in our old rooms; we ascended to the crazy cupola and surveyed the scenery round about, and the time-worn bell whose iron tongue had so often called us to study; we threaded the 'commons-hall' below; we went out upon the once-familiar green, as if it were again 'play-time,' and called by name upon our old companions to come once more and play 'bass-ball.' But they answered not; they came not! The old forms and faces were gone; the once familiar voices were silent. Some, like 'Ollapod,' had 'gone down to darkness and the worm;' some were in distant lands; and some who were living were yet dead to the past, and had lost, in the struggles of ambition, the 'boyhood of the soul.' So we went away sorrowing, pausing, before mounting into our phaeton, to climb up and look into the windows of the old village church, where we used to relieve the tedium of the proverbially dull discourses of old Parson T—— by exchanging glances of recognition with the prettiest girls of his sleepy congregation. Then we repaired to 'Arsenal Hill' and looked off, with many a teeming reminiscence, upon the sunny hills which rise around the place where our eyes first saw the light of heaven. Then we went to the 'long-room' of the village inn, to see the hall where we first 'balanced' to a female 'partner.' Good gracious! — 'how old Tempus do fugit!' Then we rode

slowly Syracuse-ward, with much rememberable talk by the way. . . . When we went upon the hill, near the old village of Geddes, to examine the beautiful farm and noble blood-stock of an esteemed friend, 'a suckumstans occurred,' as our friend of the 'Bumkum Flag-Staff' would say. After rolling large round boulders down a steep declivity until we grew tired, we rejoined our two companions who had 'fainted by the wayside,' and declined to accompany us, because of the heat of the day. Conversation turned upon wrestling. The Editor hereof proposed 'back' or 'side-held' to a 'gentleman of the legal profession,' in whose society we had had much delectation, and from whom our readers have often heard with pleasure. He was not robust, was of medium stature, nor did much blood mantle in his face. Our proposition was accepted, and 'with locked embrace' we entered upon the contest. ——— Syracuse lawyers are physically deceptive, and their clothes are more strongly made than in this city. Had we known our 'contestant' had been so 'cunning of fence,' we had not challenged him. We have n't room to say any thing farther in relation to this 'suckumstans' at present. . . . Mr. Henry J. Brent, the distinguished landscape-painter, has now nearly completed on his easel two of the most beautiful pictures we have ever seen from his facile pencil. One is a pastoral landscape, of surpassing loveliness; in coloring rich, in handling delicious; the other is the embodiment of a scene which we should rather possess than any landscape, save Durand's, in the last National Academy exhibition. Mr. Brent's improvement is marked, and his genius is beginning to be known and appreciated. . . . When our friend Doctor Francis visited the birth-place of Robert Burns, he said to the widow of the immortal bard: 'Your husband, Madam, was a magnificent poet; his name is well known and honored throughout America; he was truly a great genius.' 'I have been told so *since his death*,' was the reply; and all Scotchmen should remember it hereafter in the treatment of their men of genius. . . . 'Go out in the woods, Sambo,' said a southern master to one of his negroes, 'and cut me some crotches for a fence — to stick in the ground like this;' making at the same time an inverted A of two fingers on a table. The negro took his axe, went into the woods, was gone all day, and returned at last with nothing but his axe in his hand. 'Where are your crotches, Sambo?' asked his master. 'Could n't fine none, massa, no how!' 'Could n't *find* any!' said his master; 'why, there are thousands of them in the woods. Why, look at that tree; there are a half dozen on *that*: could n't you find any like that?' pointing to a forked branch on the tree. 'Oh, yes, massa, plenty o' *dem* kind; but dey all crotch *up*: t'ought you wanted dem kind dat crotch *down*!' . . . There came one pleasant morning into our apartment at Rust's Syracuse Hotel, a well-favored gentleman, of great talent, legal and other, and a man who has seen and knows the world, having in his hand a superb staff, or cane. A single joint of beautiful Malacca was the shaft thereof; of richly-carved gold was the gracefully-shaped bulb which composed its head, and in the top thereof shone and gleamed, like the gold-and-crimson of the setting sun, a magnificent topaz. It was praised of all present for its exceeding richness and beauty, when lo! it transpired that it was a token of friendship for 'Old Knick;' and the accomplished and generous donor made it doubly welcome by a few kindly and complimentary words, and by the genial 'succession' which he designated for the splendid gift. Once again, 'Thanks, and acceptance bounteous.' . . . It was an agreeable thing to be once more at Coleman's commodious and deservedly popular 'Troy House,' on our way to Saratoga and Lake George; another agreeable thing, after a sumptuous breakfast, and a pleasant ride with the worthy proprietor to the beautiful Cohoes Falls, was a brief visit to an old friend, a man with a heart, and true

genius, who lives hard by; agreeable too was the ride in the nice cars of the Troy and Saratoga rail-road to 'the Springs;' but *not* very agreeable was our stay at that renowned watering-place. It was too full for any thing like quiet or comfort. It was a mile of Broadway, of a fine day at promenade hour, placed in full dress in drawing-rooms, on long piazzas, and around public fountains. Eleven hundred persons dined at the 'United States' on the day of our arrival, and that village of a house was crowded to repletion. So too was 'Congress Hall,' so admirably kept by BROWN, and all the other hotels. The evening soirée at 'the States' must have numbered some six or eight hundred persons; and so great was the jam that one soon tired of promenading among half-dressed faded and jaded beauties — with brilliant exceptions, certainly. The weather was cold and raw; 'the waters' gave us an ague; and we could n't affect 'the Springs' this time, 'at all, all.' . . . OUR feelings are hurt. We find in the tranquil columns of a weakly contemporary such an awful version of a stanza of almost the first 'poem' we ever heard, that we *must* speak out. The true 'version of the verse' is thus:

A FROG he would a-wooing ride,
With a rigdum bully-milly kimo;
With sword and buckler by his side,
With a rigdum bully-milly kimo:
Kimo kero, dolto-karo, rigdum bully-milly kimo;
Strim-stram pumadiddle, lily-bonny rig,
With a rigdum bully-milly kimo.

Now all commentators agree as to the truth and faithfulness of this version; and to have a pseudo-translation foisted 'upon community!' . . . WELL pleased were we to be 'off' from Saratoga for Lake-George; the 'creöwnin'-glory,' in our poor estimation, of all American watering-places. Our expectations were abundantly fulfilled, as well we knew they *would* be. The quick transit from Saratoga to the 'Moreau-Station,' by the admirably-conducted Saratoga and Whitehall Rail-Road — a trip rendered doubly agreeable by the company of the 'Prime-Minister,' Mr. VAN RENSSELAER, who speaks from a full mind of all that can interest the traveller on the way — the pleasant trip on the plank-road; a post-coach ride on the outside; the blue mountains, opening a vista to the Lake; the LAKE itself; the overflowing 'Lake-House;' *the* SHERRILL at the door to welcome us — these were pleasant to see, and they are not less pleasant to remember. Moreover, of DANIEL GALE, the 'second in command,' of whom our readers have heard aforetime; of the active and courteous JAMES, his brother, of whom they have not heretofore heard, but shall hereafter; of the fruitful trout-fishing in the brooks that empty into Lake-George; of sailing with the good 'ADMIRAL,' aided by 'LINUS, the skipper,' in the yacht y'clept 'L. GAYLORD CLARK;' of lying in the shadow of the 'swelling bosom' of the main-sail, listening to the gurglish rush of the blue water at the prow, and looking up at the gay pennant upon which FRIENDSHIP had inscribed our name, floating in the pure air of lovely Horricon; of a delightful sail down the glorious lake, in the swift and graceful steamer 'JOHN JAY,' and all the matchless scenery which we saw in a new light; of a visit to the Ticonderoga Falls, the 'hallowed ground' of the 'Old Fort,' the excellent 'Ticonderoga House,' and of a jaunt down Lake-Champlain —— of all these, shall we not gossip hereafter? 'Most preb-ably!' . . . WE have been absent from the sanctum eighteen memorable days; during which time numerous books and other publications, some the handiwork of valued friends, have accumulated upon the 'Table.' These, with many communications for the Magazine, and many more private letters, will receive, in shipping-list phrase, 'immediate despatch.'

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXVI. OCTOBER, 1850. No. 4.

California and Mexico in the Fifth Century.

FROM CHINESE SOURCES.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

CARL FRIEDRICH NEUMANN, Professor of Oriental Languages and History at the University of Munich, author of the following work, was resident in China during the years of 1829 and 1830. In Canton he became possessor of a large library of Chinese books, from which he has since drawn the materials for works distinguished by their originality, erudition, and untiring industry. After finishing his studies at the universities of Heidelberg and Göttingen, he remained for a long time in Venice, Paris and London, occupied exclusively in the study of oriental languages and history. After his return from China he was appointed (in 1838) Professor of the Chinese and Armenian Languages at the University of Munich, which place he still holds, and where he also reads lectures on history, distinguished for their impartiality, freedom of expression, and liberality of sentiment. Professor Neumann is remarkably unprejudiced with regard to America, and I was first induced to seek his acquaintance on hearing his frequent praises of my native land, while attending the above-mentioned lectures.

Professor Neumann is the author of a number of works in the Latin, French, German and English languages, two of which have received prizes from the Academies of Copenhagen and Paris. I subjoin the titles of several: '*Memoires sur la vie et les ouvrages de David, philosophe Armenien, du cinquième siecle de notre ére, et principalement sur ses traductions de quelques ecrits d'Aristote,*' Paris, 1829; 'The History of Vartan, and of the battle of the Armenians, containing an account of the religious wars between the Persians and Armenians, by Elisæus,

translated from the Armenian by C. F. Neumann,' London, 1831; 'The Catechism of the Shamans, or the Laws and Regulations of the Priesthood of Buddha, in China, translated from the Chinese, with Notes and Illustrations,' London, 1831; 'History of the Pirates who infested the China Sea from 1807 to 1810, translated from the Chinese Original, with Notes and Illustrations;' 'Vahram's Chronicle of the Armenian Kingdom in Cilicia, translated from the original Armenian, with Notes and Illustrations,' London, 1831; '*Geschichte der Armenischen Literatur*,' Leipzig, 1836; '*Russland und die Tscherkessen*,' Stuttgard, 1840; '*Geschichte des Englisch Chinesischen Kriegs*,'* Leipzig, 1846; '*Die Völker des Südlicherd Russland, in ihrer geschicht lichen Entwicklung*,' Leipzig, 1847; '*Eine von dem könig lichen Institut von Frankreich gekrönte Preisschift*;' '*Die Reisen des Venezianers, Marco Polo, Deutsch von August Bürk, Nebst Zusätzen und Verbesserungen von C. F. Neumann*,' Leipzig, 1845.

Professor Neumann is one of the directors of the German Oriental Association, and has published in the first number of their magazine a copious biography of Dr. Morrison, the celebrated Protestant missionary in China; a work of the highest interest to the innumerable friends of the Chinese Mission. This work will make its appearance on the first of July, 1847.

C. G. L.

Munich, June 20, 1847.

KNOWLEDGE OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES AMONG THE CHINESE

'To retain laws and customs according to the traditionary manner, and to extend these laws and customs to other lands,' was the precept of the founders of the Celestial Empire, as well as of other civilized nations. 'But this extension,' added they, 'is not to be effected by the oratorical powers of single messengers, nor through the force of armed hordes. This renovation, as in every other sound organic growth which forces itself from within, can only take place when the Outer Barbarians, irresistibly compelled by the virtue and majesty of the Son of Heaven, blush for their barbarism, voluntarily obey the image of the Heavenly Father, and become men.'

It will be readily understood that a race, holding such opinions, would undertake no voyages of discovery, and attempt no conquests. Not a single instance occurs, during the entire four thousand years of the history of Eastern Asia, of an individual who had travelled in foreign lands for the purpose of adding to his own information, or that of others. The journey of Lao-tsef to the West appears to be a tale deliberately invented for the purpose of connecting his doctrine of the primitive and infinite Wisdom with that of the Western Mountain of the Gods, or with Buddhaism. The campaigns beyond those limits which Nature has assigned to the Chinese Empire were undertaken merely through the impulse of self-preservation. Men were compelled in Central as in Eastern Asia, in Thibet as well as on the banks of the

* In this comprehensive work one division is entitled '*Nord Amerika und Frankreich in China*,' in which the present and future relation of our country to eastern Asia is developed.

† The founder of the religion of the Taosse.

Irawaddy, to anticipate those dangers and invasions which at a later period threatened the freedom of the Central Empire, and were frequently obliged to send ambassadors or spies into the different Asiatic or European provinces, to obtain information relating to their situation and nature, as well as the condition of their inhabitants, which could guide them in their subsequent warlike or diplomatic relations with the enemies of the empire.

This land, so blessed by nature, attracted not only the barbarian, desirous of plunder, but also the merchant, since certain productions, such as silk, tea, and genuine rhubarb, were found only there. The Chinese government, as well as people, influenced by the precepts of their wise men, received strangers graciously as long as they implicitly obeyed or in any manner evinced fear and submission, and returned the presents, which they offered according to the oriental custom, with others of still greater value. All the discoveries and experiences, all the knowledge and information which they thus obtained in their peaceable or warlike relations with foreign nations, were generally recorded in the last division of the year-books of their own chronicles, forming in an historical point of view an inestimable treasure.

In the first century of our reckoning the pride and vanity induced by the Chinese social system was partly broken by the gradual progress of Buddhism over all Eastern Asia. He who believed in the divine mission of the son of the king of Kaphilapura must recognise every man as his brother and equal by birth; yes, must strive (for the old Buddhism has this in common with the Christian religion) to extend the joyful mission of salvation to all nations on the earth, and to attain this end must suffer, like the type of the God Incarnate, all earthly pain and persecution. So we find that a number of Buddhist monks and preachers have at distant times wandered to all known and unknown parts of the world; either to obtain information with regard to their distant co-religionists, or to preach the theory of the Holy Trinity to unbelievers. The official accounts which these missionaries have rendered of their travels, and of which we possess several, *entire*, considered as sources of information with regard to different lands and nations, belong to the most instructive and important part of Chinese literature. From these sources we have derived in a great degree that information which we possess regarding north-eastern Asia and the western coasts of America during centuries which have been hitherto veiled in the deepest obscurity.

THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF LANDS AND NATIONS.

Pride and vanity form the basis upon which the Chinese have built their peculiar system of information regarding other lands and people. Around 'The Flower of the Centre' (so teach their wise men) dwell rude, uncivilized races, which are in reality animals, although they have so externally a human form. To these rough brutes they apply all manner of abusive names, and assign them the name of 'Dogs,' 'Swine,' 'Devils' and 'Savages,' according to the four points of the compass which they inhabit. The occasional inquirers and writers of

history among the Europeans who have thought it worth their while to cast a glance upon the as yet fallow fields of Eastern and Central Asiatic history, have blindly followed this limited system, which rests upon the narrowest geographic elements, so that races originally without connection were melted into one and the same people; *par example*, the numerous tribes of the Tartar family.

IDENTITY OF THE TARTARS AND AMERICANS.

THE Tunguse, Mongolians, and a great part of the Turkish race, formed originally, according to all external organic tokens, as well as the elements of their languages, but one people, closely allied with the Esquimaux, the Skräling, or dwarf of the Norman, and the races of the New World. This is the irrefutable result to which all the more recent inquiries in anatomy and physiology, as well as comparative philology and history, have conduced. All of the aboriginal Americans have those distinctive tokens which forcibly recall their neighbors dwelling on the other side of Bhering's Straits. They have the four-cornered head, high cheek-bones, heavy jaws, large, angular eye-cavities, and a retreating forehead. The skulls of the oldest Peruvian graves exhibit the same tokens as the heads of the nomadic tribes of Oregon and California. The different American languages, as has been already proved by Gallatin* in his minute researches, have such an identity that we can, however varied the vocabulary, at once reduce them to one original source. In fact, all researches as to the manner in which America was first populated lead to one inevitable conclusion. Since the earth has been inhabited these rude tribes dwelt in their separate parts of Asia and America. This rough mass has, however, during the course of centuries, been separated by different corporeal and mental formative influences, into different nations, each with peculiar bodily distinctions, the natural consequence of higher mental influences, and numerous languages, have been developed; yet all of these distinctions, whether of body or language, of manner or custom, present internal evidence of an original unity. This unity manifests itself in their genealogies, the oldest historical system of all nations, by which the identity of the Turks, Mongolians and Tunguese is clearly proved. Among these Tartaric hordes we find absolutely the same relation as that which existed among the German nations. The Ostrogoths and Visigoths, the Westphalians, the northern and southern nations, belonged originally, notwithstanding their different destinies and culture, to the internal being of one and the same German race.

TONGUSE-EASTERN BARBARIANS.

ALL of the numerous Tàtaric hordes, dwelling about the northeast of the Central Empire, were termed by the civilized natives of the south '*Tonghu*,' eastern red men or savages, from which appellation we derive our word *Tunguse*,† which has been subsequently applied

* *Bär, in den Beiträgen zur Kenntniss des russischen Reichs, I.* 279.

† 'THE 'Shajrat ul Atrak,' or genealogical tree of the Turks and Tartars,' translated by Colonel MILES, London, 1838. *Tung* or *Tungus* is here rendered as (25) 'a Son of the Turk.'

to an extremely limited portion of the entire race. Among these Mongolian nations many centuries before Zanghis Khan, (Tschinggs Chakan) the Mongolians were distinguished by the differently written name of Wog or Mog and divided into seven hordes, dwelling in different places, extending from the Corean peninsula to the distant North, over the river Amo to the Eastern Sea, i. e. to the Gulf of Anadir or Bhering's Straits. The nomadic tribes dwelling more directly to the North, they termed *Peti* or Northern Savages, and many tribes were reckoned by them at different times as belonging either to the Tunguse or Peti. During the course of many centuries the Chinese acquired a surprisingly accurate knowledge of the north-east coast of Asia, extending as their records in Astronomy and Natural History prove, to the sixty-fifth degree of latitude, and even to the Artic Ocean.* Among other accounts they tell us of a land very far from the Central Kingdom, whose inhabitants, termed Kolihan or Chorrhan, sent during the latter part of the seventh century ambassadors to the court at Singan. This land lay on the North Sea, and still further to the north, on the other side of that sea, the days were so long and the nights in proportion so short, that the sun set and rose again 'before one could roast a leg of mutton.'†

The Chinese were well acquainted with the customs of these tribes, and describe them to us as resembling the Tsohuktschi or Koljuschens of the present day, and other tribes of North-Eastern Asia and North-Western America. They had neither oxen, sheep nor other domestic animals, but there were tribes among them who employed deer, which were there very numerous. These deer of which they speak, were undoubtedly rein-deer. They knew nothing of agriculture, but lived by hunting and fishing, as well as on the root of a certain plant, which grew there in abundance. Their dwellings were constructed of twigs and wood, their clothes were made of furs and feathers. They laid their dead in coffins, which they placed in trees in the mountains. They were ignorant of any division of the year into time. The Chinese were also as well acquainted with those dwelling more directly to the east as with those inhabitants of the north.

The limits of the Chinese empire, extended under the dynasty of Tschen, in the time of David and Solomon to the Eastern Ocean. They knew and frequented the numerous groups of islands in the Pacific Ocean for the sake of trade. The natives inhabiting these islands sent on their part messengers to the court with presents which are registered in the Chinese annals. It also frequently happened that China sent a portion of its discontented or superfluous population to these thinly inhabited islands, as well as to Japan, Lian Kien and Formosa, of which we have accurate historical proofs. The tribe of the Ainos or Jebis, extending from Japan to Kamschatka over the Kurilean and Alentian or Fox Islands, to the distant north, where it touched upon

* Gaubil: Observations Mathematiques. Paris: 1732. II. 110.

† Mantuanlin Book, 348, fol. 6.

‡ Koljustchi or Koljuki, signifies the peg or pin, which those savages wear in the under lip, and from which the name is derived. They were subsequently termed by the Russians who possess the land, Galloches, from the French word, originally merely in jest. In the course of time, this name supplanted the earlier term Koljuken, so that all are now known as Kaloschen.

the nearly allied Esquimaux, must naturally have astonished the occasional colonists and merchants who found their way thither, by a singular distinctive bodily phenomenon, namely, an exceeding growth of hair on their bodies. Such was the case, and they were termed *Mau-schin*, (or according to the Japanese mode of pronouncing Chinese writing, *Mosin*) i. e., hairy people, and also from the great number of sea-crabs found in their region.* Hi-ai, (in Japanese Jeso) i. e., crab-barbarians. And as these barbarians like the inhabitants of the Southern Islands, were in the habit of tattooing figures upon their skin, they were also termed by the Chinese wen-schin or painted people. In the course of time, other names were also added, but any one acquainted with the nature of that part of the world and its inhabitants, readily recognises despite the varied appellations, the same race of men in the *Ainos*. We are indebted to the numerous embassies which in earlier times, passed between China and Japan for the greater part of the information contained in their Year Books, relating to the north and south easterly islands and nations. These embassies brought back with them many traditionary accounts, which were strongly tinged with fable and yet not entirely devoid of truth. For instance, when they speak of the land of *Tschutschu* or dwarfs, very far to the south of Japan, whose inhabitants, black, naked and ugly, kill and devour all strangers, we readily recognise the natives of Papua or New Guinea.

The Ainos were first described in 'The Book of Mountains and Seas,' written in the second or third century, and so richly adorned with wonderful legends, under the name of 'Hairy People.' They dwelt according to this book in the eastern sea, and were completely overgrown with hair.† Some of these people came A. D. 659, in company with a Japanese embassy to China; they are termed in the year book of Tang, '*Crab-barBarians*,'‡ after which the note follows. 'They had long beards and dwelt to the north-east of Japan; they laid bows, arrows and deerskins, as presents before the throne; these were the inhabitants of Jeso, which island not long before had been subdued and rendered tributary by the Japanese.' The report of the Japanese embassy in their domestic returns is, however, much more copious and satisfactory. The queries of the Heaven's son of Tang, and the replies of the Japanese ambassador, are there narrated as follows:

THE RULER OF TANG: 'Does the Heavenly Autocrat find himself in constant tranquillity?'
THE AMBASSADOR: 'Heaven and earth unite their gifts and constant tranquillity ensues.'
THE RULER OF TANG: 'Are the government officers well appointed?'
THE AMBASSADOR: 'They have the grace of the Heavenly Ruler and are well.'
THE RULER OF TANG: 'Is there internal peace?'
THE AMBASSADOR: 'The government harmonises with heaven and earth; the people have no care.'
THE RULER OF TANG: 'Where lies the land — this Jeso?'
THE AMBASSADOR: 'To the north-east.'
THE RULER OF TANG: 'How many divisions has it?'
THE AMBASSADOR: 'Three; the most distant we call *Tsgaru*, the next *Ara* and the nearest Niki. To the last belong these men, here before us. They appear yearly with their tribute at the court of our king.'

* DESCRIPTION of the Kurilean and Alentic Islands. Translated from the Russian. Ulm: 1768, f. 16.

† Schan-hai-king, quoted in the 'Histoire des trois Royaumes, traduite par Titsingh. Klaproth has according to his custom, passed off the translation as his own. Paris: 1832. 218.

‡ Tang-schu or Year Books of Tang. Book 220. p. 18. v. Mantuanlin Book 396. p. 23. v. where the report as usual is given. Titsingh. Annales des Empereurs du Japon. Paris: 1834. 52. This is a remarkable coincidence in the Chinese and Japanese Year Books.

THE RULER OF TANG: 'Does this land produce corn?'
THE AMBASSADOR: 'No; its inhabitants live on flesh.'
THE RULER OF TANG: 'Have they houses?'
THE AMBASSADOR: * 'No; they live in the mountains, under the trunks of trees.'

Since this time in the seventh century, many wars have been undertaken against these northern border barbarians, (Grängbarbaren) by their more civilized neighbors, and generally with success. But the inhabitants of Jeso, always rose again after a short time, drove forth the Japanese invaders from the land, and gave themselves up again to their wild original freedom, like their ancestors on the neighboring island. Even at the present day the Japanese govern only a very small portion of Jeso, i. e., the gold district of this remarkably rich island, readily leads to an acquaintance with Kamtschatka, which latter was also described about the same period in the following manner.

KAMTSCHATKA IN THE TIME OF TANG.

†LIEU KUEI or Huig-goci, as the Kamtschadales of the present day term their fellow countrymen dwelling on the Penschinischen Bay, is situated, according to the Chinese 'Year Books,' fifteen thousand Chinese miles distant from the capital, which according to the measurement of the celebrated astronomer Ihan, in the times of Tang, gives about three hundred and thirty-eight to one of our grades.‡ Now, Singan, the capital of China during the dynasty of Tang, lies in the district Schensi, thirty-four degrees, fifteen minutes thirty-four seconds north latitude, and one hundred and six degrees, thirty-four minutes east longitude, from Paris. Peter and Paul's Haven on the contrary, according to Preuss, lies fifty-three degrees fifty-nine seconds north latitude, and one hundred and fifty-three degrees nineteen minutes and fifty-six seconds east longitude, from Paris. Differences which the accounts of the Chinese 'Year Books' establish in an astonishing manner, and leave no doubt whatever over the identity of Kamtschatka with Lieu Kuei, for it is certainly satisfactory if estimates of such great distances, drawn in all probability from the accounts of half savage sailors, or quite savage natives, should agree within two or three grades with accurate astronomic results.

'This land lies exactly north-east from the Black River, or Black Dragon River and the Moko, and the voyage thither requires fifteen days, which is the time in which the Moko generally effect it.'

The Moko here alluded to, are beyond doubt the Mongolians, who governed in earlier ages, and even in the time of Tang as far south as *Corea;* and in the north as far as the other side of the Amur, the western limits of this people are unknown. In the East, they dwelt as our

* NIPPONKI, i. e., Japanese Year Books from 661 until 696, according to Chr. G., which were collected in the year 720. They embrace thirty volumes 8vo. The portions translated by HOFFMAN are to be found in volume 26, nine of SIEBOLD'S Japanese Archives. VIII. 130.

† STELLER'S description of Kamtschatka. Leipzig: 1734. 3. All that occurs between quotation marks has been literally translated from the Year Books of *Tang* (*Tang-schu*. Book 220. p. 19. v.) The part not thus marked is drawn principally from STELLER, and added *for explanation*. The article of *Mantuanlin* (Book 347. p. 5.) may be compared with the Year Books of Tang. The article is indeed evidently borrowed from the *Tangschu*, but is much better arranged, and contains many original incidents, on which account I have fully availed myself of it. The compiler of Encyclopaedia of *Kang-hi* (*Juen-kien-kui-han*) satisfied himself (Book 241. p. 19,) as he frequently did with merely transcribing from Mantuanlin.

‡ The Chinese grades are rather smaller than our geographical.

chronicle expressly remarks, as far as to the ocean, i. e., the Pacific, from whence they could easily pass to the islands and the American continent. That this was in reality effected, is evident from the external appearance as well as the affinity between the Mongolian language and that of the American Indians. The distance from Ochotok to the opposite peninsula, is about one hundred and fifty German miles, and in fact the natives generally require from ten to fifteen days to make the voyage.

'Lieu-kuei lies to the north of the North Sea, by which it is on three sides surrounded. To the north, this peninsula touches upon the land of Jetschay* or Tschuktschi; but the exact limits are not easy to determine; it requires an entire month to make the journey from Kamtschatka to Jetschay, beyond this the land is unexplored, and no mission has as yet come from thence to the Central Kingdom. Here are neither fortified places or towns, the people dwell in different places on the sea islands and along the shore, or on the banks of rivers, where they live by catching and salting fish.'

Steller, also assures us that the dwellings of the *Itölmen*, i. e., the native Kamtschadales, are always situated on rivers, bays or the mouths of the lesser streams, and especially in those locations surrounded by woods. Fish in incredible quantities and great variety are there found, serving during the long winters as provender for both men and cattle. These they prepare in many ways, but principally by salting. Those living still more to the north, subsist almost entirely on fish, from which they receive the name Eskimantik or Eskims, i. e., 'Rawfisheating.'

'They dwell in caves generally dug tolerably deep in the earth, around which they lay thick, unhewn planks.'

This is applicable only to their winter dwellings, their summer habitations are built high in the air on posts like our dove cotes. The Itälmen dig out the earth to the depth of three or four feet in the form of a brick, and to such an extent as the number of their family may require. The excavated earth they pile to the height of two or three feet around the pit thus formed, and then roof it with pieces of bark or willow sticks, five or six feet long, which they stick deep within the pit, into the earth, so that the tops are all equally high; between these sticks and the earth they generally lay dry straw, so that none of the earth may fall through, nor any of the articles in the dwelling become rusty or mouldy by direct contact with it; then they leave a shelf of earth around, about a foot broad and lay great beams thereon in squares, which they support on the outside with planks and sticks stuck into the earth, so that they may not externally give way. Then they place over them four posts cut in the form of forks, as high as they wish to have the lodging in the middle.

Over these they lay again crosswise four beams, and fasten them with thongs to the posts, upon which they lay on every side the rafters. Between these rafters they lay thin sticks, and across these, small pieces of wood, quite close together; this entire wooden roof they cover to

* In Tangschu an error of transcription occurs. Instead of Pe-hai North Sea, we have Schao-hai,' little sea. The correct reading is to be found in the two Encyclopædias already quoted. Jetschayuko a kingdom, here an excellent country, the Jetschay, is only to be found in the Encyclopædias. The arrogant Chinese love to write the names of foreigners with names which indicate scorn and contempt. Lieu-kuei for example, signifies 'The devil who runs through,' and Jetschay, 'The devil's companion.'

the depth of six inches with straw, shake over it the remnant of the excavated earth, and tread it down firm; in the middle of the house, they make the hearth between four thin posts, of these posts, two from the entrance which is at the same time the chimney; opposite the fire-place, they dig out an air passage from eight to twelve feet long according to the size of the house, which passess beyond the limits of the dwelling itself; this passage is closed except while they are making a fire; to facilitate the free admission of air, they build the roof of the air passage in such a manner that the wind continually strikes against it, and is drawn in. If any one would enter he must naturally descend the door chimney, which is done either by means of a ladder or the notched trunk of a tree; this smoky atmosphere is extremely oppressive to an European though the natives support it without inconvenience; the little children generally creep through the draft, which also serves as a repository for cooking utensils; in the interior cubes of wood are placed, which indicate the divisions of the separate sleeping places.

'The climate, owing to fogs and heavy snows is very severe. The natives are all clothed in furs, which they obtain in hunting; they also prepare from dogs' hair and different species of grass, a sort of cloth; in winter, they wear the skins of swine and reindeer; in summer, those of fish; they have a great number of dogs.'

We know that the climate of Kamtschatka presents remarkable differences. Districts situated at no great distance from each other, have at the same season a remarkably different climate. The southern part of the peninsula is damper, darker, and more exposed to the terrible storm winds on account of its vicinity to the sea; but the further north we ascend on the Pensinischen Bay, so much the milder are the winds in winter, and so much the less rain falls in summer. In no land are the fogs so frequent and so thick as in Kamtschatka, nor is any country known where deeper snows fall than between the fifty-first and fifty-fourth degrees of the Peninsula. The natives, therefore, naturally require the heavy sea-dog and rein-deer fur-clothing, spoken of in the Chinese chronicle. The women prepare from dried nettles and other grasses, a sort of linen which serves for all domestic purposes. Reindeer, black bears, wolves, foxes and other animals, are found here in abundance, and are caught by a variety of ingenious methods, which the Chinese have also described. Dogs are their only tame animals which they use instead of horses, to draw their sledges. It is an error of the Chinese writers, when he speaks of swine; they would indeed succeed in this country; but in the time of Steller were there as yet unknown. Even at the present day, several of the north-easterly Mantchon tribes still clothe themselves in fish-skins, for which reason they are termed by the Chinese, *Jupi* or *Fish-skines*. These, like the *Chadschen*, belong to the *Alenten*.

'The people have no regular constitution; they know nothing of officers and laws; is there a robber in the land, all of the inhabitants assemble together to judge him. They know nothing of the divisions and course of the four seasons. Their bows are about four feet long, and their arrows are like those of the Middle Kingdom; they prepare

from bones and stones, a sort of musical instrument; they love singing and dancing; they place their dead in the hollow trunks of trees, and mourn for them three years without wearing any mourning clothes. In the year 640, during the reign of the second Heaven's Son of Tang, came the first and last tribute, bringing embassy from the land of Lieukuei, to the Middle Kingdom.'

Before the conquest of their land by the Russians, the Kamtschadales lived in a sort of community, such as is generally found among all primitive tribes, for example, the early Germans. Every one revenged his own wrongs with the readiest weapons, such as bows, arrows and bone spears; in war they chose a leader whose authority ceased with it; in case of theft where the offender was unknown, the elders called the people together and admonished them to give him up. When this proved unsuccessful, death and destruction were generally invoked upon his head, by means of their Schamanic sorcery. They divide the entire solar year into summer and winter, but are ignorant of any division of time into days and weeks, and few are able to count above forty; they pass the time principally in dancing, singing and relating tales and legends; their songs and melodies, several of which are given in Steller, are remarkably soft and agreeable. 'When I compare,' says this excellent writer, 'the songs of the great Orlando Losso, with which the king of France was so much delighted after the Parisian bloody marriage, with these airs of the Itälmen, I am compelled as far as the agreeableness thereof (Annehmlichkeit) is concerned, to give the latter the preference.' The Chinese account, as to the three years of mourning is groundless at least, when the Russians first discovered Kamtschatka, nothing of the kind existed. The sick were thrown when beyond all hope of recovery to the dogs, even while yet alive, and any thing like mourning or lamenting from their surviving relatives was seldom even thought of. It is, however, possible, if not probable, that since the seventh century, the manners of the Kamtschadales, have much changed or deteriorated.

The situation of the Wen-schin, or 'Painted People,' if we are to credit the account regarding their distance from Japan, must be sought for to the east of Kamtschatka, and within the Atlantic group of islands. 'The land of Wen-schin,' says the year-book of the southern * dynasty, 'is situated about seven thousand Chinese miles, or twenty of our geographical grades, to the north-east of Japan;' a direction and distance which places us in the midst of the Aleutian, or Fox group of islands. It is not readily intelligible how Deguignes could seek and find these painted people on the island of *Jeso*.†

The bodies of these people are covered with a variety of figures of animals, and the like. On the forehead they have three lines; the great and straight indicate the nobles, the small and crooked the common people.

The Aleuten, or Fox-Islanders, before their conversion to Christianity,

* Nausse, *i. e.*, History of the Southern Dynasties, book 79, p. 5. The same article is to be found in Leang-schu, *i. e.*, in the year-book of Leang, book 54, p. 19; and by Mantuanlin, book 327, p. 2.

† Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions, et Belles Lettres, xxviii, 506. This is not the only error which this writer, so excellent in other respects, has made in this treatise.

not only cut, as is well known, a variety of figures upon their body, but also bored through the cartilage of the nose, through which they stuck a pin, upon which they bore on festive occasions glass beads: the women for a similar purpose bored the ear. Moreover, they made in the underlip cuts, in which they bore needles of stone or bone, which were about two inches long.

TAHAN-ALIASKA.

During the dynasty of Leang, in the first half of the sixth century, (A. D.,) the Chinese heard of a land situated five thousand of their miles to the eastward of the Painted People, who dwelt in the Aleutian Islands, and named it Tahan, or Great China. The direction and distance indicated the great peninsula Aliaska. They probably named it *Great* China, from their having heard of the continent which extends beyond. It was in a precisely similar manner, (according to the legend,) that the Irish, who in earlier ages (long before the time of Columbus) were cast away on the American shores, named the country * 'Great Ireland.' They report that the newly-discovered nation altogether resembled the Painted People, but spoke an entirely different language. The Tahan bore no weapons, and knew nothing of war and strife.†

Beyond Aliaska the Chinese discovered, at the end of the fifth century, a land which Deguignes in fact afterward sought for on the north west part of the American continent. The conjecture of that keen-witted scholar was a point afterward fully established, and we are even now enabled to determine those parts of America described by the Chinese. The zealous inquiries relating to a state of civilization long passed away, and to such of its remains as yet exist in the New World, have led in our days to results of which the inquirer of the eighteenth century could have had no intimation. We will now give a literal translation of the Chinese report, and afterward an explanation.

THE KINGDOM OF FUSANG, OR MEXICO.

During the reign of the dynasty *Tsi*, in the first year of the year-naming ‡ 'Everlasting Origin,' (Anno Domini 499,) came a Bhuddist priest from this kindom, who bore the cloister name of Hoei-schin, *i. e.*, Universal Compassion, (Allgemeines Mitloiden: according to King-tschu it signifies 'an old name,||') to the present district of Hukuang, and those surrounding it, who narrated that 'Fusang is about twenty thousand Chinese miles in an easterly direction from Tahan, and east of the middle kingdom. Many Fusang-trees grow there, whose leaves resemble the Dryanda Cordifolia;§ the sprouts, on the contrary, re-

* Munohener Gel. Anzeigen, viii., 636. This must have been the land extending from the two Carolinas to the southern point of Florida.

† Leangschu and Mantuanlin, a, a, o.

‡ Jahresbenennung.

|| King-tscheu is the sixth of the nine provinces which are described in the tax-roll of Ju, (which contains the sixth of the included divisions of the Annal-book.) It extended from the north side of the hill Hong. Compare Hongingta, the celebrated expounder of King in the times of Tang, with the already mentioned extracts from the annual-book.

§ In the Leang-schu we find an error in the writing, (a very frequent occurrence in Chinese transcriptions.) Instead of the character Tong (4,233 Bas) we have Tang, (11,444 B.) which signifies *copper*, and according to which we must read: 'Their leaves resemble copper,' which is evidently an error.

semble those of the bamboo-tree,* and are eaten by the inhabitants of the land. The fruit is like a pear in form, but is red. From the bark they prepare a sort of linen, which they use for clothing, and also a sort of ornamented stuff.† The houses are built of wooden beams; fortified and walled places are there unknown.

THEIR WRITING AND CIVIL REGULATIONS.

THEY have written characters in this land, and prepare paper from the bark of the Fusang. The people have no weapons, and make no wars, but in the arrangements of the kingdom they have a northern and a southern prison. Trifling offenders were lodged in the southern, but those confined for greater offences in the northern; so that those who were about to receive grace could be placed in the southern prison, and those to the contrary in the northern. Those men and women who were imprisoned for life were allowed to marry. The boys resulting from these marriages were at the age of eight years sold for slaves; the girls not until their ninth year. If a man of any note was found guilty of crimes, an assembly was held: it must be in an excavated place, (Grube.) There they strewed ashes over him, and bade him farewell, as if he were dying. If the offender were one of a lower class, he alone was punished; but when of rank, the degradation was extended to his children and grand-children. With those of the highest rank it attained to the seventh generation.

THE KINGDOM AND THE NOBLES.

THE name of the king is pronounced *Ichi*. The nobles of the first class are termed Tuilu; of the second Little Tuilu; and of the third, Na-to-scha. When the prince goes forth he is accompanied by horns and trumpets. The color of his clothes changes with the different years. In the two first of the ten-year cyclus they are blue; in the two next red; in the two following yellow; in the two next red; and in the last two black.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THE horns of the oxen are so large that they contain ten bushels, (Schaeffel.) They use them to hold all manner of things. Horses, oxen and stags, are harnessed to their wagons. Stags are used here as cattle are used in the Middle Kingdom, and from the milk of the hind they make butter. The red pears of the Fusang tree keep good throughout the year. Moreover, they have apples and reeds; from the latter they prepare mats. *No iron is found in this land, but copper, gold and silver are not prized, and do not serve as a medium of exchange in the market.*

Marriage is determined upon in the following manner. The suitor

* THIS is also the case in China with the bamboo sprouts, on which account they are termed *Sun*, (7,449 B.) *i. e.*, the buds of the first ten days, since they only keep for that time.

† THE year-books of Leang have a variation; instead of the character KIN, (11,492 B.) 'embroidered stuff,' (meaning, of course, embroidered or ornamented stuff in general,) we have MIEN, which signifies 'fine silk.'

builds himself a hut before the door of the house where the one longed for dwells, and waters and cleans the ground every morning and evening. When a year has passed by, if the maiden is not inclined to marry him, he departs; should she be willing, it is completed. When the parents die, they fast seven days. For the death of the paternal or maternal grandfather they lament five days; at the death of elder or younger sisters or brothers, uncles or aunts, three days. They then sit from morning to evening before an image of the ghost, absorbed in prayer, but wear no mourning clothes. When the king dies, the son who succeeds him does not busy himself for three years with state affairs.

In earlier times these people lived not according to the laws of Buddha. But it happened that in the second year naming 'Great Light,' of song, (A. D. 458,) that five beggar monks, from the kingdom Kipin, went to this land, extended over it the religion of Buddha, and with it his holy writings and images. They instructed the people in the principles of monastic life, and so changed their manners.

AMAZONIA.

THE same Buddhist monk who gives this account of the land Fusang, tells us of a country of women (Weiberreiche.) 'This land,' he writes, 'lies about a thousand Chinese miles in an easterly direction from Fusang, and is inhabited by white people, with very hairy bodies.'* The entire story is, however, intermixed with so much fabulous matter, that it is not worth translating. It is, however, worthy of remark, that since the earliest times every civilized race who have left us written records of their existence speak of a land of women, which was always placed farther and farther to the northeast, until we ultimately find it placed in America. It is hardly worth remarking, that such a land of women could never have existed. It is, however, possible, that here and there, among various tribes, the women may have had separate dwelling places; perhaps have had dwelling places apart upon an island, and only held from time to time intercourse with the men. The Arabs, particularly Edrisi, speak of such an arrangement,† but thought that this land of women lay in an altogether different direction. The knowledge of the Arabs and the Persians of the east and northeastern parts of the world extended only to Japan and the eastern shores of China. 'To the eastward of Japan,' asserts Abulfeda distinctly, 'the earth is uninhabited.'

KOPHENE-BELOOCHISTAN.

THE land west of the Indus, known to us at the present day under the names of Avghaunistan and Beloochistan, was converted, shortly after the death of the Indian reformer Buddha, to his doctrine, which spread the system of castes, and was founded upon the principle of universal love.

It bears in the reports of the Chinese Buddhists the name *Kipin*,

* THE reports are given in the Kan-see, book 79, p. 5; Leang-schu, book 54, p. 49; and from these much more correctly in the encyclopædia of MANTUANLIN, book 327, a. A.

† EDRISI II., 433, ed. JAUBERT.

which appears in the different forms of Kophen, Kophes and Kophante, in the description of rivers and cities in Gedrosia and Arachosia, by several of the older writers.* Here the third leader of the religion of the king's son of Kapilapura had chosen his seat.† They flourished here in great power, as their numerous monuments and ruins indicate, until the seventh and eighth centuries, when the fanatic Moslem promulgated the doctrines of their own prophet, with fire and sword. To this holy city came many of the monks of Middle Asia and China, and from Kophene again the religion extended itself to many parts of the world, even to North America and Mexico.

How these lands were named by their inhabitants we know not, as seems indeed to be generally the case with most new discoveries of this nature. We know only that they received the name Fusang, which was the name of a tree common to the country with Eastern Asia;‡ or it would more probably appear that of an Asiatic tree, resembling it in one or more particulars; for it seems to be a natural and usual circumstance to name a newly-discovered land after some striking peculiarity. The Normans, who landed in America five hundred years after these Buddhist priests, named it in a similar manner Winaland, from the number of wild grapes growing there. On account of the great distance of the land Fusang, no missionaries went there afterward. And yet the remembrance of this land, so fraught with wonders, has not yet disappeared from the memories of Chinese and Buddhist inquirers into the wonders of the olden time. Many of them have frequently mentioned it in their works, and have even drawn maps of it,§ and taken the pains in their thoughtless, unreflecting manner, to collect together all the accounts which we have here given. Also at a later period, their mythical geographers and poets have availed themselves of this piece of knowledge, and, as was the case in the West with the land of Prester John,‖ spun it out into all manner of strange tales. But these beautiful and romantic fantasies over the land and the tree Fusang can have no more weight with the impartial seeker into the truth of historical tradition than the legends of Alexander and Charlemagne¶ with the student of Arrian and Eginhard.

The distance of the land from Tahan or Alaska, which extends according to the distance before given from the fifty-seventh to the fifty-eighth degree, leads us necessarily to the northwest coast of Mexico and the vicinity of San Blas. Not less decisively do the Buddhist Chinese reports indicate this part of the world. But before we can avail ourselves of these latter accounts of the Aztecs, a difficulty must

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* Mannert, Geographie der Griechen und Romer V., Abtheilung II., 19, 20, 53 und 55.

† Vide History of Buddhism, which bears the title Tschi jue lu, *i. e.*, the Indian Guide III., 5, v.

‡ Loureiro, Flora Cochinchinensis. Berolini, 1793, ii., 510.

§ Fa-kiai-ngan-litu, *i. e.*, more certain tables of religion, i., 22.

‖ Vide *Relation des Mongols* on Tartares, by the brother Jean du Plan de Carpin, legat du saint siége apostolique, etc., during the years 1245–47, given in the notice published by the Société de Geographie under the above-mentioned title; also the travels of Sir John Mandeville, Tucquem de Vitry, the works of Matthew of Paris, Joinville, Marco Polo, and more particularly the old legend of Prestre Jehan, reprinted in M. Le Monde Enchantée, par M. Ferdinand Denis, Paris, 1843, p. 184. Note by the Translator.

¶ Vide Turpin's Chronicle, Warton and the Book of Legends, by O'Sullivan, Paris, 1843; also King Alisaunder, Weber's Metrical Romanes. Note by Translator.

be removed, which would otherwise annihilate the complete mass of proofs.

THE OLDEST HISTORY OF MEXICO.

THE information given by our Buddhist travellers goes back into time long anterior to the most remote periods alluded to in the wavering legends of the Aztecs, resting upon uncertain interpretations of hieroglyphics. One fact is, however, deeply rooted in this trembling soil of Old America: the races of barbarians which successively followed each other from the North to the South always murdered, hunted down and subdued the previous inhabitants, and formed in the course of time a new social and political life upon the ruins of the old system, to be again destroyed and renewed in the course of a few centuries by a new invasion of barbarians. The later native conquerors in the New World can of course no more be considered in the light of original inhabitants than the present races of men in the Old World.

THE RUINS OF MITLA AND PALENQUE.

THE ruins named after the adjacent places Mitla and Paleuque, situated in the province Zzendales, near the limits of the municipality of Ciudad Real and Yucatan, have been supposed by enthusiastic judges to possess an antiquity anterior by thousands of years to the coming of our LORD. Prejudiced and ignorant visionaries have imagined this to be the home of all spiritual cultivation, and even to have discovered here traces of Buddhism.* The Tolteks, a word signifying architect, appeared about the middle of the seventh century, and one of their literary productions, known as 'The Divine Book,' existed, according to an unauthenticated legend, until the time of the Spaniards. The Aztecs, on the contrary, came to Anahuac, or 'The Land near the Water,' during the reign of Frederick the Second.† The savage invaders at first evinced the greatest hostility to the religion and social institutions of the conquered; but feeling ultimately the want of a regular system themselves, they erected a new edifice upon the old ruins. This may prove advantageous in a subjective as well as a material point of view, since we can thus avail ourselves of a knowledge of the laws, manners and customs of the Aztecs, in order to obtain a clearer conception of the condition of the earlier races who inhabited this land.‡ The most learned historian of New Spain has already recognized in every particular, and in connection with the results of the most recent inquiries, the original affinity of the numerous Mexican languages.

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* '*Antiquités Mexicaines*,' II. 73, and Trans. of the American Antiq. Soc. II. On the subject of the early Mexicans the reader may consult PRESCOTT's Hist. of the Conquest of Mexico. This is a work as much distinguished by substantial erudition and critical tact as by its simple, truly historical statements. ('Ebenso aus gezeichnet durch gründliche Gelehrsamkeit und kritischen Tact wie durcheinfache ächt geschichtliche Darstellung.') *Our* shallow pates, who cannot even yet comprehend that the Form cultivates and perfects the soul of the Material, and our *retrograding* party men, who regard North-America as a merely industrial, or an altogether depraved land, could here learn much, if the truth were of any moment to them. — *Note to the Munich edition of* 1845.

† 'THE chronological accounts of the different authors contradict each other; those of the learned Clavigers always appear to be the most correct.' PRESCOTT, I. 11.

‡ CLAVIGERO-STORIA antica del Messico, I. 153.

The pyramidic-symbolic form of many of the Mexican monuments appears indeed to have a resemblance with the religious edifices of the Buddhists, for places of interment; but neither their architecture nor ornaments, according to Castañada's drawings of Mexican antiquities, indicate any East Indian symbol, unless we are willing to admit their eight rings or stories as such. According to a Buddhistic legend, the remains of Schakia were placed in eight metallic jars, and over these as many temples were erected.* But if Buddhism ever flourished in Central America it certainly was not the pure religion of Schakia, as it now exists in Nepaul, Thibet, and other parts of Asia, but a new religion built upon its foundations. For the missionaries of Schakiamunis were in a manner Jesuits, who, the more readily to attain their aim, either based their doctrines upon, or intermixed them with the existing manners and customs. The myth of the birth of the terrible Aztec god of war may possibly be a faded remain of the old Indian religion. Huitzilopotschli was born in the same wonderful manner as Schakia; his mother saw a ball floating in the air (but one of shining feathers), placed it in her bosom, became pregnant, and gave birth to the terrible son, who came into the world with a spear in his right hand, a shield in his left, and a waving tuft of green† feathers on his head. Juan de Grijalva, the nephew of Velasquez, was so much struck with the many instances of a high state of civilization, and particularly with the magnificent buildings, that he named the peninsula New-Spain; which term has since been extended to a much greater portion of the New World.‡

FUSANG, MAGUEY, AGAVA AMERICANA.

We know that the flora of the north-western part of America is closely allied to that of China, Japan, and other lands of eastern Asia. We may also assume that the Fusang-tree was formerly found in America, and afterward, through neglect, became extinct. Tobacco and Indian corn seem always to have been as natural to China as to the New World. It is, however, much more probable that the traveller described a plant, hitherto unknown to him, which supplies as many wants of the natives as the original Fusang in eastern Asia; I mean the Great American Aloe *(Agave Americana)*, called by the Indians 'Maguey,' which rises in pyramidal flower-tufts above the circle of dark leaves, and which is so remarkably abundant in the plains of New-Spain. From the crushed leaves, even at the present day, a firm paper is prepared. Upon such paper those hieroglyphic manuscripts alluded to by the Buddhist missionary, and destroyed by the fanatic Spaniards, were written. From the sap an intoxicating drink is prepared. The large, stiff leaves serve to roof their low huts, and its fibres supply them with a variety of thread and ropes. From the boiled roots they prepare an agreeable food, and the thorns serve for pins and needles. This wonderful plant therefore supplies them with food, drink, clothing and writing materials; being, in fact, so fully

* Asiatic Researches, XVI. 316.
† Clavigero, II. 19.
‡ Prescott, I. 143.

satisfactory to every want of the Mexicans, that many persons well acquainted with the land and its inhabitants have asserted that the Maguey plant must be exterminated ere the sloth and idleness, the two great impediments which must ever hinder them from attaining a higher social position, can be checked.

METALS AND MONEY.

THE use of iron, now found so plentifully in New-Spain, was, as the Buddhist correctly remarked, unknown in Mexico. Copper and brass supplied its place, as was indeed the case at an early period in other countries. They prepared, however, according to Antonio de Herrera, two sorts of copper, a hard and a soft; the first of which was used to manufacture cutting tools and agricultural instruments, and the second for pots, and all manner of household implements. They understood the working of silver, tin and lead mines, but neither the silver nor gold which they picked up on the surface of the earth or found in the beds of rivers served as a circulating medium. These metals were not particularly prized in that land. Pieces of tin in the form of a common hammer, and bundles of cacao containing a determined number of seeds, were the usual money.

LAWS AND CUSTOMS OF THE AZTECS.

THE laws of the Aztecs were very strict, yet in the few remaining fragments of their hieroglyphical pictures, yet extant, we find no trace of the regulations of the land 'Fusang.' There existed, however, in the days of Montezuma, an hereditary nobility, divided into several ranks, of which authors give contradictory statements. *Zurita* speaks of four orders of chiefs, who were exempted from the payment of taxes and enjoyed other immunities.*

Their method of marrying resembled that practised at the present day in Kamtschatka. We have no account of their mourning ceremonies, but know that the king had a particular palace, in which he passed the time of mourning for his nearest relatives.† On the festivals of the gods they sounded horns and trumpets: this may have been done by the companions of the king as to a representative of the godhead.‡ The Aztecs reckoned according to a period of fifty-two years, and knew very exactly the time of the revolution of the earth about the sun. The ten-year cyclus spoken of in the Chinese report may have been a subdivision of the Aztec period, or have even been used as an independent period, as was indeed the case by the Chinese, who term their notations 'stems.' It is worthy of remark, that among the Mongols and Mantchous these 'stems' are named after colors, which perhaps have some relation to the several colors of the royal clothing in the cyclus of *Fusang*.|| These Tartaric tribes term the first two years of the ten-year cyclus 'green and greenish;' the two next, red

* PRESCOTT, i., 18. † MITHRIDATES, iii., 33.
‡ BERNAL DIAZ. Hist. de la Conquista, 152, 153; PRESCOTT iii., 87, 97.
|| GAUBIL, Observations Mathematiques. Paris, 1732, ii., 135.

and reddish; and so in continuation, yellow and yellowish, white and whitish, and finally black and blackish. It appears, however, impossible to bring this cyclus of the Aztecs into any relation with those of the Asiatics, who universally reckon according to a period of sixty years.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

THE Aztecs had no beasts of draughts or burden. Horses were not found in the New World. The report of the Chinese missionary has therefore no connexion with the later Mexican reigns. Two varieties of wild oxen, with large horns, ranged in herds on the plains of the Rio del Norte,* which might have been tamed by the earlier inhabitants, and used as domestic animals. Stags' horns have been found in the ruins of Mexican buildings; and Montezuma showed the Spaniards, as curiosities, immensely large horns of this description. It is possible that the stags formerly ranged from New California, and other regions of North America, where they are yet found in great numbers, to the interior of Mexico. To a native of China it must have seemed remarkable, that the Mexicans should have prepared butter from hinds' milk, since such a thing has seldom occurred, either in ancient or modern times, in China. When the inhabitants of Tschusan saw the English sailors milking she-goats, they could not retain their gravity. It is indeed possible that the Chinese have described an animal similar to the horse with the character *Ma*, or horse: changes of this nature are of frequent occurrence. In such a manner many names of animals in the Old World have been applied to others in the New of an entirely different nature. The eastern limits of the Asiatic continent are also the limits of the native land of the horse, and it appears that they were first taken in the third century of our era from Korea into Japan. But let the error in regard to the American horses have come from what source it will, the unprejudiced, circumspect inquirer, will not be determined on account of it to declare the entire report relating to Fusang Mexico an idle tale. It appears to me that this description of the western coast of America is at least as authentic as the account of the discovery of the western coast of America, as narrated in the Icelandic sagas.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE IN KAMTSCHATKA, AND THE HAWAIAN GROUP.

A NUMBER of facts, taken from the occurrences of later times, may be alleged to support the theory of a former connection of China and Japan with the islands which lie between those countries and America, and also with the western coast of the latter. Even if the Chinese and Japanese (to whom, with their knowledge of the compass, such an enterprise would have presented no difficulties) have never at any time intentionally undertaken a voyage to America, it has nevertheless happened that ships from Eastern Asia, China and Japan, as well as those of Russians from Ochotsk and Kamtscatka,† have been cast away on

* HUMBOLDT, Neuhispanien, ii., 138.

† AN account of a Russian ship, cast away A. D. 1761 on the coast of California, may be found in the travels of several Jesuit missionaries in America, published by MURR, Nürnberg, 1785, 337.

the islands and coasts of the New World. The earliest Spanish travellers and discoverers heard of foreign merchants who had landed on the northwest coast of America, and even assert that they saw fragments * of a Chinese vessel. This much we know, that the crew of a Japanese junk accidentally discovered a great continent in the East, remained there over winter, and safely returned home. The Japanese have remarked † that the land extended farther to the northwest. They may have wintered in California and then coasted north as far as Aliaska. Another Japanese vessel was wrecked about the end of the year 1832 on Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands, concerning which the Hawain Spectator ‡ contains the following observation: 'This Japanese vessel had nine men on board, who were bringing fish from one of the southern Chinese islands to Jeddo. A storm blew them out into the open sea, where they were driven about between ten and eleven months, until they finally landed in the haven Waiala, in the island Oahu. The ship was wrecked, but the men were brought safely to Honolulah, were they remained eighteen months, and then by their own desire were sent to Kamtschatka, whence they hoped to steal quietly into their own country; for the barbarously cruel government of Japan, mindful of the artifices of the Portuguese Jesuits, and continually fearing some plot on the part of the neigboring Russians, have forbidden even the return of their own ship-wrecked countrymen. As the natives of Hawaii,' so continues the Spectator, 'saw these foreigners, so similar to themselves in external appearance, and in many manners and customs, they were astonished, and declared unanimously 'There is no doubt on the subject; we came from Asia.'' Another example of a Japanese vessel in America, and of the unreflecting jealous policy of the Dairi, is as follows: During the winter of 1833–34 a Japanese junk was wrecked on the northwest coast of America, in the vicinity of Queen Charlotte's Island, and the numerous crew, weakened by hunger, were murdered by the natives, with the exception of two persons. The Hudson-Bay Company took charge of these unfortunate beings, and sent them in 1834 to England, whence they were forwarded to Macao.‖ This was considered a fortunate event, and the English hoped that the Japanese government, mindful of this kind treatment of their subjects, would show themselves grateful, and perhaps remove the restrictions against all foreigners. In vain: the ship that was to restore to the Japanese rulers their subjects, and at the same time extend the doctrines of CHRIST in their kingdom, (Karl Gützlaff was on board,) was received with a salute of cannon — *balls*, and obliged to leave — with unfulfilled intentions, the shores of this unhospitable land. All of these facts sufficiently show that the passage of Eastern Asiatics to the western islands and shores of America is in the highest degree possible. And on the contrary, it is also possible that

* TORQUEMADA Mon. Ind. iii., 7; Acosta, Hist. Nat. Amer. iii., 12.

† KAMPFER Geschichte von Japan, Lemgo, 1777, i., 82.

‡ HAWAIAN Spectator, i., 296, quoted in BELCHER's Voyage Round the World, (very interesting,) London, 1843, i., 304. JARVES' History of the Sandwich Islands, London, 1843, 27. According to the tradition of the islanders, several such vessels had been wrecked upon Hawaii before the island was discovered by the whites or Europeans.

‖ WASHINGTON IRVING, Rocky Mountains, ii., 240.

the inhabitants of these islands, in their weak boats, from time to time accidentally or intentionally may have landed upon the Asiatic continent. 'It is wonderful,' says the Jesuit Hieronymus d'Angelis, the first European who landed in Jeso, (A. D. 1618,) 'how bold and experienced are these people in the management of their vessels. In their frail boats they undertake voyages from two to three months' duration; and however often they may meet with wreck, still there are ever new adventurers ready to take their place and run the same risks.

THE FUTURE OF EASTERN ASIA.

THE pride and barbarism of the numerous countries situated on the coasts of Asia and America, as well as of the inhabitants of the islands lying between, have forbidden hitherto any hope of a relation, commercial or otherwise, between them and the more enlightened world. Our age, however, which has already broken through so many obstacles, never again to be closed, will ultimately break the chains of Eastern Asia, and give to the immense numbers imprisoned a 'world-movement:' (*welt bewegung.*) When this has been fully accomplished, (the beginning has already taken place,) we can first hope for a regular unbroken union between the eastern and western world.

A REMEMBRANCE.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

I.

WITHIN a sad, deserted house,
I passed an hour of gloom;
Behind the wainscot crawled the mouse —
The bat was in the room:
What heard I in that dreary house?
The sweet, low spirit-voice of one
Called early to the tomb.

II.

That voice was thine, my daughter dear!
It came my heart to thrill,
And, like an ocean-shell, mine ear
Retains the music still:
She said: 'Be joyous, father dear!
Unclouded morn will break at last
Upon a night of ill.'

III.

And I will rend the bonds that hold
In thrall my higher powers,
As broke the mighty man of old
Green withes, like chains of flowers;
Though hearts that should have loved are cold,
And eyes flash scorn that should have beamed
Like sunshine after showers.

STANZAS SET TO MUSIC.

All flowers of fragrant blowing,
All fruits of earth's bestowing,
Show with blaze of truth most glowing,
'God is love.'
Even storms of startling thunder
Clear the air they rend asunder;
Earth, refreshed, declares with wonder,
'God is love.'

All wealth of heart-stored treasure
Show with what o'er-running measure
'God is love:'
All care, all bitter sighing,
Ev'n the pang of loved ones dying,
Prove to hearts made pure with trying,
'God is love.'

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

BY O. D. TIMEKEEPER, GENT.

I HAVE a peculiar affection for old clocks; especially that sober race of puritanical clocks, with long, lank bodies, that stand so primly in the corners of rooms, slowly and discreetly ticking away the hours, as if it were a sober, solemn business, this disposing of time, as in truth it is; and that keep their hands always before their pious faces, as if to shut out the frivolous forms and fopperies of their later days. How impertinently your new-fangled clocks appear beside them! With what a rattle-headed jerk they tick off the minutes, as if they were impatient to come to the striking, and hear themselves jingle in their folly! You see none of this in the good old-fashioned time-pieces. I think they abominate striking: it gives them such spasms, and they strike so slowly and fearfully, that I am sure they dread it. Then how pertly these new clocks put their hands before their faces, like silly school girls, tittering at every thing they see! Give *me* the good old-fashioned clocks, in their rich mahogany casings, that smack of the olden time; the quaint old clocks, that look as if they had innumerable stories to tell me of my great-grandfather, who died an hundred years ago, at Salem, in 'the witch time.' I hope I am not blinded by family prejudice, but I *did* use to think that my grandfather's clock was the worthiest clock that ever ran up and down in the race with Time.

I sat by the fire-side one December night, looking full in the face of this old clock, counting its slow tickings, and wondering if it never got tired and stiff, standing there so straight and prim, and wishing all the

while that my grandfather would begin his promised story. But he seemed in no haste; for he sat in his accustomed corner, quietly smoking his pipe, and looking steadily into the glowing coals; peering, as I thought, into the changing embers to recognise the familiar forms and faces of old comrades and friends. I ventured to express this idea in a whisper to a little urchin whom my grandfather had undertaken to 'bring up,' and who now sat before the ruddy fire, trying on for the fiftieth time his first pair of boots. He said he 'thought it probable that he was;' and farther, he 'thought it sensible in the old gentleman to look there, as he knew no other place than the fire where my grandfather would be likely to find the forms of those old soldier 'nobs' with whom he had caroused in the wars.' Having relieved himself of this opinion, he carefully shut one eye for the space of half a minute, then opened it with a jerk, and went into the leather business with renewed energy. I was not a little scandalized at the impudence of the fellow, so I sat perfectly still, and relinquished my idea.

As I said before, my grandfather seemed in no hurry to commence his story, so I sat quite quiet, communing with my old friend the clock. I don't know but I might have continued to gaze at its honest face until this time, had it not suddenly stopped ticking, and distinctly winked at me! Yes, 'Old Knick.,' that old clock *winked at me;* not lewdly, as is but too common now-a-days, but solemnly and drowsily; not once, but twice, thrice, four times; and then it nodded; and what with nodding and winking, at length I lost sight of it entirely.

When I opened my eyes again, methought I saw a long baronial hall, with a polished oaken floor, and quaint oaken panelling, and thick oaken cornices round the ceiling; and then there were huge antlers nailed upon the walls, and prim, stately pictures starting out from the oaken wainscotting, and a great fire-place on one side, with a roaring fire in it, that sent dancing and flickering lights and shadows upon the polished panels, and played fantastic tricks with the old paintings, making them wave and quiver, and nod to one another in the most familiar and friendly manner. I assure you, Sir, I could hardly believe the evidence of my own senses when I saw that there was a goodly company of old-fashioned clocks assembled there. There were fat old oaken clocks, plethoric gentlemen, who wheezed and talked with difficulty; and there were slim mahogany clocks, prim stately ladies of the old school, who tossed their haughty heads, and 'bridled up,' and made sweeping courtesies, when the old gentlemen saluted them and facetiously asked 'how time went with 'em.' And then there were brazen-faced and solemn-faced and wooden-headed looking clocks; but they all bustled about and chatted and gossiped, in a truly wonderful manner for such ancient people. My grandfather's clock was there, and a gallant sprig of a beau he was. His puritanical manner had quite disappeared; he talked a great deal, and cut a great many jokes, and paid such pointed attentions to a blooming widow of a clock, that he kept her breast in a continual flutter. Ah! his attentions were almost scandalous; such as I never should have suspected of the staid old clock who used to stand in my grandfather's kitchen, and tell the church time on Sunday mornings!

Just at this moment there was a great bustle at the farther end of the hall, and in stalked a gentleman whom I knew immediately by his scythe and gray beard, for I had seen a picture of him in the primer only the day before. He bustled into the centre of the hall, and said, in quite a cheerful voice for so old a man, 'The company must n't lose time!'—at which pleasantry all the clocks smiled. Then he took a bunch of keys from his girdle, and stepping up to one of the clocks, thrust it into his breast and turned it for some time; at which liberty the clock looked indignant, and made a chuckling noise, and seemed as if about to strike; but he thought better of it, and did n't. When the old gentleman had visited all the company in like manner, he stepped to one side of the room and cried out that 'now that they were wound up, they could go;' at which all the clocks smiled again, as if old Time had 'come a good turn' on 'em. And now there was a great bowing and scraping among the clocks, and finally they all took their places on the floor and moved slowly off—'tick, tick, tick'—in the measure of the contra-dance. Forward and back, slowly, up and down, stately, vis-à-vis, this wheezy old gentleman balancing to that trim matron opposite, and that sleepy-looking clock at the farther end of the room hob-nobbing to himself, forgetting time and tune. Tick, tick!—Mahoganies change; my grandfather's clock and the blooming widow down the middle and up the outside; down the outside and up the middle; bless her! how her heart palpitated, and how amorously the old fellow eyed her! Ah, I fear he had but a sorry character in his youthful days, when he was nothing but a watch! Still, up and down, over and back (they kept wonderful time for such old people), until the Oaks got out of breath and the Mahoganies looked red in the face. Then they stopped and gathered into little groups, and began to be facetious and witty. One old fellow remarked that he felt nearly 'run down;' at which the gentlemen smothered their laughter, and the ladies grew redder in the face, and looked out of the window; for it reminded them of 'running down at the heel,' and 'heel' was n't exactly a proper word to use in the presence of high-born dames.

After a little time they took their places for a Scotch reel, and my grandfather's clock was just swinging his partners off in gallant style, when the hall-door burst open, and in rushed a jaunty rabble of modern clocks! They came in laughing and chattering like magpies. They all had short bodies and slim legs, which they dangled about curiously, looking like a troupe of modern ballet-dancers. The old clocks were quite shocked at the indecent spectacle, and with a haughty step they all moved out of the room, except my grandfather's, who stood looking angrily at them. Zounds! what a clatter and bustle there was there! How the young clocks hopped and danced through the cotillion! Right and left, hurry and tumble, short bodies and slim legs—how they flew round one another and round themselves! Up and down, and off in tangents; and how they giggled and tittered, and could n't have stood still if they were going to be burnt. And then, when they came to the jig, whew! how they 'went it!'—rat-a-ta-tat! each one 'going in to win'—and how the merry bells of each one jingled and rattled, keeping time to the clattering feet on the oaken floor! My

grandfather's clock could stand it no longer, so he strode firmly up to the dancers and exclaimed, 'ONE !'

When I looked up, my grandfather had his hand on the bed-room door-latch. He had told his story, and I had missed it. Reader, so have you; but if I 'm so sleepy another time, you may call my grandfather a tory !

STANZAS.

'WE are such stuff as dreams are made of.'

I.

WE have forgot what we have been,
And what we are we little know;
We fancy new events begin,
But all has happened long ago.

II.

Through many a verse life's poem flows,
But still, though seldom marked by men,
At times returns the constant close;
Still the old chorus comes again.

III.

The childish grief — the boyish fear —
The hope in manhood's breast that burns;
The doubt — the transport and the tear —
Each mood, each impulse, oft returns.

IV.

Before mine infant eyes had hailed
The new-born glory of the day,
When the first wondrous morn unveiled
The breathing world that round me lay:

V.

The same strange darkness o'er my brain
Folded its close, mysterious wings,
The ignorance of joy or pain,
That each recurring midnight brings.

VI.

Full oft my feelings make me start,
Like foot-prints on some desert shore,
As if the chambers of my heart
Had heard their shadowy step before.

VIII.

So, looking into thy fond eyes,
Strange memories come to me, as though
Somewhere — perchance in Paradise —
I had adored thee long ago.

S. W. S.

PEMMAQUID LIGHT.

BY WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER.

WINDETH the white and dusty way
O'er uplands green, by low-roofed homes,
Through forests where in sunniest day
Naught but a sleepy darkness comes.

Behind us lies the busy town,
Beside us flows the broad blue stream,
Before us fields asleep and brown
Of many a future harvest dream.

The hamlet and its noisy mill,
The valley and the sloping lea,
Fly past us; we have reached the hill;
Its top is gained, and lo! the sea.

But not without a struggle yields
Earth to her foe the right to reign;
See where her hosts still bear their shields;
See where the Isles defy the Main.

Oh, gallant band! your brows are worn
With the perpetual strife of years,
And but one sound from ye is borne:
Your laugh at Ocean's angry tears!

The waves are down, the wind has ceased,
The surging swells from foam are free,
And in the far and hazy east
The sky is melted in the sea.

And, nearer yet, at anchor ride
The sturdy plunderers of the main;
I see the clear and glassy tide
Flash back each rope, each mast again.

Within this rough and rocky reach
The little waves come up and play;
The round, worn stones that line the beach
Are hardly sprinkled with their spray.

White as the angel-wing of Hope,
Firm as the rock from which it springs,
The Light-House crowns the rocky slope,
And o'er the sea its far glance flings.

Oh, lone, pale watcher! when the night
Came on with hissing sleet and storm,
How hath the sailor hailed thy light,
How hath he blessed thine unseen form!

What hast thou seen, what hast thou heard,
When wintry waves have talked with thee?
Had not the winds a taunting word?
Were there no voices in the sea?

It may be, but thou answerest not;
To-day, with thine unwakened eye,
Thou hast in thy stern sleep forgot
The smiles or frowns of sea or sky.

Thus thought I on that summer day,
When, with companions warm and true,
Upon those surf-beat rocks I lay
And gazed out o'er the waters blue.

Newcastle (Me.), August 20, 1850.

THE AMERICAN THREE DAYS OF JULY.

THERE are two phases of revolution, equally dangerous to existing governments, but widely different in character and in the magnitude of their results. The one is short, sanguinary and unlooked for: The other sure and effectual, but the work of time. The one comes like the wild crash of the avalanche, overwhelming every thing in its desolating track: the other resembles the course of the noble river, rolling majestically onward to mingle its waters with the ocean.

Each is a type of national character; and no events are so impressive, no synchronisms so startling, as those which display in vivid contrast the glorious effulgence marking the accomplishment of the one, and the worse than chaotic darkness which shrouds the issue of the other.

France emerged from the confusion of her first revolutionary period a shattered and dismantled hulk, tossed to and fro on the angry waves of change. Unmindful of the fiëry ordeal through which they had been forced to pass, her people suffered their frail barge to drift where'er it might, unpiloted save by stranger hands. Wandering through the labyrinthine paths of reform, they never reached the Pisgah from whose welcome summit they could survey the enchanting prospect which imagination had depicted. The Republic passed along the stage with its crimes, its fearful orgies, its countless horrors, and the dazzling era of the empire gave place at length to the Second Restoration. The scenes of the past fifty years had all been vainly acted; and while marble column and colossal statue commemorated the warrior's deeds and the patriot's death, the living could only boast of a recompense as valueless. The charter, that gift wrung from the hard hands of royalty, became the Frenchman's heritage. How natural that he should idolize its privileges, purchased as they were at an immense sacrifice of blood and treasure! Who but an idiot or a Bourbon could disregard the instructive lessons so often and so fatally repeated? But oaths were forgotten, royal pledges violated, and

Charles the Tenth drank to the dregs the bitter draught which his own hands had mized.

Then came the 'Three Days of July,' memorable days for France. In that brief space, all love for kingly prerogative was obliterated, all reverence for authority uprooted from the national mind. Instead of appeals and remonstrances, angry cries of defiance rent the air, and the thrilling strains of the Marseilles Hymn echoed clarion-like through the streets of Paris. The government of the barricades became the government of France, without one element of perpetuity or adaptation to the national life. That struggle, that government, those three days, with their brilliant concourse of events, exemplify too faithfully the headlong, injudicious impetuosity of those who use no weapon but the sword against oppression.

America chose the better part, for she too can boast her 'three days of July,' days glorious indeed, and marked on history's pages with no bloody stain. The Anglo-Saxon hardihood that wrested magna charter from King John, suffered nothing by a trans-atlantic pilgrimage. It upheld in feeble infancy, and has preserved in vigorous youth, 'Time's last and noblest empire.' Years before the ties which bound us to the mother country were forever sundered, colonial union had knit together every section, and made all interests alike. The colonists, as if guided by prophetic inspiration, were unconsciously fanning the flame which was to set all Europe in a blaze. They banded together for mutual defence and mutual protection. They gave the hand of fellowship to each other, swearing to preserve inviolate the league which they had made. The 'Fourth of July,' 1754, witnessed the consummation of this happy union. Our government was then like the statue of Pygmalion, beautiful and lifeless, wanting only the spark of independence to lighten up that cold but heavenly form. Slowly, patiently and unrepiningly, the faithful laborers in a holy cause toiled on. They had planted in its bed the broad foundation stone, but they lacked the fabled power of Eastern Genii to raise at will the stately column, majestic dome and well-proportioned arch. They comprehended every danger andcalculated every cost ere the bold plunge was made into the unfathomed ocean of futurity. The spectacle of archons, consuls, doges, wielding the tyrant's sceptre under the cloak of liberty, had made its due impression. Before the strong and steady sunlight of federal sovereignty the uncertain flame of the English constitution and the glare of the 'fierce democracie' 'paled their ineffectual fires.' Doubt, wavering and misgivings changed to the stern, inflexible resolve, and on the 'Fourth of July,' 1776, the Rubicon of our national destiny was crossed. Twenty-two years had elapsed since the period of colonial union, and now the second of the days of July had passed, bearing with it the last lingering traces of colonial vassalage.

The war of the revolution ended, the right of distinctive nationality was acknowledged, and the confederation stood before the world a living, breathing giant, bound to a corrupt and loathsome form. The States had in an unbroken phalanx battled against a common foe: they had sacrificed every prejudice and paltry jealousy on the altar of patriotism, supporting with unfaltering loyalty the continental cause. But, hat enemy prostrate and that cause victorious, their triumph still was

unsubstantial and illusive. The frail federative league held them suspended above the gulf of civil strife, a sad and sickening spectacle, until they were o'ershadowed by the protecting Ægis of the constitution. The rich treasure-house of the past was open, and all that was excellent and good they culled, discarding every corroding vice and cumbersome adornment. With bold hearts nerved for the perilous achievement, the fathers of the republic gathered around the council-board. Hand-in-hand they labored, one pure, unselfish purpose governing chieftain, sage and statesman. On the 'Fourth of July', 1787, Randolph's resolutions, as the basis of the constitution, were referred to a committee. The third of the days of July had come, the last crowning act was completed, and the stately edifice towered in majestic grandeur, a model for all coming time.

The American 'Three days of July' are parts of our nation's history: they are epochs to which after generations can point with pride and exultation. Glorious beyond compare, because they show that America mistook not the lurid glare of the meteor of revolution for the star of freedom; glorious in the sanctifying, hallowing radiance reflected by the dying blessings of three honored Presidents of the Republic to whose great names another has just been added by the mysterious dispensation which has clad the land in the habiliments of woe. Glorious beyond our poor conception, for GOD'S overruling providence is plainly pictured there. Time cannot erase them from memory's tablet. The gatherer of the lore of ages, the warrior chieftan, the crown-encircled monarch die and are forgotten. Nature herself teaches forgetfulness; the battle-field forgets the blood sprinkled upon its turf; the sky forgets the storm; and the water the noon-day sun that slept upon its bosom. But the heralds of an empire's birth are saved from such a fate; saved, even if the sun of America's glory should sink in eternal night. There they are, bright jewels in the casket which contains our national annals; there they will remain while the gorgeous ensign of the republic floats over land and sea, undimmed, untarished, unscathed by the touch of Time, until its mission ended, it shall be furled beneath that spotless banner of the cross, which angel hands shall plant above the banners of all nations of the earth, upon the towers of heaven.

J. H. S.

Wilmington, (Delaware.)

LOVE WITHOUT A HOME.

My Love which to and fro was driven,
Like frightened dove by hawk oppress'd,
Has reach'd, she fondly hoped, her nest
Within a bower, which seemed a heaven.
Poor little dove! hope sternly wasted!
No other fate could be so sad!
A glimpse of home was all she had,
When by the lightning's stroke 't was blasted.
Ah! now she wanders as of old,
Flutters, poor thing, 'tween earth and heaven,
No place invites her wing to fold;
That heart whose pity, kindly given,
Might be as once her shelt'ring haven,
Beats now for her on earth no more.

A PRAIRIE SIGHT.

Oh! boundless sea of living green!
How many souls have wandered o'er
The surface of thy grassy wave,
And found its swell a lonely grave,
Wherein to sleep for evermore!

I look upon the painted flower;
I gaze upon each fairy ring
Which marks the spot where dropped a tear,
While some lost angel hovered near,
A moment on her shining wing.

I listen to the lark's wild song,
And turn to where some gushing rill
Meanders from a woodland belt,
And laughs, as if it ne'er had felt
Necessity for being still.

A thousand swelling lays I catch,
I note a thousand blending hues:
A thousand perfumes floating by
Entrance my senses as I try
To win soft measures from my muse.

But all in vain! My mood is sad!
I strive but cannot smile; and now
A trembling steals through every limb,
Wild fancies in my vision swim,
Cold drops of sweat roll down my brow.

To chase such dreamings from my brain,
I leave the camp-trail far behind;
And humming, as I ride alone,
Some love-lay in an under tone,
Through scented pea-beds slowly wind.

And bring my jaded horse at last
To where a tuft of bull-grass grows:
He madly leaps aside; a bone
Lies parching in the sun, chance-thrown,
Upon a blooming prairie-rose.

Deep-stained by mould, with here and there,
Small pieces ground and crumbled fine;
As if a strong and savage jaw
Had feasted on the frame before
Decay could trace its blueish line.

I turn to fly! It seems to move!
A trembling half-starved prairie-mouse
Has made her nest within the ring,
(Where marrow once lay festering,)
From feathers of the mountain grouse!

A human skull is bleaching near;
Six grinning teeth the sockets show:
A hole is crushed between the eyes;
A feathered arrow by it lies,
And not far-off, a broken bow.

Was it a deed of violence?
Or did gaunt Famine strike him down?
To be assured, I stoop apace,
And searching very closely, trace
The scalp-knife's circle on the crown!

God save me from a fate like this!
'T is nature's law that man must die!
But when I hear that trumpet call,
I wish to say, 'good-by' to all,
And name the spot where I shall lie!

New-Orleans, August, 1850. MERRELL.

INGLESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

EDITED BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

We were all seated before the study fire. Two opulent candles burned on the mantel-piece, and the solar glowed behind us on the table. The cards were untouched, and the wine stood neglected in the half-drained glasses. Only the light clouds of cigar-smoke were moved with gaiety, and they seemed half melancholy as they streamed up in spiral lines, and dipped again in broad thin waves toward the fire, and then, half hesitating, shot up the chimney-throat together.

On the left the Doctor and the Parson were equal monarchs of the great sofa. The Lieutenant, with his gold-headed cane, mused in the rocking-chair to the right. Wrapped in flannels, a skeleton in the easy-chair sat shivering, directly in front of the red fire, a mockery of the 'Squire's former self; yet he held in his thin fingers a genuine Trabuno, now and then raising it to his lips, as if in token of the love he bore it, even on the brink of the grave.

'I think you *will* die easily,' answered the Doctor.

'God grant you may!' said the Parson.

'I hope so,' faintly sighed the 'Squire.

'What is the use of dying at all?' ejaculated the Lieutenant, shrugging his shoulders, and showing his firm, white teeth, with a comical, yet thoughtful smile.

We all smiled, and then the smile grew to a hearty laugh at the suddenness of his grim humor, for he had scarcely spoken before.

'Why trifle with the decrees of Providence?' said the Parson, recovering himself.

'Trifle? I am *not* trifling,' answered the Lietenant, gravely. 'You clergymen send as many people prematurely into 'kingdom come' as

the very doctors themselves. They help on the work, and you finish it. Between you both, scarce a gray scalp in a thousand adorns the trophy-belt of the old scare-crow Thanatos. Disease comes, and then drugs; and while the body is bathed in lassitude, *you* come and enervate the soul, bidding a man yield himself quietly to the 'Decrees of PROVIDENCE,' and make him think the battle lost, and that nothing is left but to yield at discretion. That 's not the way armies are saved in peril. If you counselled so on the field, you would be tied hand and foot, and swung over your horse, under guard, to be shot with the next rising sun. *I* counsel Jack to fight every inch in his retreat; and if at last he is cut down, let him die handsomely — stuck in the *breast*, and not run through the *back!* If, however, his heart is a milk-pot, I do n't care *how* he dies, or *when*.'

'I only wish, instead of poor Jack, I had *you* for a patient, Lieutenant; if I would n't take the pride out of you, I 'm no doctor,' said the Doctor.

'I half wish you *were* in Jack's place, Lieutenant, and then you would show more Christian humility,' said the Parson.

'Very likely,' answered the Lieutenant; 'and while one cupped my chest, the other would cup my soul, I suppose; and I should soon find myself in Charon's boat, compounding, in the stern-sheets, a sop for dainty Cerberus. When I feel sick, blessed little will I have to do with either of you, unless you promise to bring prescriptions neither for soul nor body.'

'Would you die like a Pagan?' asked the Parson.

'No; I would die like a *man!*' answered the Lieutenant, rather tartly.

'You 'd die like a dog, I guess,' said the Doctor, 'if you shut your mouth against physic.'

'And your heart against religion,' chimed in the Parson.

'You are worse than a brace of Florida mosquitoes,' said the Lieutenant; 'but for all that, I 'll have my say, and you shall hear it out. If you would show half the energy in keeping people out of the grave that you do in fighting an idea, you would both reach celebrity in a twelve-month; the one for successful practice, and the other for true religion; common-sense being at the bottom in both cases. Energy is the best doctor and the best priest. It will preach, and practise too, better than either of you. And speaking of 'Florida mosquitoes' touches the point.

'When I was in the 'Everglades,' I led out a picked scouting-party some two miles from camp, and not finding any trace of Indians, or of the three men and blood-hound we had lost the day before, was quietly on my return, when all at once, as we were passing single file through a hammock of sycamores, some of my men dropped before me, as if struck by lightning; while the crack of half-a-dozen rifles told the reason why, although, except this, neither eye nor ear could detect the enemy. Involuntarily I gave the word to halt; but knowing that with my reduced force it would be worse than folly to turn at bay against a hidden foe, I ordered 'quick march,' leaving the poor fellows struggling in the death-agony; and although it was not a run, yet I did a

piece of the most lofty walking after those six men that I ever did in my life, before or since ——.'

'*Speaking of mosquitoes,*' interrupted the Doctor, quietly wiping his gold spectacles, without looking up.

The 'Squire smiled, and smothered a cough in his handkerchief, and the Parson actually tittered; but the Lieutenant went on.

'We had gone some two hundred, or two hundred and fifty yards, when I heard a heavy breathing behind me, and as I cocked my short double rifle, and wheeled around, who should I find, within ten yards of me, on the full run, but one of the men we had left writhing in the hammock. He carried his musket in his right hand, while the other arm dangled from his side like a wet rope, the blood fairly spirting down the sleeve-wrist. He fell just before he reached us, exhausted with fatigue and pain and loss of blood.

'I can see that man now — *man* in the most masculine and heroic sense — his dark cheek pale, his lips bloodless and compressed, and his heavy brow pressing down on his closed eyes. No groan escaped him. Only the measured and almost convulsive heaving of his full chest betokened life. I felt a new thrill. Dead or alive, that noble fellow should be carried into camp, or I would sacrifice my own life, and the lives of my men! Such is the caprice of human feeling. Twenty minutes before, I had left him and his companions without a thought, except of saving the lives of the unwounded: and now for *one*, nearer dead than ever, all care for safety was drowned, and I felt nothing but compassion and the spirit of deadly revenge.

'Scattering my little force, to skulk behind the trees and be ready for the red rascals in their own style, I dragged the poor fellow behind a wild orange, to staunch his wounds; and ripping up his coat and shirt-sleeve with my dirk, was surprised to find that his arm was not broken. A rifle-ball had passed through the muscles just above the elbow, and severed a large vein. A twist or two of my handkerchief stopped the blood there, and I set about finding what the matter was elsewhere; for that wound could not have swelled his arm so frightfully, and made him grate his teeth as he did from the moment I touched it. I gave him a swallow of brandy, not daring to let him drink freely, for those green solitudes were like an oven that day — absolutely stifling. Ripping down his coat and shirt together, I laid his shoulder bare, and just behind the collar-bone found a wad of silk protruding, which he had stuffed into a bullet-hole. The blood was effectually staunched, but the whole shoulder was swelled and livid.

''This is not the first time you have been *shot in the neck?*' said I.

''No, Sir,' said he; 'but do just dig that 'strawberry' out of my back, for it burns like a live coal.'

''Out of your back,' said I; 'why that bullet is safe in your lungs, long ago.'

''I feel it in my *back*, Lieutenant, and if your 'tooth-pick' is sharp, I want the d — d thing out.'

'At it I went. The direction which the stopple indicated tallied with the poor fellow's notion, and in a few seconds I came to the conclusion that the ball, if not in his lungs, must be lodged under the shoulder-

blade. That part was more horribly discolored than the rest; and knowing that any thing was preferable to the agony he then suffered, I made a lunge, and happily struck the ball, on the under edge of the bone, and pulled it out with my fore-finger. I waited till the blood assumed the true color, and ramming the wound tight with lint, bathed the whole shoulder some time with brandy, fastened his coat and shirt over it, as best I could, and told him to sit up. And he did sit up, and thanked me into the bargain.

'"Now that you are able,' said I, 'just tell me how you got off safe from the red-skins, for I thought you had all got your death-warrants signed, sealed and delivered?'

'"I thought I *was* dead!' said he, 'when you marched off, and the other men, and no mistake. I felt you turn me over, and heard you say: 'Dead as the devil!' but I could n't stir, and gave myself up for a dead man. In about a minute, and while I could still hear the hollow tramping of your feet in the distance, my eyes came open of themselves, and I began to think I was not quite dead after all. So I tried to halloo, but my tongue would n't go off; and then I tried to get up, but I was on my left side, and had to roll over, and then, after a little coaxing, managed to gain my legs. Picking up my piece, and cocking it with my foot, I stirred the bodies of my comrades, and finding them wholly dead, *'put'* after you as fast as my two legs could go, and had got off some fifty or sixty rods, when I heard a 'whoop,' and felt a bullet strike my left arm. Half way here I stumbled and fell, and then began to pray, for I imagined my scalp would be at the belt of some young 'brave' in less than no time. But while I was praying, I kind o' thought that GOD would n't help me if I did n't help myself; so I stopped, tore off a strip of my handkerchief with my teeth, and stuffed it into my shoulder. I grew faint, and the blood kept spouting up over my collar; so I out with my ramrod, and with the small end rammed away at the piece of silk till I *rammed it home*, and then started again 'full chisel.' Here I am, safe and sound, after a fashion; and when I get rested, I am going to pray again.'

'"Praying won't save you, I am afraid,' said I. 'A man can't stand it long here in this hot swamp, with his shoulder half mortified, to begin with; and we 've got a good mile yet to get into camp.'

'"I can stand a good deal yet,' said he.

'"Very well,' said I. Ordering the men from their skulk, they broke a litter of boughs, and we were soon on our march; the litter, borne by four stout shoulders, in the van, the other two men in the centre, and the Lieutenant bringing up the rear. The poor fellow fainted once, after a hard jolt, and I gave him a little more brandy.

'"I 'm afraid you *will* die,' said I.

'"Die?' said he, through his teeth; 'die? I 'll be d——d if I do!'

'"No doubt of *that*,' said I; 'but had n't you better 'get rested' pretty soon, and pray, as you said you would?'

'"Beg your pardon, Lieutenant; I *am* a hard case, that 's a fact; but I 'll bet a month's pay, and liquor rations to boot, that I shall be just as well off in 'kingdom come' as if I had all my life *served God through my nose!*'

'He kept his word, and did n't die. Ten days after, he was on his feet, doing duty. The surgeon found a rifle-bullet—'mashed strawberry,' the gallant fellow termed it—flattened on the top of his skull! The Indians fired from the trees on us, which I did not know at the time; but 'thereby hangs a tale.' I have been prosy enough; but the Doctor and the Parson deserve the infliction.'

'That fellow had good nerves,' said the Doctor.

'Ah, yes, but he was a scoffer!' said the Parson.

'And profane person!' coughed the 'Squire, who thereupon painfully rose from his easy-chair, and going to the walnut secretary, brought back a packet tied with red tape, which he opened, and from it carefully poked a sealed paper into the red coals of the glowing grate.

The 'Squire, while folding his flannel gown more closely around him and sitting down, glanced with a fidgetty look at a few scrawled and irregular characters on the inside of the envelope, which he retained in his hand. It drew our attention; and we perceived stealing over his pale and sunken cheek 'the ghost of a blush,' as 'Peter Von Geist' would say, the which as rapidly departed.

'What have you there?' said we all.

'Nothing; that is, nothing worth keeping,' said he; 'and yet I hate to burn it. The truth is, I sometimes indulge in rhymes; and although they are generally flung in the fire as soon as written, yet, once in a long while, I have laid one by to smile at in a lazy hour. If the Parson will look at this trifle, and judge whether it becomes a man so near his end to dwell even for a moment on so light a thing, he may read it to you, if he will.'

While the Parson was laboriously deciphering the manuscript, now turning it one way and now another, the 'Squire succeeded in stifling a coughing-fit, sipped a little wine, and re-lighted his Trabuno.

'I like it well enough, as a merely innocent worldly thing,' said the Parson; 'but I *do* think a devotional *hymn* would have come better from you. I am not an ascetic, nor an enthusiast of any stamp; yet it were meet that even with his pen a dying man should point toward the heavenly shores. God claims our thoughts at all times, but especially while we are robing for the tomb.'

'I see, I see,' replied the 'Squire; 'but perhaps there is no great difference between us. A devotional hymn I could not have written at the time I wrote that; but I look upon all true poetry as holy. If the poet's soul is pure, he cannot write any thing to offend the great Being who gave the gift of poetry. Think you indeed that He does not prefer the free and happy warble of the thoughtless bird a thousandfold to the dull verse of half your hymn-grinders, and the nasal roar with which he is regaled in half your Sabbath-worship? I know you do. I know you are not an ascetic, nor an enthusiast; and I therefore know how you look on these things when you give them thought. I do not claim the title of poetry for the little thing you hold, but I *do* claim that the frame of mind which gave birth to it was just as holy, and just as acceptable to the Divine Father, as the best hymn you ever saw; more so than fifty in a hundred that grace most 'collections.' I will wager a hamper of true 'Johannisburg,' if the truth can be got

at, that Watts wrote most of his famous hymns under the inspiration of a severe belly-ache.

'Those careless lines of mine were penned last fall on the reception of a 'curt notelet' from DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER THE YOUNGER, dated at 'Dobb, his Ferry,' and indited in the red juice of the scoke, or poke-berry, the *phytolacca decandra* of science. He had squeezed this 'extemporaneous ink' with his own hand, plucked the berries with his own hand, on the shores of Tappaän Zee; and thoughts kindred to those *he* felt swelled in my own bosom. DIEDRICH'S heart was beating anew in the breast of boyhood, I ween. He drew in large and bracing draughts of the October air; the broad bay was now become a sweet, small lake, wherein were painted in warm reflection the clear autumn sky, the round western sun, the forest boughs, blazing with gold and crimson, the spire of a church, seen dimly afar down in the limpid wave, wild-fowl along the shores, or speeding across the sky, while to his ear came the tinkle of sheep-bells, the far-off lowing of kine, the chirp of the squirrel darting here and there among the tree-tops, the dropping of nuts on the rustling floor of the woods, the crack of the sportsman's rifle echoed from the hills, and on his shoulder leaned one, loved better than himself (now, alas! serenely sleeping under the violets), dreaming with boyhood's rapture the dreams that made him POET in after years; glad, pure, kind-hearted, generous, *genial* 'OLLAPOD!' These, or like them, were DIEDRICH'S sad, sweet, electric, *amber*-colored fancies, while he dipped his pen and wrote; and when his scarlet missive reached the 'Squire, it wrapped *him* also in visions sweet; erased cold, intervening years; led him to Green Brook's grassy brim, to Pine Hill's glorious summits; spread before his swimming eye the village green, the church, the old red school-house, with its ink-bespattered walls within, now desecrated, alas! with modern paper-hangings; the merry ball-play up on Furnace Hill; faces that shone with youth's health and truthfulness, now scattered, some east and west and south and o'er the wide, wide sea, and some that long ago paled and grew to marble and fled beneath the yew! But not too sad was that swift vision; nay, if there were an evening tinge that flecked it, it was that of a glowing sunset, soft, mellow and entrancing. Such, Mr. Parson, was the holy trance of feeling that brimmed my heart and overflowed in rhyme.'

The Parson made no reply, but read to us

A RED-LETTER LYRIC.

BY JOHN INGLE.

A LITTLE bird sings in my ear,
With voice triumphant, sweet and clear,
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

Whence the bird comes I cannot say,
But ever it sings, by night and day,
Now overhead, now far away,
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

No one listens, only me;
No other the little bird can see;
And its note is soft and full and free,
And now in my ear rings merrily,
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

Full of delight, I shut my eyes,
Dreaming old dreams that you despise,
While softly and sweetly the little bird cries
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

Then up in my heart there springs
A picture vast of forgotten things,
As if it came on the little bird's wings,
Painted before me while it sings
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

A lovely face, well known of old,
Smiles through tresses of waving gold:
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry

And a voice is whispering, sweet and low,
Something that sets my heart a-glow;
The echo of something *I* whispered low:
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

Down by the brook I wander now,
And bend for a swing the beechen bough:
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

Listing the partridge's autumn drum,
And the wild-bee's consecrated hum:
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

Or watch the thistle-down up in the sky,
And the screaming hawk swift sailing by,
And little of care or pain have I!
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

Then I use for a mirror the dancing brook,
And paint my face till I think I look
Like the grim old Indian in the book:
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

And hie me, at last, so late to school,
That 'the master' ferules me a '*fool*,'
With the box-wood and not the golden rule:
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

Ah, that old school-house, painted red!
The 'afternoon' at length has sped,
As if borne by the steeds of DIOMED,
And the truant 'fool' is '*up at the head!*'
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

And home we go, a shouting crew,
The knots in the fences stoning through,
And scaring the stage with our 'hullaballoo:'
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

Gather the clouds in the gorgeous West,
Sinks the broad sun to his evening rest [drest:
Down the woods which the harlequin Frost has
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

And when Sleep's starry curtain falls,
And I walk her grand, unearthly halls,
Still in my ear the little bird calls
'Scoke-berry! Scoke-berry!'

'To the 'Old KNICK.' with it!' said the Doctor.

'It is hardly a godly rhyme, so it *may* be well to destroy it,' said the Parson.

'P'shaw!' said the Lieutenant; 'do n't you '*smoke?*' '

The Parson looked confused.

Hereupon the clock struck the half-hour; the 'Squire's hand was squeezed 'Good-night;' and the Lieutenant, loitering a second or two by the table, leaned over the back of the easy chair and whispered in his ear: 'What was it, Jack, you threw in the fire?'

'My WILL!' answered he.

'Then you are *not* going to die yet a-while, I see!'

'Die?—I 'll be d——d if I do!' said the 'Squire, energetically, and aloud.

'Whew!' whistled the Doctor in the entry-way.

'Have n't any doubt of *that!*' soliloquised the Parson, while drawing on his red 'Canadas.'

'*Speaking of mosquitoes!*' said the Lieutenant quietly to them both, as they shut the front-door and went out into the snow.

ANACREONTIC STANZAS.

Σὺ μὲν φίλη χελιδὼν.

In the spring the swallow cometh,
Makes her nest and dwells awhile;
Autumn darkens, and she roameth
Off to Memphis and the Nile:
Ah! unlike the friendly swallow
Is the love within my breast;
Building, brooding, and abiding,
It will never give me rest.

I am vainly waiting, watching
For the troubler to depart:
Ah! I feel the young loves hatching;
How they flutter at my heart!
She is flown, the friendly swallow,
But the love within my breast,
Ever brooding, spring and winter,
Never will forsake the nest.

The Antique Goblet.

BY CURTIS GUILD.

I.

Hail! massy old relic of years that have flown,
Of those merry old days that forever have gone,
When the bright gleaming bubbles that merrily swim
Have circled within thee and foamed at thy brim:
How oft in those old feudal times, at the board
Where sparkling in light the red liquor was poured,
And the armor and banners all hung on the wall,
In the flash of the torches that lighted the hall.

II.

The knights and retainers were gathered around,
And loud doth the peal of their revelry sound;
While the stout feudal baron, the chief of the band,
Hath raised thee, old goblet! on high in his hand:
The feast and the revel, the shout and the laugh,
The pledge of the gallants o'er wine that they quaff,
The clink of the goblets together that shine,
As the knights raise their cups with 'Success to the vine!'

III.

Then high at the head of the table doth stand,
With a smile on his lip and the cup in his hand,
The baron — the brave feudal baron of old,
Who drinks with his knights and retainers so bold:
But hark! the wild sound of the revel has ceased,
And hushed for a while is the din of the feast:
'T is the voice of the minstrel whose melody rings,
'T is his magical touch that sweeps over the strings.

IV.

Now sweetly he chants the soft music of love,
And the strains die away in the rafters above;
Then changing the measure, of battle he sings,
Till the hall with the shout of the battle-field rings;
Or when in sad numbers the sound of the dirge
Peals in deep solemn tone, like the moan of the surge,
Till waked from its sadness, the livelier strain
Flows on in glad measure of music again.

V.

How oft at such revels, old cup! hast thou been?
O, wouldst thou could tell of the sights thou hast seen!
Of the dark-bearded mouths that have pressed at thy rim,
Or the red lip of beauty that breathed at its brim:
Perchance thou hast held the dark poisonous draught
Which the victim of tyrants or treachery quaffed,
And e'en while a moment upheld in his grasp
The cold hand of death has unloosened his clasp.

VI.

Or perchance, by the sick, all pallid with pain,
Thou hast held the pure nectar that cheered them again;
In the hand of the maiden, the grasp of the knight,
And glowing with deep rosy wine in the light:
All, all hast thou seen, as ages have flown
And left thee, old goblet! still gleaming alone;
And those that have drained thee, the young and the brave,
Have passed and have vanished; gone down to the grave!

VII.

And the deeds of the brave feudal barons of yore,
They glimmer but faintly in history's lore;
Their battles, their feasts, their retainers so true,
Have faded away from our memories too:
But I 'll think, as I gaze on this massy old cup,
Of those merry old days when the knights took it up,
And from it a bumper I 'll drain with a cheer
To the knights of old times and their memories dear!

Boston, August 21, 1850.

SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY MONTGOMERY D. PARKER, U. S. C.

LEAVING our kind friends at St. Paul de Loando, who during the whole of our stay had treated us with the greatest attention, we replenished our sea stock of fruit by large drafts upon the orange boats, which come off in fleets to pay us a parting call (and *to be paid* some of good old 'Uncle Sam's dollars), and were soon standing out of the harbor, with a fair wind, on our northward cruise, and anchored at about sundown of the same day off Dande Point and river. Our object in visiting this place was to fill up with wood and water, which we were told at St. Paul we could do much easier and at a less expense than any where else on the coast. We remained at anchor nearly a week, during which time I took many pleasant tramps on shore, and made quite a long and interesting trip up the river in the captain's gig; for the fatigue and discomforts of which, in being exposed to a burning sun and mosquitoes, I was amply repaid by the novelty of things in this vicinity, when compared with other parts of the coast which I had already visited.

People at home, and more particularly those having friends in the navy — indeed, officers in the navy themselves — have accustomed themselves to speak and think of the African station as the *ne plus ultra* of all that is disagreeable and to be dreaded; and when the disadvantages to one's own personal comfort is alone to be considered, it is not perhaps unnatural that they should look upon it, as I know many of them do, as the Botany Bay of the navy, and carry out with them

a discontented mind, which alone is enough to make 'fever-and-ague' fatal. It has, like many other things, a dark and a bright side. The means of communication between officers on the station and their friends at home are very irregular and uncertain, which is the greatest of the evils I ever experienced there, and one much to be regretted; but I do not know that it is more felt here than on the other naval stations, excepting the Mediterranean. For the news of the world the African cruiser has to depend upon a chance newspaper, picked up often enough perhaps on board of some merchant or slave-ship, and then dated some six or eight months back; making one feel painfully conscious that what is news to him has sunk into oblivion where the said 'news' originated. The mess stock of sea-stores, husbanded with all the care of a good caterer, sometimes runs low, without the prospect of replenishing, and visions of 'salt junk' and 'hard tack' dance before the irritated eyes of the watch officers, who 'growl' at the caterer until he growls defiance and threatens to resign his post. Then there is the climate, enervating doubtless when one is unnecessarily exposed to it for too long a time, and highly dangerous to careless livers, and useless adventures in sickly places, but not near so bad as commonly represented, where prudence is observed, and not to be compared for unhealthiness with the generality of the East Indies. The rainy seasons on the African coast are very unpleasant, but a winter in the Mediterranean is infinitely more so. There are tornadoes and heavy rain-squalls, with thunder and lightning in any quantities, which however always give timely notice of their approach, so that sail can be taken in and things made snug; which is more than can be said of a 'bora' in the Gulf of Venice or a 'nor'-wester' on our own coast. To the traveller, or to a man of an observing disposition, fond of seeing and comparing the different countries of the world, with their varieties of climate and scenery, and the costumes, manners, and modes of living of the inhabitants in their original state, Africa presents a never-failing and untiring scene of interest and attraction. I say Africa, but should more correctly express myself as meaning the African coast and the country immediately adjacent to it; for in reality but little is known, even at this late period, of the inland country, notwithstanding the heroic endeavors of Park, the Landers, Tuckey, Clapperton, and other daring men, most of whom perished in their untimely and ill-fated attempts to penetrate into and explore the vast, unknown countries of this mighty continent. Many of their discoveries perished with them, and what little was saved and made known to the world from the wrecks of their unfortunate expeditions has availed but little to the causes of science and commerce. The African cruiser has therefore the advantage of novelty in going over ground which has been but little trodden, and visiting in his long cruises many places where a white face was never before seen.

I speak not of those unfortunates whose lot has been cast to drag out long weary months on board of certain 'flag' and other ships; of which I ween, under fever-scarred commanders at anchor in one of the northern 'refreshment' (?) ports; but of those who, like myself, have spent upward of two years in a *cruising* vessel, and have seen

the hard work and the 'elephant' in an African cruise. One word in explanation: that the United States' African squadron has not in some cases been a useless expense to the government, and a mere farce so far as real utility was concerned, in consequence of the inefficiency and indisposition to cruise of several of the commanders, not only of the ships, but of the squadron itself, no one who has been in it will for one moment deny; but I am happy to know and state, from an observation and connection with it of a little more than five years, that it has never to my knowledge been in a more effective and really useful state than at the present time, with the gallant Commodore G—— at its head, supported by as noble a set of commanders and officers as the navy ever yet produced.

But I have digressed widely from my sketch, and fancy that I hear already some of the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER calling me to order, and perhaps not a few saying 'Turn him out!'

Dande Point is a remarkable bluff jutting out into the sea, at the distance of perhaps twenty miles to the northward of St. Paul de Loando. One of its sides forms a kind of bay, which, however, affords little or no protection to vessels at anchor there, for which reason they rarely anchor within less than three-quarters of a mile from the shore, to avoid the danger of the 'rollers' in the rainy season. At the head of this bay the beautiful little river Dande throws its pure waters into the sea, and just within the bar at its mouth stands a native town and Portuguese settlement, with a small white-washed stone fort to protect it. Few places of this description on the coast present a more picturesque and pleasing appearance than does Dande river, with its town and the wild African scenery of its banks. It is more pleasing from its great contrast with the surrounding country; for where the soil is not watered and nourished by the river, nothing presents itself to the eye but a succession of barren hills and plains, covered with a kind of dry brush and some stunted grass. To the sportsman, however, these hills would perhaps present the greater attraction, for they abound in grouse, quails, and other wild game. The banks of the Dande are covered with the most luxuriant vegetation of a tropical climate. The trees and bushes are filled with birds of the most rare descriptions and most brilliant plumage; monkeys are throwing themselves continually from tree to tree, cutting a thousand fantastic capers; the hideous alligator reigns sole monarch of the waters of the stream, and is rarely disturbed, except by the canoe of the native as he goes to and from the white man's settlement at the mouth to exchange his produce for perhaps a twentieth part of its value in rum.

On the second day after our arrival I set out early in the morning with the captain, to go on an excursion up the river in his gig. We were well provided with fowling-pieces, pistols and ammunition, as well to shoot game as to protect ourselves in case of need against the natives, who are sometimes not to be too well trusted; we also laid in an ample stock of refreshments for a pic-nic. The time could not have been better chosen for our trip; the air was neither too hot nor too cold, but a happy medium between the two. The sun was just rising as we pulled into the mouth of the river, and the little white-washed battery

on the right bank shone out gaily in its rays. The river at its mouth is about fifty yards wide, and fifteen or twenty feet in depth. This we ascertained by sounding; and I may remark, that we carried twelve feet of water for the distance of a couple of miles or more up, when it gradually shoaled to one fathom.

On the left bank, near the mouth, stand the ruined walls of a small stone church, which we were told is another relic of the Jesuits, who had a settlement here centuries ago, probably under the supervision of the fraternity whom I have already spoken of as having existed in great strength at St. Paul de Loando. I was surprised at finding, on a visit which I afterward made to this ruin, a large number of human skulls and bones lying on the ground about the church, and even in it. Several of these skulls were examined by our party, and proved to be those of white men (though it is impossible to imagine how they got there), while the greater number were without doubt the remains of natives of the place. They were probably dug up after interment by the beasts of prey, who are attracted to the banks of the river in the dry season for water. As a general thing, however, the country immediately bordering on the sea-coast is very free from carnivorous beasts of all descriptions.

The ruined church is the only remains of any building on the left bank of the river, the native town being in the rear of the Portuguese fort on the right bank; and as I cannot imagine that it was necessary in former times for all who wished to go to church to take the trouble of crossing the river every morning, it is but natural to conclude that the town originally stood on the left bank, where the church is, whence for some unknown or forgotten reason it was transplanted to the opposite side of the river. With regard to the fort, it is merely a small battery of six light guns, commanded by a Portuguese officer of artillery, who has a sergeant and some twenty or thirty native soldiers under him; and for what purpose it is kept up I cannot conceive, unless it is to keep the natives under subjection to the Portuguese rule; for during the whole time I have been on the coast I have never heard of there being any great trade of importance at this place worth protecting. But to return to our excursion.

We pulled leisurely into the river, receiving as we passed the battery, a polite bow from the commandant, who was taking his coffee in the cool morning air in front of his quarters, and a little farther on, passed our launch with her jolly crew of Kroo-boys, busily engaged in filling water casks. Immediately above the watering-place some natives were drawing a rude kind of seine made of twigs and rushes, and to judge from their cries and uncouth antics they were making a successful haul of fish. We passed a place where an immense tree had fallen into the water from the bank, and the Captain got a shot at a fine black monkey, who was sitting on the trunk taking his morning draught. Poor jocko escaped however, and ran off with a scattering shot in his posterior, covering his wounded seat of honor with one paw in a very ludicrous manner.

I was very anxious to obtain a specimen of a kind of crane or heron, which we saw in great numbers in this river. They were of a snowy white plumage, with long red legs, and so extremely shy, that I could

not get near them for a shot. We pulled along, occasionally seeing an alligator, with his head just raised on the surface of the water, appearing to the unpractised eye, more like a piece of rough black wood, than like any thing belonging to a living animal, and occasionally getting a shot at a monkey or a bird.

For the distance of six or seven miles, the banks of the river, are covered with dense growths of mangrove and other aqueous plants, which prevent the possibility of landing, except where there are paths worn by the alligators, and beasts of prey coming to the river to drink. Farther on, the country became more open, the trees of a taller growth, and patches of the banks quite clear, where we easily effected a landing at several places, but found nothing to repay us for the trouble. Soon after we came to a small assemblage of huts, with some little appearance of cultivation around them, but the natives appeared to be an indolent, dirty set of beings, having no cares whatever to trouble them, and little other occupation, save smoking and drinking. One can hardly imagine the habit of smoking being practised in a more injurious way to the system, than it is done by these natives. We saw it here in a manner which I never expect to see again. The apparatus consisted of a large hollow calabash or gourd, with two holes in it, one at the side into which is inserted the pipe, fitting perfectly tight, and another at the top, which serves as a mouth-piece. The pipe is filled with tobacco, of the very strongest kind, and the operation of smoking commences. The smoker sits down on the ground with his body inclined forward and his head immediately over the calabash, and applying his mouth to the top hole, inhales the air in the vessel, with the whole strength of his lungs. This, he has to repeat several times before the air within gives place to the smoke from the pipe, as the calabash is generally of several gallons capacity; at the fourth or fifth inhalation however, it is the strong dense smoke of the tobacco, which fills his chest and lungs, and the man appears as if he were half strangled, for his eyes start out, his chest heaves convulsively, and the smoke rushes from his mouth and nose in clouds. This satisfies him for the time, and he does not return for another draught for perhaps ten minutes; an observer would imagine that he had got enough already to last him his life time; but this man when asked whether it was really a pleasure to him, said 'me like him too much,' and we left him at the conclusion of a second long pull at the calabash.

Leaving this assemblage of huts, we advanced up the river, occasionally getting a shot at a monkey on the bank, or a fish-eagle screaming above our heads, and finding as we advanced the banks more open, so that we could land any where without difficulty.

I may here remark, that in all the African rivers, great difficulty is experienced in landing near their mouths in consequence of the heavy impenetrable jingles of mangrene and other plants, which flourish better where the water is brackish or slightly salt than in pure streams. As we advance up, however, these plants become thinner, the banks firmer and more strong, and at last the open country comes in sight and a landing is easily obtained, the mangrene has entirely disappeared and given place in the water to beautiful flowering plants, and on the banks to the tall trees of the forest.

THE BANKS OF THE GENESEE.

BY REV. C. E. A. BULKLEY.

The wild duck is dipping his glossy wing,
And cooling his heated breast
In the waters that backward his image fling,
As he floats in his liquid rest;
He skimmeth along in the wavelet's glow,
With a fisher's quiet glee,
Or seeketh his nest in the reeds that grow
On the banks of the Genesee.

The swallow flits by with his spear-like wing
That pierceth the wave's smooth crest,
And catches a drop in his bill to bring
To the fledgelings athirst in his nest;
And like him the birds that reposed all night,
'Neath the curtains of every tree,
Are trilling their music in matin flight
O'er the banks of the Genesee.

The lowing herds, driv'n by summer's hot ray,
Deserting the meadows so green,
Cool their lips in the tide where they stand midway,
All heedless of noon's burning sheen;
Their image invested in rich beauty glows,
With the branches of bush and tree,
And they snuff the soft breeze that in freshness blows
O'er the banks of the Genesee.

The fisher-boy marks from the pebbly shore
The ripples that circle his line,
In fancy beholding a bountiful store
Of fins in his basket shine;
He whistleth and singeth of thought in lack,
And lists to his own melody,
In many an echo that floateth back
From the banks of the Genesee.

Away o'er the dimly-receding tide
The precipice loftily shines,
Like a monarch with garment and crown of pride,
In the verdure of evergreen pines;
At its deep rocky base, like tents that glow,
With their banners in sun-light free,
The wind-stirred waters in stillness flow,
By the banks of the Genesee.

The deep chasms reach from their cloudy height,
And circle that river's course,
Like bulwarks erected by hands of might,
To shield it from hostile force:

The rocky bars stretch like an iron chain,
Where the currents so wildly flee,
Till their musical rapids ring out a full strain,
By the banks of the Genesee.

Oh! sweet are the fields that in verdure bright
With their billows of grain oft gleam,
And stretch far away in the rich sunlight,
From the shores of that radiant stream;
And sweet are the forests whose branches breathe
The winds from the flowering lea,
As freshly and purely their chaplets they wreathe
On the banks of the Genesee.

Sweet too, is the cot where my heart has its home
With the loved on its life to beam,
Amid the green woods where I revel and roam
By the banks of that beautiful stream;
Then while the blest billows of life still flow,
Oh! there let my dwelling be,
With fond ones still smiling in love's own glow
On the banks of the Genesee!

THE OBSTACLES TO SUCCESS.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

Once upon a time Jupiter determined to ascertain personally the grievances about which mankind were so continually importuning him, that his residence in Olympus was far from being a sinecure. He accordingly alighted on the Battery in New-York, one fine summer night, having descended on the back of a large eagle, which he keeps exclusively for the saddle. He had scarcely dismissed his aërial courser, and assumed the appearance of a respectable old gentleman with a dark-brown wig, equal to Batchelor's best gossamer, when he heard some voices which proceeded from three beggars, a cripple, a negro and a middle aged vagrant, who apparently possessed no infirmity but an unshaven beard, unwashed skin and ragged attire. They were lying on the grass at their ease after the heat and wanderings of the day; and were bantering each other on their respective demerits.

Said the negro, 'Were I white I would open a shop in Chatham-street, and as no man would be more diligent and enterprising, I would gradually enlarge my stock of goods, and extend the variety of my dealings, till I should in time become an extensive merchant and rich; but a colored man must be either a servant or a beggar, and as neither position will procure more than a living, I prefer ease to labor.'

'A white skin,' retorted the cripple contemptuously, 'may be a very pretty treasure in the eyes of a 'nigger,' but it is an insufficient capital to commence business on in New-York. Had I limbs like other

men, I would indeed scorn to be a beggar; but a cripple though he should perform more labor than two able bodied porters would still be required to accept his compensation as a charity. The world therefore, gives me no alternative; I must live by charity, and I may as well take it without labor as with.'

'Comrades!' exclaimed the third, 'I see your drift; I am neither black nor a cripple; hence you think I ought not to be a beggar; but without capital or credit a man can no more create property than he can build a ship without tools. When the tide and winds are both against a vessel she drops anchor, and makes no fruitless effort to go ahead; and I am not fool enough to adopt a different policy.'

The self-complacent trio then arose and wended their way to a den in Anthony-street, where the vagrancy of the day was succeeded by a night of intoxication.

Jupiter permitted them to depart without revealing to them his presence, being intent on supplying general remedies for the ills of life rather than on empirically meliorating individual miscarriages. He saw the difficulty which repressed the energies of these men and kept them idle, but as he could not conveniently remodel the world, and prevent some men from being black, some from being crippled, and some from being poor; or give every man all the facilities for prosperity that each individual should desire; he resolved to accomplish the same end by a device, and he accordingly established a new decree, that hereafter no man's prosperity shall depend on what he possesses not, but on the use which he shall make of the means that he happens to possess. While Jupiter was revolving in his thoughts the benign operation of this new principle, and forseeing how by means of it, Fulton would practically annihilate space, and Morse annihilate time, the light of day had for some hours dawned upon the earth, and lighted up the Battery with all the effulgence of a July morning; and he was aroused from his pleasant reverie by a little girl, who in a whining tone that was entirely different from the voice which he supposed he had formed in man, said

'Pray Sir, give me a cent to buy some bread for daddy, who is very sick and has nothing to eat.'

'Child,' replied the benevolent DEITY, 'your father is just the person I want to see. Lead me to him and I will assist him.'

The little girl was a good deal surprised, having never before met with such a reception. Usually those who gave money threw her a penny and said nothing, while those who spoke gave harsh language and no pennies; but her case was pressing, and she led the way as he had commanded. Jupiter soon found himself in a loathsome cellar, where, lying in a corner on some foul rags and straw, was the miserable father.

'Alas!' thought Jupiter, 'something in this world must need alteration.' After administering a few drops of nectar, and a small piece of ambrosia, to the sick man, who became thereby wonderfully revived: 'Friend,' said Jupiter, 'you see that I can relieve you; but before I give you any more of my medicines, I must be informed how you came

into this wretched condition. The city seems full of delightful residences, and I find you in a damp, dark room under ground.'

'Ah!' sighed the man, 'I perceive by your remarks, as well as by your conduct, that you are a stranger in New-York. I possess not a dollar in the world, and how can I obtain better lodgings?'

'But,' replied Jupiter, 'other people obtain better lodgings, and why not you?'

'The story is not long,' said the mendicant. 'All men are not made to be rich, nor are we all endued with the same talents. Some men can never thrive, while the touch of others will turn every thing into gold.'

'You surprise me,' said Jupiter, 'I was not aware of these facts; and should they prove true, they shall be corrected. I will tolerate no such inequalities.'

The mendicant stared, thinking his benevolent friend was a maniac, and began to be afraid; but Jupiter threw a little poppy on the sick man's eyelids, and they instantly closed in a gentle slumber.

Jupiter next entered a superb mansion in Union-Place. The owner was not at home, but a loquacious footman who stood at the door, gladly undertook for the bribe of a little nectar, to relate the history of his master. He was a rich merchant of South-street, who confined himself to his counting-house. Nothing could exceed the prosperity with which he was constantly attended. His ships arrive in port at the times when they are most needed, and bring cargoes that always suit the market. Prices usually fall after he sells, and rise after he purchases; and moreover, his debtors never run away, nor his friends become treacherous.

'I perceive,' said Jupiter, 'this is one of the men whose touch turns every thing into gold.'

'Exactly so,' said the footman.'

'These differences in the formation of men,' thought Jupiter, 'must be corrected.'

He strolled next into the City-Hall, where he found in session the Circuit Court of the United States. The great cause of John Jacob Astor against the State of New-York, was on trial, and one of the most celebrated jurists of the country was addressing the court. The knowledge which the lawyer displayed, and the eloquence with which he uttered it, excited the admiration of a crowd of auditors, who said that the lawyer was to receive a fee of five thousand dollars for his effort, and that he well merited all he was to receive.

At one end of the bar sat a lawyer who was dozing. He was shabbily dressed, and his apparent poverty and listlessness induced Jupiter to arouse him, and ascertain why he also was not obtaining five thousand dollar fees. The man scarcely knew whether to laugh at the question or to be angry. At length his love of ease conquered his irritability, and he laughed.

'Old man,' said he, 'where did you come from to ask such a question? The counsellor who is addressing the court is a great genius. We possess only one such man in the state; and but two or three in the United States.'

'Why not?' said Jupiter, in manifest surprise.

'Why not!' exclaimed the shabby lawyer; 'because great talents are scarce. We do not make ourselves, you know. I guess you never studied phrenology. The difference between him and me is the work of Heaven; hence he receives large fees, and I receive none.'

While Jupiter was reflecting on the organic inequalities which were thus unexpectedly proclaimed to him, he determined to execute an experiment. Suddenly, therefore, while the great lawyer was in the most pathetic part of his argument, Jupiter, unseen by mortal eye, siezed the orator by the throat, and sent his soul to Olympus. The court arose in the most intense confusion. All said the great lawyer had over-exerted himself, and was dead of apoplexy. The same day the sick beggar died, and the rich merchant, and the shabby lawyer. What a loss the world had sustained in the great lawyer; and what a loss the city in the rich man! God help the poor; what is to become of them now! How inscrutable, said every person, are the ways of Providence!

The great lawyer's body was borne to Trinity Church, where a huge granite monument was erected over him by his admirers. The rich man was carefully soldered up in lead, and placed within his family vault; while the shabby lawyer was buried privately in a cherry coffin, and the mendicant was, with little ceremony, screwed up in pine boards, and hurried to Potter's Field. After these differences of an hour, all were alike left to the silent and indiscriminating processes of decay; while the world closed up its ranks with new orators and new merchants, and the losses that yesterday seemed irreparable were remedied and forgotten.

But not thus Jupiter. The experiment which he meditated was to remould the four men, so that they should possess equal powers of mind and body. Nothing should distinguish one from the other, so far as relates to their organization, moral, intellectual and physical; 'for,' thought Jove, 'I shall be truly sorry if the misery of man, or any portion of it, arises from partiality in their organization.' The four souls being thus equalized and furnished with new bodies, were sent back into the world, and in due course of nature were severally born of poor parents in different parts of the Union. The children possessed no consciousness of ever having been on the earth before. They were severally dosed with medicine as soon as they were born, and after struggling for their lives against the other officiousness of nurses, they grew gradually toward maturity, played with tops and marbles, were beaten when their parents were cross, and fared in all respects precisely as other children.

Time passed on, and at the end of fifty years Jupiter again saddled his eagle, and was wafted to the battery, where he had alighted before. The morning was just as mild and salubrious as it had been then; and while he was looking round and admiring the regularity with which inanimate nature obeys the impulse of the seasons, and the seasons revolve in the order of their appointed succession, he was aroused by the approach of a little girl, who in piteous accents solicited a cent to buy bread for her sick daddy.

Struck by the similarity of the application to that which he had experienced on his former visit, he directed the child to lead him to her father. She led him through avenues as crooked as those that he had passed previously, and brought him to a cellar as dirty as the former; and in it he found the same mendicant, again in poverty, again sick, and again accusing Providence for his mischances. Jupiter flew into Union Place. There he found the rich merchant also, and as rich as ever. He went to the City Hall, and there lounged the shabby lawyer, as drowsy as before; and there stood the great orator, as eloquent as formerly, and talking for a fee of five thousand dollars. 'Truly,' said Jupiter, 'these coincidences are surprising; but if I had been partial in the formation of men, as was alleged, it would have been more surprising.'

But whence these differences in the condition of the several persons? The question suggested itself more readily than the solution. Jupiter was perplexed, and again sought an elucidation from the unemployed lawyer, who again began the old story about phrenology and the orator's great genius; but Jupiter cut the matter short by saying he knew better, and that the orator's genius was no greater than other men's. At this the shabby lawyer laughed, and happening to be in a more communicative humor than previously, candidly admitted that he was as well organized as the successful orator, and much more deserving of success; but the difficulty was imputable to Misfortune, who had always persecuted him, while fortune had as constantly favored the great orator. This solution seemed reasonable. Jupiter had often heard rumors of the interference of Fortune and Misfortune in the affairs of men, but he had expressly interdicted them from interfering with the present experiment; and as they had disobeyed him in the career of the lawyers, they probably had interfered with the merchant and the beggar. He was accordingly enraged against Fortune and Misfortune, and flying back to Olympus, he summoned forthwith the terrified spirits, and accused them with their disobedience. They trembled at his rebuke, and would have excused themselves by denying all agency in the transactions alluded to, but Jupiter refused to listen to their protestations, and chained them both to the wheel of Ixion, whom he permitted to lie down and rest himself.

Having thus appeased his anger by its gratification, he sat down to enjoy the consciousness of having administered a deserved chastisement; and taking up a huge telescope, by which he can see at once every human being, he pointed it toward the earth, that he might ascertain how the parties fared, now they were relieved from the interference of Fortune and Misfortune. But imagine, if you can, his surprise when he saw Fortune wafting to a profitable port a ship of the rich merchant; and Misfortune applying a torch to fire the dwelling of the shabby lawyer — not insured either, poor man! Jupiter snatched up a thunder-bolt, 'red with uncommon wrath,' to scath therewith, at one fell blow, the two rebellious spirits; but accidentally casting his eyes toward the wheel of Ixion, he saw them as firmly bound thereto as when he first chained them.

'How is this,' thought Jupiter; 'two Fortunes and two Misfortunes,

while I created only one! Which set are the counterfeits?' To resolve the question, he sent Mercury to seize the two who were on earth, and drag them to Olympus. The son of Maïa departed with a speed proportioned to the power and impatience of the sender; but with a like speed he returned and solved the mystery. The two on earth were neither Fortune nor Misfortune, though greatly resembling them in external appearance. They were not even deities, but plodding earth-born spirits, who are as steady and uniform in their ministrations as the others are fickle and capricious. Still they had interfered with Jupiter's intentions, and he resolved to extirpate them; but on looking into the Book of Fate, he found they were destined to endure as long as the human race, and their proper names are Management and Mismanagement. What could be done under the circumstances Jupiter resolved to do, for he much wished to relieve himself from the imputation that Heaven permits Fortune and Misfortune to govern the world, or organizes some men for eloquence and literature, others for ineloquence and ignorance; some men for riches and honor, others for poverty and dishonor. And to place the future beyond all contingency, he issued a decree, supplemental to the one already announced, and which, like it, is to endure till the end of time, that Management and Mismanagement shall be subject to the control of mankind only, and be employed by every man as the man himself shall direct. That the person who most eschews Mismanagement, and who employs Management most skilfully and diligently, shall saw the most wood, if he directs his efforts to that object; he shall obtain the most literature and eloquence, if he directs his efforts to those objects; and he shall accumulate the most money, if he applies himself to the acquisition of property.

STANZAS: FROM HAFIZ.

If the fair Maid of Shiraz would list to my song,
And accept of the heart I have proffered so long,
For the smile of her lip and the clasp of her hand
I would give my Bockhara and Samaracand.

Boy, bring me the wine that remains in the cup!
For this night, if to Eden your soul were caught up,
Ye would sigh for the bowers of Mosella the fair,
And the sweet streams of Rockna that murmur not there.

They told me the maid whom I prized most of late
Had spoke of her love in the language of hate:
Ah! no — bitter words never came from a lip
Where the red ruby laughed and invited to sip.

Yes, Hafiz, thy song not unsweetly was sung,
For its words were like pearls, which beauty had strung;
And the soft balmy light which it sheds upon love,
Is like that which the Pleiads shower down from above.

THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

BY J. CUNNINGHAM

Once again on the hill-side the young grass is springing;
Once more the bright waters flow sparkling and free;
And afar in the wild-wood the blithe bird is singing,
And faint on the breeze floats the song of the bee:
But my hopes that are flown will return again never,
And vain is the music of spring-time to me;
I but feel from thy side I am parted forever,
And sad is the heart that throbs only for thee.

Still close to my bosom I cherish the token
Thy hand pressed in mine, while you vowed to be true;
And my cheek told the tale that my lips had ne'er spoken,
As we sat on the bank where the wild-flowers grew:
I watched for thee long, till the pale flowers perished,
And the dead leaves fell quiv'ring to earth silently,
And all the bright dreams that my bosom once cherished
Had fled from the heart that throbs only for thee.

OCTOBER.

October in the wilderness! How silent! how glorious! A veil of smoke hangs over the mighty stretch of wood, and quivers all around through its gorgeous aisles, while the dead leaves, like floating blossoms, roll through it, swayed by Autumn's faintest sigh. Yon lake, wrapped in a soft haze, lies asleep in the golden arms of the forest. The very mountain, which towers above it, dyed to its very peak, nods amid the dozy air, and showers down its drapery upon its still waters. Afar, beyond the lake, a small prairie, like a little sea, sends its gores up into the main land, with here and there an island of trees, that looks in the distance like globes of fire suspended between the heavens and the earth. There is the tread of the wild-fowl, the gathering in of the squirrel, the tap of the acorn — all mingled. Hark! it is the partridge. She walks demurely and cautiously toward yon log, and mounting it with a dignity as stiff as great Cæsar's, thunders away to the whole surrounding wood. The Power that made her spins her garments and spreads her board. Her harvest of wild berries ripens for her without thought or care. Away she whirrs and soars, her form waning fainter and fainter in the changing shadows that flicker around, until — she is lost.

Chickaree! chickaree! chickaree! Good morning to you, Mr. Chipmuck. And so you are gathering in *your* winter stores. That acorn under which you are staggering is as great a tug as a mountain to a

giant. That's the third time you have attempted to grasp it, but it rolls away. There, now you have it. Chickaree! — and darting away, his little chequered mantle is swallowed up in the earth. And away down there his little palace is built, as noble as a lord's. It is warm with furs, and its granaries are full. The blast of winter, as it howls above him, cannot penetrate his home. I have great respect for the chipmuck, for he belongs to the aborigines. His forefathers, I am very credibly informed, crossed Bhering's Straits thousands of years ago, on a piece of bark, using their tails for masts and sails, as squirrels now do when crossing streams. Oh! that the history of the continent could be revealed by you! The mound-builders and thy race were contemporary. Your ancestry runs back into generations of men, who have only left us their monuments and their bones. Chickaree! — and out he flies, and chattering up a mighty oak hard by, buries himself in its top. And that oak, reader, will count ten centuries by its rings, (those notches of time,) covering more than thirty generations. It was here where Peter the Hermit preached his crusade; and the gale that wafted the May Flower shook, perhaps, its green top in its westward flight. Yet there it stands, deep-rooted in a mound filled with the remains of a people; and that people, reader — why their stony faces are *now* grinning at us from the monuments that are shrowded in the silence and gloom of Palenque. At least, so I am informed.

Hark! 'tis the drone of the Bee. How he blows his tiny trumpet in the autumnal sky, now swelling, now dying, as he winds away, the strain of his horn sinking less and less, until it expires in the finest and most exquisite thread of melody! That bee is not alone. He is one of a colony, whose city, streaming with wild honey, is built high up in the trunk of yonder gnarled beech. And that city, reader, holds its queen, its military, its police, and its commons. Its streets, squares and edifices, are built with a strength and economy that mathematics cannot improve. O man, who cannot find any evidence of a SUPREME BEING, study the government, the art and science, that controls and preserves that little colony! You may almost *see* the awful presence of DEITY moving behind it.

Ha! ha! Mr. Grasshopper, arrayed in your green surtout, and high mounted on yon tall spire of grass, how those gauze-like wings shiver out their music, though touched, methinks, now and then with a note of melancholy. Relatively, you are a great body. The chain of animated nature that reaches around the earth runs far below thee in minuteness of form, down — down beyond the reach of eye or ear.

But, reader, the whole forest is peopled; a world of life, the half of which is unknown, is here cared for by their CREATOR. This is their palace. The sun their light by day, as well as ours; the moon their lamp at night; the drifted leaves, rich as woven rainbows, their couch: their board is ever spread, without care. They have but to gather in. The curse was upon man alone.

And, reader, the red man is here — a fragment only of a great tribe. Alone he sits on yonder cliff, gaudily clad, his bark-canoe anchored below him. He too is here, a wanderer in a deserted temple — the last of the worshippers. The solemn drapery of October hangs around as

of old, but his chief, his prophets, his laws are no more. What traditions are locked up in that breast, which will never be profaned by the white man's ear! Methinks he hears again the war-whoop of Tecumseh of Pontiac — the rush of battle and the conflict of arms — yet there he sits, immovable, like a piece of sculpture, wrought out by Autumn when the woods were changed.

But enough. The long shadows of the trees have struck the eastern shore of the lake, and I must away, where sterner pictures of life will be found. And until another meeting — farewell! H. H. B.

Michigan.

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

I.

The gorgeous pomp of summer day,
Sunshine and verdure, greet my gaze;
The wild bird sings on every spray,
Through flowery boughs the south wind plays;
But sunshine, verdure, song and bloom,
Charm not my soul from thoughts of gloom;
One only feeling thrills me here —
The dead, th' unheeding dead, are near!

II.

No part have they in all this scene,
The sunshine's glow, glad nature's mirth;
A dreary mist has fall'n to screen
Death's shadowy realm from things of earth;
For them in vain the streamlet falls,
The wild bird to his partner calls;
For them in vain the soft spring breeze
Steals gently whispering through the trees.

III

And sadder still, Affection's voice
Calls at these dreary gates in vain;
Tones that could sadden or rejoice
Are powerless now to soothe or pain;
Here widow'd love and friendship deep
Alike their fruitless watch may keep;
The wind's low murmur wandering by
Sole answer to the mourner's sigh.

IV.

Here sleep the young and lovely: here
One snatched from life in girlhood's bloom,*
Is laid in silence chill and drear,
To moulder in this stately gloom;

* Miss Charlotte Canda, who lost her life by a melancholy accident in New-York a few years since.

Her sculptured form in beauty mild
Seems smiling as in life she smiled;
A dreamy calm, a thoughtful grace,
Lies shadowed on the pensive face.

v.

Here sleep the brave, the tried and true,
Who nobly fell at Duty's call;
See yonder towering to the view
A stately column, proud and tall;*
The sculptured form that stands so high
Seems fitly pointing to the sky:
Here gaze; yet weep not o'er his rest,
For souls like FREEBORN'S must be blest!

vi.

On 'Ocean Hill' he slumbers; mild
And soft and calm his sleep must be;
He recks not now of billows wild,
Nor heeds afar the maddened sea,
Still rushing on th' opposing shore
With bursting foam and thundering roar,
Loud chanting in its furious glee
A requiem for the brave and free.

vii.

Again we pause: another name
Of noble import meets the eye;†
The dauntless victim of the flame,
Who rushed in duty's path — to die!
Sad Friendship to his memory gave
An honored rest, a trophied grave,
And grateful hearts shall mourn through life
The hero of the fiery strife.

viii.

Now steal away through yonder grove
To where thou seest reflected lie
In yon clear depths the scene above,
The quivering trees and azure sky;
Here pause and shed a tear for one
Who sleeps in very truth *alone!*
The daughter of a race unblest,
An Indian from the far green West.

ix.

By 'Sylvan Water' she reposes,
A stranger in a stranger land;
She died as die the summer roses,
By autumn gales too rudely fanned:
Soft be thy sleep, lone forest child!
Thy native shades, thy woodlands wild,
Shall mourn thee in a requiem deep,
Though distant far thine ashes sleep.

SIGMA.

* FREEBORN, the pilot, who lost his life in an attempt to save the crew of a ship which was wrecked on the Jersey shore.

† A FIREMAN who lost his life during a conflagration in New-York some time since.

A FRAGMENT:

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

Love is moral beauty, enamoured with its own lovely form in a kindred spirit.

Friendship is virtue pleased with beholding its own disposition displaying itself in another's acts, in a full belief of a reciprocity of feeling.

Honor is the conducting one's-self in ordinary and extraordinary circumstances as a clear head and a pure heart would commend in the *beau ideal*.

It is the power of these three united to make an amulet in the moral world capable of producing a charm greater than the magi ever called up, or superstition ever imagined. This charm is *happiness*. In the march of this holy alliance, Friendship must precede Love, and Honor guard it. There are also good and evil genii who attend their progress. The good has in his train a host of ministering angels; Watchfulness, Forbearance, Gentleness, Kindness, Assiduous Attentions, Pure Aspirations, and Old Fidelity, with all his scruples of conscience. The evil genius follows close with his fiends, Dishonest Ambition, Fashionable Dissipation, Unmeaning Frivolities, Carelessness, Indifference, Wantonness and Infidelity; and some of these are the more dangerous, as they are often found assuming the robes of better beings. When the good genius is in the full course of his duty, he is the loveliest of the lovely; his wings are the feathers of the bird of paradise, his eye the evening star, and his voice a seraph's harp; but once overcome, how great the change! His eyes are a baleful glare, his wings the feathers of the foul bird of prey, and his voice the raven's scream. The evil genius once a conqueror, the amulet is changed to an obeah, and the celestial charm, *happiness*, to a spell of infernal wretchedness.

The charm is hard to obtain, and difficult to preserve. On the morning of the day of prosperity a thousand delicate Ariels breathe sweetness on the air, who sleep at noon and are gone at eventide. This is but the picture of a fair day; in one of clouds and darkness these gentle spirits are soon frightened by the blast, and are instantly gone forever. One bright vision here and there touches the earth, to show the sons of men that they are not quite forsaken, and a sweet voice is sometimes heard to linger on the wings of the gentle breeze, and says, or seems to say, 'Despair not! you are destined to other worlds, and your reward is there!' Then a new light cheers the soul, and the star of hope points to it, and the promises of Omnipotence secure it.

And when the good genius keeps on his course with every attendant virtue in his train, the crooked path is made straight and the rough way smooth. By the preservation of the charm until the deep vale of years, man passes the bounds of Time, and on the upward track of light reaches happiness immeasurable as space and lasting as eternity.

THE SOUTH WIND.

Gently, O gently, thou soft south wind!
Thou flittest along in these balmy hours,
And lovingly bending thy fairy wing,
Thou stealest a kiss from the sleeping flowers.

Lightly thou sweepest the forest tops,
And gracefully liftest the trembling leaves;
While ever there cometh a plaintive moan,
As a stricken one o'er the departed grieves.

Thou touchest the cheek of the deep blue lake,
And anon it weareth a dimpled smile;
It knoweth the spell — the blessed thing
That giveth it heavenly beauty the while.

Then hurrying on in thy quiet mirth,
Thou pausest in awe by the restless sea,
And hushed is thy own soft murmuring strain,
As thou listest the mighty minstrelsy.

Forever, though sleeping be every breeze,
In the holy and beautiful calm of even,
There riseth on high this solemn bass
Of Nature's harp to the courts of heaven.

Thou seekest the spot where the violet blooms,
And bearest away on thy dewy wing
A fragrance, like that of Elysian groves,
From the sweetly humble and grateful thing.

Sweet is thy breath at the couch of pain;
Gently thou fannest the fevered cheek;
Thou bearest a balm, like an angel bright,
To the stricken heart of the mourner meek.

Thou glidest along with the dancing rill,
For a wild and a frolicsome spirit art thou;
Thou tremblest awhile on the maple leaf,
Then hiest away o'er the mountain's brow.

Softly thou singest the simple flowers,
'Lady love, lady love, hither I come
From my balmy bowers in the orange-groves,
To bear thee, love, to my southern home!

Sweetly, O sweetly, floateth thy strain!
'Lady love, lady love, list to my lay!'
Timidly lift they their drooping lids,
And then with a laugh thou art far away.

Then tired of thy pranks with forest and flower,
Thou hurriest on to thy ocean caves,
And dancest in glee with fairies bright,
Or curlest in foam the elfin waves.

Mina Monnenbro.

TO MARY.

All hail to Mary! sweetest name
That e'er was spoken under heaven!
The gentlest ever known to fame,
To God's earth-mother given.
Like His religion spreading far
And wide throughout the realms of earth,
Still brightening, like the glorious star
That told His wondrous birth.

Shrined in all hearts and hallowed there,
All sacred as a tokened gem,
Since first upon the wandering air
Shone the bright star of Bethlehem:
Fit type of all that 's mild or fair,
And stainless as the blue above;
Breathed by soft lips in holy prayer,
And murmured thro' the dream of love.

In olden times that name hath stirred
Devotion in the warrior's breast,
As mailed and helmeted and spurred,
He set his gleaming lance in rest.
Through dim cathedrals vaulted high,
In Europe's saint-protected climes,
Oft have its praises sought the sky
At matin and at vesper chimes.

Though much of the old faith is gone,
A holy charm around it clings:
As, when the wild-bird's song is done,
Still in our ears the music rings.
My mother bears that gentle name,
A sister who is dear to me;
And thou, my daughter! bear'st the same.
O! bear it ever worthily!

September, 1850.

Howard Chilton.

ROUGH SKETCHES OF FEMALE FIGURES.

BY A TRAVELLING ARTIST.

MARY HINCHMAN

In her childish days she learned her lessons at school, and obeyed her parents at home; but on the track of her girlhood there stands no monument of shame or beauty. When she parted from her associates at the academy, leaving forever the theatre of her instruction, her teachers commended her good conduct, and her fellow pupils bade her a kindly farewell; but no tears were shed, no bosom friend exchanged with her promises of eternal attachment, and her departure left no 'aching void behind.' I am, however, bound to say, that all united in the declaration, that she was a very 'amiable girl.'

Her features have a correct outline, she has a pleasant smile, and her form is well proportioned. She dresses with care and neatness, she does nothing ungracefully, she never gives offence, she was never addicted to romance, and received her lover with as much equanimity as her washerwoman.

One word as to lovers. Bob Dyckman was a free-hearted, bold, manly fellow, with a good figure, a good disposition, and a good appetite. Without being sentimental or transcendental, he was affectionate; he loved his parents, his family, and his friends, and it so happened that he loved the subject of this sketch. Gay, rollicking fellow that he was, the quiet manner of Mary Hinchman had quite a charm for him;

she would smile at his jokes, listen quietly to his abundant small-talk, ride with him and walk with him. His overflowing spirits made him satisfied with his statuesque companion, and his generosity attributed her lady-like frigidity to self-control, and an innate sense of propriety, developed by the polish of education.

Bob was trustful in his nature, and having endorsed for a visionary friend, suffered seriously from his bankruptcy. With characteristic frankness, Bob immediately informed Mary of his losses; he was 'confoundedly sorry' both for himself and his friend, and told Mary that she knew more than he did about every thing, taking care of money included, and that he would cheerfully make over to her her own portion, and the greater part of his property, so that they could be secure of a decent competency. But Mary's parents being worldly-wise people, thought that as 'circumstances altered cases,' Bob's altered circumstances materially altered this case, and therefore strenuously advised their dutiful daughter to discard her lover. So at the very time when a true woman's heart would have warmed toward him, at the very moment when the noblest instincts of our nature would have led her to cling to him, Mary informed Bob that prudential considerations, her filial obligations, and 'a sense of duty,' combined to make the alliance impracticable, but that she should always esteem him as a friend, and that he had her best wishes. Bob was not particularly gifted with the faculty of persuasion, but in his own rough, yet kindly way, he explained that if they loved each other there was really no impediment. Mary remained firm in her position, and in this case her lover suffered nothing by any lack of honeyed words, for had he spoken with the tongue of men and angels, the result would have been the same, and any man in his situation would have been as profitably employed in expostulating with a grave-stone. Bob believed in the 'sense of duty' statement because she made it, and so left her.

His was a heart not to be broken by inconstancy, and there was no danger of his going into a decline in consequence of his rejection; but he had not sufficient sagacity to see the truth, and the idea never occurred to him that all the love ever embarked in this affair was invested solely by himself. Bob is now a married man, and enjoys as much happiness with a loving little wife as his somewhat animalized nature will permit; but to this day he regards Mary as an excellent, amiable woman, entitled to his high respect, and somewhat too good for him.

The parents of Mary commended her discretion, and Aunt Patsy Wattles, who in somewhat advanced years had married a rich soap-boiler, considered her only as little lower than the sainted in Heaven.

Another suitor came, one Jack Handy, whose father had left him half a million, the interest of which was alone under his control. Jack was pleased with the change from theatres and ball-rooms, and race-courses and gambling-houses, to Mary's quiet parlor, where he would daily while away an hour, tapping his patent-leathers with a nice little cane, boasting of the triumphs of his brown mare 'Jenny Lind,' and rattling away on other subjects equally momentous. There was not enough in Jack's composition to make him either very good or bad; there was nothing positive in his character; and having been placed in circum-

stances calculated to make him frivolous and dissipated, he of course became so.

Mary's friends considered the match a capital one, for although Jack was somewhat gay, they thought her influence would purify him, and prove a perfect 'Sands' Sarsaparilla' for his moral nature.

Every arrangement for the wedding was amicably made, and would have been completed, if the gentleman had lived long enough, but he suddenly left Mary, horses, dogs, guns, and other attractions, in a fit of delirium-tremens, surrounded and persecuted, as he thought, by a great number of snakes, spiders, and other noxious animals. This hallucination constituted a remarkable epoch in his life, as it was the only time when he gave any evidence of possessing the faculty of imagination.

Mary endured her loss with her usual placability, and in due time another lover made his appearance on the stage. This was no other than Rev. Joab Meek, son of old Meek the tailor, who 'in the line of his profession' had accumulated a large property, and died at a convenient period, leaving his only child Joab sole heir to his property. Joab had 'a soul above buttons,' and so became a minister. He was very long, very lean, very ugly, and very 'evangelical.' The only approach to fleshiness or rotundity about him was seen in a little pair of round cheeks, looking as if they had been distended in the act of blowing, and never got back to their place. These cheeks of his presented a striking contrast to his nose, which was very long, and like his father's needles, and unlike his own acquirements, came to a decided point.

Joab's prayers were quite tedious, and a little spiteful, and his sermons quite poor, and intended to be pious. He was regarded as a great man by his deacons, who borrowed money of him; by sundry church members, who furnished him with all the slander of the day; and by several old women, with whom he drank tea and talked theology. The young ladies did not particularly affect him, their admiration being principally confined to clergymen who are handsome, or talented, or 'in delicate health.'

Joab's mind was none of the strongest; and his language, not at all fascinating, was rendered no more attractive in coming through his nose. He wore a high white cravat, and a high shirt-collar, both of which were in their highest condition, when he offered himself to Mary, and was accepted. She married him, and instead of looking at a ballet through an opera-glass, or whirling in a waltz at a ball, or riding behind 'Jenny Lind' on the avenue at the rate of a mile in three minutes, as she would have done if she had married Frank, she listened patiently to her husband's preaching, taught in the Sunday school, joined the Rechabites, and officiated as President of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. She 'lived after the manner of the straitest sect,' and was admitted to be a very correct and amiable lady.

Joab fell sick, and sending for a physician as ignorant and pious as himself, very naturally died; and indeed it was very easy for him to die, as he had only to become a litttle more stiff. In his last hours he praised the LORD that he was different from other men, a thanksgiving in which I think 'other men' would gladly participate.

Mary's 'sense of duty' led her to bear her loss with the utmost calm-

ness, and the judgment with which she selected her mourning, and the care with which she watched the fit of her dresses, commended her to the consideration of Christian philosophers.

Mary has no child, which fact is to me a favorable indication of 'human progress;' and having nobody but herself to take care of, she attends to that mission with the most scrupulous fidelity. She is ready to retain her present situation, or to get married again, as that species of calculation which she calls 'a sense of duty' may determine; but whatever her lot may be, she will live long, and in life and death will be called 'an amiable and excellent woman.' For my own part I believe her amiability and excellence consists in frigidity and indifference; and although when she leaves this world she may go to Heaven, I am persuaded she could do some good in the other place, by cooling the atmosphere.

LONGING FOR HOME.

BY REV. JAMES GILMORE LYONS, LL.D.

These lines, though neither a translation nor intended to be one, were suggested however by an ode of CASIMIR SARBIEWSKI.

The glories of my FATHER'S land
Wake many a keen desire,
Its realms of ether broad and deep,
Its orbs of sacred fire,
Its climate ever purely bright,
Its halls and harps of gold,
Its people free from guilt and death,
Its joys which grow not old.

Ye radiant hosts, that strictly keep
Your ceaseless watch on high,
Walking, in fair and holy ranks,
The wide and azure sky,
Behold one formed to climb and range
Those fields of stainless blue;
Support one worn by strife and pain,
Far off from Heaven and you.

Yet know that HE who cares for all,
And rules by laws divine,
Who bids me toil in grief and gloom,
While ye rejoice and shine,
Has said that meek and steadfast faith
HIS choicest gifts ensures:
A christian's place and state with HIM
Shall more than equal yours.

Be mine the green and dewy turf,
The turf which wraps the dead,
With trees and flowers to wave and bloom
Above my last low bed.
I fain would leave this weary world:
Dwellers in yon starred dome,
Bend earthward from your shining seats,
And take an exile home.

The Bunkum Flag-Staff.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DESIGNED FOR GENERAL CIRKELATION, AND SUITABLE TO ALL TASTES.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '98; THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK; THE FOURTH OF JULY; LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURA, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

VOL. II. OCTOBER 1, 1850. No 4.

WAGSTAFF, EDITOR. CIRKELATE!

☞ RESPONSIF to an appeal in the last Staff, we have received from the Messrs. Allbrook, of Bunkum, accompanied with a very handsome letter, some bottles of the wintage, which we found to be most pure and medycinal and done our health good. We had hardly consumed one of them before we were met by a subscriber in the street who immediately said, 'Wagstaff, how well you look! — you bin to the Springs?'

'No,' said we, 'we have had a present of some wine, and it has put new life into us.'.

The wery pleasantest part of the letter was, which was itself cheering, and showed that they love us, that if ever we got sick again, (and who can perwide against sickness?) they had more of such medicine, and to call on them for just as much as we want. They must be Allbrook, to be sure, if that 's the way their heart's flow out in keindness to their fellow-men; and we are glad there is such a firm in Bunkum, and that the firm has such remedies to dispose of. However, the Staff is the last one that would ride a willing horst to death. It never will do it.

JENNY LIND, the Swedish nightingale, is on the shores of this republic, creating a sensation to which Herr Smash is a mere circumstance. Now that she is here, presuming that she will visit Bunkum, we wish to make a few *expassong* remarks to our citizens, which we hope that they will take in good part. In the first place, don't stare the lady out of countenance, and block up the gangways whenever she goes out or comes in, and stand gazing up at her winders by three or four hundred at a time, or listening at the key-hole when she is a rehearsing, or running after her carriage, for if you do, you will drive her right out of town, and have no more manners than the hackney coachmen of Bunkum, who seize you by the collar, and lay-way you on the wharf, and stick their whips under your very noses, and make an *en masse* attact on you; and we commend them to our mare and common council as an outrageous nuisance, which ought to be abated. Another thing we say to our mechanics, don't be sending her presents. She don't want your candies, and your horse-whips, and so forth, and is able to buy, for she

could buy you out, all on you. You give queen Victoria a little pony, and what 's the consequens? She gives you another little pony, or else somethink that 's worth a great deal more 'n a little pony. You send the Emperor of Morocco a patent-churn, and he can't send you another patent-churn, and so he 's put to the botheration of getting made for you a diamonded gold snuff-box. Friends, it is indelicate. Don't treat the Nightingale so, but keep off the side-walk, and act as becomes the great town of Bunkum.

LIVELY LETTER FROM MISS MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL. — We think that the following letter from our correspondent, of which the chorography is more than ordinary beautiful, will commend itself personally for all the archness, pleasanterry, and *qui vive* of a geirl to whose untinctured heart the world is too apt to be like a Greenwood Cemetery, enchantingly laid out with flowers and with birds singing in the branches (this place has been much improve since last fall;) without are sunbeams, within the sepulchres of the righteous bred up in the city of New-York. But to the letter, which the postage was post-paid. Cannot all pay their postage? Here are we, peggin on in an exciting life of mind, and every day some ten or fifteen and sometimes — we may say frequently—more cents to be paid in postage out of our own pocket. It was not kind in you, Twelvetree, to charge us five-pence about that discovery of yours to wash the dirty clothes of a large family for sixpence before breakfast. If you do it again, Twelvetree, we shall expose you. We shall do it.

'Lebanon Springs, 10th August.

'OH! my dear, dear friend! I do wish that you could see a little of our life here, it is positively *so* charming, and I have been so taken up in preparation for the Fancy Ball, that I could not collect my thoughts to write. I have often thought of the sacred poet since I came here:

'On Zion and on Lebanon,
And Carmel's blooming heights.'

'Oh, dear! I must not forget to tell you right off before I forget it, that we girls are practising the Polka, and some other dances. The hugging is rather close, but the sense of modesty soon wears away, as one of the young ladies said the other evening to one of your timid, bashful young men, 'Mr. —— if you don't hold me tighter you'll never be able to dance the Polka.' Appears to me these places are intensely vulgar. You can have no idea of it, my dear friend. The SIMPKINS, who used to know us, did not now recollect us, until they saw us talking to some of the Grace-Church people, and then they came up and were exceedingly polite. We were so amused! The other night the SNOBBES arrived. You must know we were all having a little hop, and we thought the music good enough to dance by. Not so the SNOBBES. They turned up their noses, and presently began to play cards; then they must needs go up to the musicians and tell them their services were not wanted, on which the latter went out in a huff. Then they set one of their own party to thrum on the piano, on which the regular boarders rose up and retired, leaving them in a glorious minority. Did you ever hear any thing so preposterous? It made quite a little flurry and gave us something to talk about for a day or two. Do put it in the Flag-Staff. I keep a journal every day, and shall now and then send you an extract. Don't forget your old friend,

'MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL.

'P. S. Hair-Dressing is preposteriously high, and VICTOR the mulatto so impudent, that he ought to have as many noses to pull as he has heads to dress. But we have to put up with it, for no body has an eye like him. He had the impertinence to charge me five dollars for a simple wreath.'

JOURNAL OF AN HABITUE. 9 A. M. Rose with a confounded headache and breakfasted. Cannot think what gave me such a headache, except that being with a friend last night we might have indulged rather too freely in *eau de vie*, and yet I hardly think that we transgressed. More probably the cause was, that I ate some toast for supper, dried rather too hard. That this is deleterious to the digestion, has been said — that it actually *is* so — I *know*. To be on the safe side, and set the system a working, on rising up took a little *tiff*.

9½ A. M. Charley Roane came in,

and we said that we would walk down together. He complained of being under the weather, and I being in the same case with him, sympathised sincerely, and to palliate our mutual disorders we concluded to take a — *little tiff.*

9¾ A. M. We both thought that we experienced relief from the remedy, and Charley asked me what it was. I told him it was the 'Genuine Otard.' 'Yes,' said he, 'see label,' to which I assented It seemed to burn the disorder clean out, like a bit of caustic. 'As this is so good,' said he, 'probably it would not be injurious to the system to take a little more.' 'Certainly not,' said I, for being out of health, I felt the need of stimulus, and this stimulus was the very kind. So, for our mutual benefit on this occasion, we *took a little tiff.*

10 A. M. It did us good, and when the clock struck ten I became so sensible thereof, that Charley and I thought it judicious to repeat the dose. So we poured out a '*vara lettle bit,*' to wit, namely, we think we may say one table-spoonful brimming and no more — no more. For we only concluded to take a *little tiff.*

11, A. M. Feeling both a little refreshed, we brushed our fine Genin moleskins, put on our boots, buttoned our coats, put our letters in our pockets, and started to go down town; but previously to going, as the weather was extremely warm, and the fatigue would no doubt be great, and our health and strength, as I have already said, nothing to brag of, in order to prepare ourselves for the journey, we — *took a little tiff.*

12, A. M. We found the day insufferable; far worse indeed than we expected; the dust enough to choke you; the heat burning; the omnibusses all full; the cab-hire extortionately high; so after footing it bravely, until we were ready to drop, with a stroke of the sun, out of sheer exhaustion, and in order to save the hospital, we took refuge in the 'Shakspeare,' unbuttoned our coats, took off our collars, and even our coats, bathed our brows in cold water, and — *took a little tiff.*

12½, P. M. Got down to our offices, and then to hard work; I to the law, my friend to the ledger; this for three hours. I for my part know not what he did; but unless I had a little Cogniac stored away in my closet, do not think sincerely that I could have got through that morning alive, for the thermometer climbed up to ninety-six, with no better stairs to step on than polished perpendicular glass. *Took a little tiff.*

3½, P. M. To dinner with Charley at Windust's. The soup good. After soup, drank a bottle or two good Madeira; and a little farther on, to make all right, as corn, cucumbers and melons were in season, and Windust has some fine old brandy, we considered it judicious to *take a little tiff.*

7, P. M. Went over to Hoboken to take the air, where, setting under the trees, we entered into much pleasant discourse, saw the company, and sail-boats in the river, listened to the plash of the waves, and drank a sherry-cobbler, for by this time, as the evening was getting pretty cool, and our healths delicate, we had been advised by our physician, on any exposure of this kind, to *take a little tiff,* which we did.

9, P. M. Went home, and conversed pleasantly about matters and things in general, and Jenny Lind in particular, and drank her health in four or five glasses of superb

Scotch whiskey, (the real stuff,) as smooth as oil.

1 o'CLOCK. Took a night-cap, and then to bed.

NEXT MORNING. Woke up and *took a little tiff!*

AT THIS SEASON of the year, when dysentery and somersets abound so much, we consider it a labor of love to advise the readers of the Flag-Staff to beware of their diet. Some regular advertisers have been already cut off in their full bloom. Friends, you cannot be too keerful. Straw, rasp, dew, bill, goose, black, cran, poke, huckle, mul, and other berries, should be sedulously avoided. A stitch in time saves nine.

HOW DREADFUL A THING is lunacy! To see the mind prostrate from its throne, where it lately sot like Queen Victoria with the Prince Albert of Reason by its side, is beyond all price the most afflictive circumstance that we know. Such is CARLYLE, as we are informed by the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. He is as crazy as a coot, or else he would not certingly spit out such stark-mad nonsense. As his friends may not know our facilities in the Uniten'd Stets, we take this opportunity to recommend most cordially the Bloomingdale Asylum for lunatics, near New-York. We know it to be an excellent institution, where the treatment is kind and paternal; and we think the publishers of Thomas' works would defray the expenses of his keeping, if he was once on our shores. That Harpers would do their share we feel positively certing. We think the United States has made him crazy, and on the homœopathic principle a good dost of the ked'ntry would cure him. Would it not be adwisable to shave his head before he be sent, for he might let his friends do it; but if the Uniten'd Stets shave him, he might possibly objek. When we read his Latter-Day Pamphlets this morning, we did think most sincerely the last days had come. The style is heterogenius to a degree. Confusion worse confounded, chaos, and the horridness of a Scythian landscape, could convey you no idea of it. We a little while ago sat down of our own accord in our sanctum, no body having suggested it to us, and wrote the followink letter to Messrs. Harper:

DEAR SIR:—It has occurred to me to raise a subscription in this ked'ntry, among his friends and admirers, to buy a straight-jacket for THOMAS CARLYLE. I have headed it myself with twenty-five cents, which is a small sum, but the subscriptions to the Staff are mostly in produce. May I call upon you for a small *bonum* from your firm, and oblege

Yours very truly, WAGSTAFF.

P. SCRIP.—By so doing you will give him the benefit of his ravings, to which he is entitled by the laws of *Meum* and *Tuum*, as well as other countries.

Please exchange your magazine with the Staff. We will notice it in our next. Fine, pleasant day to-day.

THE LAST SCEDEN in the life of Captain Coddle, as we have it from a by-stander by his bed-side, was touching to a degree. This gentleman is well known to community at large, and to individooals afflicted with sickness in their families, as the inventor of that ingenious medley called the Medicated Apple-Saäs, put up in hogsheads, barrels, half-barrels, casks and quarter-casks, jars, gallipots, et ceterar. When all around him stood by in tears, he seemed only to have the good of his feller men at heart, and bore his dyink testimony to the Saäs, articulating with his latest breath, when he could hardly finish

the word: 'Sa–sa–sa–sa–sa–sa–'ass (*convulsively*) *'aaas!'* and it was the last thing in his mouth. Well, he is gone, for even them who keeps pot'ecary shops do die, and gallipots won't help 'em, no matter how handsome they are labelled. But he will not soon be forgotten by the dyspeptic poor, nor indeed by any other class, for nearly the whole Uniten'd Stets' bowels have been more or less actuated by this medicament.

YES, we say in answer to '*A Subscriber*,' we *have* heard the celebrated Swedish cockatrice. We travelled some miles, (free ticket,) and waited on BARNUM. Sez he: 'We give no tickets to the outside press.' Sez we, (with an editorial leader in our eye): 'We'll buy one.' Sez he, shaking our hand: 'That's right!' We bought a walking-ticket, and took a stand, way out in the bay of New-York. We heard her. A friend of ours, when she got up in *a–b, ab*, said 'Cut my straps, and let me go up!' We said: 'Do n't expose yourself.' We came to hear her, (with a bought ticket,) and we was n't goin' to give way to our feelin's. We came to criticise, and with a 'bought ticket.' The 'Staff' is not a venial press. We can express our opinion. Her voice is not square: it is of an oval texture. It will suit the ear of Bunkum. When she got up in the *sustenuto* we stood agash; but when she tried it on with the *flauto*, the *obligato*, and sunk down to the *crupper-notes*, we nocked under. She has no merit as an artist, but as a singer she's *good!* That's our opinion. The price of good seats is six dollars, but the 'OUTSIDE PRESS' can get walking-tickets at one dollar! We mention this fact that our Bunkum friends may know that this article is not biased by any thing of a personal nature.

THERE IS AN AMUSING action for trespass recorded in the last KNICKERBOCKER, about a man in a state of intoxication; he tie his jackass behind another man's cart, and he druv off, carrying the jackass with him, and the former bring an action against the latter. This remind us of a somewhat similar case of obfuscation, when one Jo Annis, sitting in his cart, his ass walked out of the traces, and travelled on. When he woke up, sitting in his cart, and rubbing his eyes, he exclaim logically: 'Either I am Jo Annis, or I am not. If I am, I have lost an ass; if I am not, I have found a cart.' And talking of asses, that was a remarkable instance of pusillanimity in one of them some time ago, (perhaps you might have read it,) who one day come suddenly on an elephant going to a menagerie. The poor thing had never seen an elephant, and his terror was beyond all question. *He gave one bray, and fell down dead in the harness!*

ONY DONY.

I saw my little ONY DONY
A-riding on a little pony,
And my ONY DONY seem
Full of joy and sparkling grace,
Smiles and sunshine on her face,
Like a blossom on a bean.

She was christened ANGELIQUE,
I to ONY DONY speak,
ONY DONY is her name;
Oh! her lips are cherry-red,
And the auburn of her head
Might put the gold to shame.

I have won her heart and hand;
Any lady in the land
Would not now avail:
I have better far than gold,
Heart of love for love untold,
And cottage in a vale.

WE have no remarks to make about the markets this month, except that Cotton is very depressed, poor thing! and Bacon has met with no change; which is remarkable, considering the heat of the weather.

We rejoice to say, that the health of Miss Valeary is improving. The circumstance of her indisposition will be fresh in the minds of many: while a-walkink in the street, she receive in her face a full-blown puff from a very bad cigar, which made her sick, and she was at the p'int of death for some days. We know not of what brand it was, but should not the custom be branded as nauseating to a degree? We think so. Who would spit in Miss Valeary's face? None but a cannibal. But we should think that a whiff of bad smoke from a nauseating drug, which has made the circuit of the gums and ruff of the meöuth and unclean teeth of an individooal, and then uniting itself in partnership with his by-no-means otto-of-roses breath, and blowed into the face of a delicate lady like Miss Valeary, was a great deal worse-t. Subscribers to the Flag-Staff, are we right?

Malappropo.—That all things are uncerting, we know, and like to realize the fact; but this we had brought right under our nose the other morning, on the verge of an undertaking, in a way we have never seen done before. While just leaving the boat, to take the New-Jersey rails, an elderly solem lookin' man, with a little box filled with little slips of paper, pressed up and said, 'Plenty of time, Sir; plenty of time; insure, Sir; only six cents for a hundred dollars.' As much as if he had said, 'Gentlemen, this present train of cars may be blow'd up; this may be the last journey that you may take. Papa, that blooming daughter who now hangs onto your arm may in a few moments be torn from your embrace. Many of you, gentlemen, who are now talking so pleasantly, and reading the morning news, with your tickets in your pocket, may be ticketed for eternity. Do think of this *now;* not a moment to spare, but time enough Sir, time enough; buy an insurance? Six cents for a hundred dollars.' We left the preacher, highly amused, and with a hearty laugh at his 'assurance;' and yet we thought that there was much room for 'solemn thought and profitable reflection.'

The Bills of Mortality for the last week show an unusual number of deaths from Jenny Lind fever, some from stretching their necks, and some from being jammed to death, and several from rupture of the lungs in crying '*Brava!*' and *one* from disappointment, because she did not come up to his expectations. Mr. Barnum has purchased the remains of this last, to be stuffed and placed in the American Museum, by the side of the 'Drunkard' in the glass case in the last stage of Delirian Trimmings. As he was a great curiosity, he paid a great price.

A correspondent is disposed to enter into an argument with us about smoking in the streets. As a cotrumpery has well remarked, 'Let the nuisance be abated without jaw.'

Notice.—No more squashes can be received in payment for the Staff. So much of this produce has been rendered in, that without at all intending to decry the vegetabel, we cannot dispose of it. Fermentation is goin' on, and our squash magazine in danger of blowing up, and we do not like the pies. Will our subscribers favor us with a little more of the specie currency? Have gold eagles taken their flight?

Mr. Wagstaff: Will you please say in the Staff that if Jenny Lind will come to Bunkum, we think our town-hall can be procured? There is much of the *qui-vive* spirit now manifested. Allow me to say, Sir, that public anticipation is running as high as the Bay of Fundy in the jography. What does Mr. Barnum mean when he says that none but the *large towns* can be accommodated? Do nightingales sing only onto one tree? If that is so, our bird-knowledge is yet to be improved. Will not the sweet Jenny favor us with a shake or two? Our *oncores* are ready for her. Oh! that she would consider Bunkum as a *branch* of the great tree where her notes are trill'd, and hop out onto it! What's the use't of being caged up?

Humble Inquirer.

Postscript.—We have listened for the seck'nd time to the siren, and it would be difficult to convey to the readers of the Staff an adequate idea of what we felt, except by a stream, now trickling, now rippling, now flowing, now rushing, now placid, and now like the cataract of Niagara, full of effects, as seen from the Canada side. That she is a Nonsuch we heartily agree. We would not have believed, had we been informed a moment previous (which we were,) as we sat in Castle-Garden, where those two abominable posts in front of the stage decapitated Jenny, and cut her up to the view of the sea of heads before her, that any human voice could rise to X in alt. What then was our astounding sensation when she suddenly leaped to three X's with apparent ease, and then hopped down again without harm! Her crescendo in double-quick was great; but her creëwnin' glory was what they call the 'Allegro,' or some such term we think they call it. We telegraffed from Bunkum, and a ticket to the best part of the house was kindly sent us by Mr. Barnum, who had now come to *know* us, and who, at the warbler's benefit, modestly shoved off all merit from his own shoulders. He said that he was n't 'no wheres.'

Saliva is a good thing. We know the salivery glans are very necessary; they assist digestion, and are rills (so to speak) connected with the gastrick juce. Every thing in its own place; but what we were a-goink to say is this: there is in rail-road cars a little alley, we think we might say 'trough,' or rather aisle, through which the passengers walk, as they take their seats right or left, a gully, so to speak, kind-of. Before us sat a man tolerabul well dress, and he twist his neck arcëund every now and then, and let fall out of his mouth a big globule of tobacco-juce, till he made a stream pretty near big enough, we should think, to float a little boat. It was disgustink in the extream. We never see the salivery and excretory ducts with such a onerous tax onto 'em. Said we to ourselves, 'Could that liquid ever have all of it been into his meëuth?—such flewidity as all that comes to? Why it 's enough to exsiccate (we think they call it) the hull system. What a drag onto the saliva! The man is dress in a good frock coat.' At last we gather up courage, and we says to him, 'Friend, ain't you injuring your system? All that' (p'intin' down to the flewid) 'spissated out o' you? Won't it dry up your cheeks? It strikes us it is a great deal of flewid. Our christian friend, do think of it.' It 's a positive fack, that he only cocked his eye at us, and replied with a

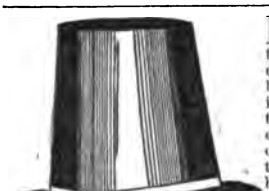
'No, Sir-ree!' Of course we desisted, for he was one of the sovrink people. Nevertheless, we say with a cotrumpery in a previous article, 'Let the nuisance be abated without jaw.'

To CORRESPONDENTS.—All addresses to the STAFF, we must again repeat, must be written in good Saxony English. Our ony aim and objek is to correct abuses and to do good; and this aim entirely frustrated if it be not written in a language the people can understand.

Advertisements.

IN ASMUCH as one of our craftsmen has presented a hat to JENNY LIND, some most deserving establishments are in danger of being neglected. The public is not so blind, we hope, as not to see the stupendous folly and presumption of the aforenamed hatter. We have always manufactured a *good hat*. We respect singing as much as any one, but we would be the last man to resort to measures like the aforesaid. A full assortment now on hand. Call and examine. TEEBY, COX & CO.

NEW STYLE OF HATS.—The subscriber does not wish to take advantage of Miss LIND'S popularity to extol himself into notice. He wishes his hats to speak for themselves. His assortment has been in favor *before* the arrival of this songstress, otherwise he might take advantage of an event so otherwise prepossessing. LARKINS, Main-street.



IN all human probability the hue and cry which has been raised in some quarters *may* divert the stream of our fall trade, but we have firmer reliance on the judgments of most of the heads which we have been accustomed to fit, to do them so much injustice as to think that this can take place to any considerable extent. HANSON & SONS.

MUSEUM.—Several thousand curiosities now on exhibition. Among others, the man who was *disappointed with the singing of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind*, she having failed to come up to his expectations. Come early, as the rush is great.

INGINS.—Six carboys of Ingins, now landing from Schooner Wethersfield, at DIGBY'S Lower Wharf. Entitled to Debenture, on Store and in Bond. S. & J. DINKS.

LONG-ISLAND PUTTY.—Six quintals of best Long-Island Putty. For sale in lots to suit Purchasers. Assorted Sizes. G. G. & R. RIGDUM.

TRIPE.—Six cases Connecticut Tripe, of the vintage of 1850. Warranted sound, and to do no damage to the human system. S. HIGGINS.

'ISTERS.—Twelve tons Heckabonnock Harbor 'Isters, assorted sizes. The best in the world, anywheres. In lots to suit. SNOOKS ET FILS.

SPRUCE-GUM TO CHOR.—A cord and a half of good chorin' Spruce-Gum. In lump or stick. B. W. F. LAYMAN LAMPSON.

Prospectus.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF is published every now and then at Bunkum, and also at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER in New-York. It will take a firm stand on the side of virtue and morality. It has received the most marked encomiums from the press and from individooals. Our brother has also written to us in most flatterin' terms of our journal. We shall endeavor to merit these marks of favor, and it affords us the most adequate satisfaction to inform our readers that Miss MARY ANN DELIGHTFUL, the pleasant writer, is ENGAGED—not to be married, reader, though that *is* an event no doubt to take place—but is engaged to furnish a series of articles for this paper. Other talent will be snapped up as it occurs. All kinds of job-work executed with neatness and despatch. The Fine Arts and Literature fully discussed. There will be a series of discriminating articles on music, to which we call the attention of amatoors. PRINCIPLES OF '98, and all the great measures of the day, as well as all other principles, fully sustained; vice uprooted by the heels, and cast him like a noxious weed away. For farther particulars see large head.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF
IS EDITED BY MR. WAGSTAFF.

It gives us pleasure to state that the FLAG-STAFF meets with the warm approbation of our brother, from whom the following is an extract:

'DEAR BROTHER: I like your 'Flag-Staff' very much for the independen' course it pursues; and people in this part of the ked'ntry approve it very highly. Uncle JOHN is sick with the rheumatiz, but now better. Please set me down for one subscriber. Your affectionate brother,
'PETER WAGSTAFF.'

Mr. Woolsey approves it:

'MY DEAR FRIEND: I like your paper very much.
'JOHN WOOLSEY.'

RECOMMENDATIONS.

'It is a good paper.'—*Bunkum Flag-Staff.*

'It beats our own paper all hollow; there is more humor into it.'—*Trumpet-Blast of Freedom.*

Horses and cabs to be let by the editor. Old newspapers for sale at this offis. WANTED, AN

APPRENTICE. He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post once't a-week to Babylon, Pequog, Jericho, Old Man's, Mount Misery, Hungry Harbor, Hetchabonnuck, Coram, Miller's Place, Skunk's Manor, Fire Island, Moequito Cove and Montauk Point, on our old white mare, and must find and blow his own horn. RUN AWAY, AN INDENTED APPRENTICE, named JOHN JOHNS, scar on his head, one ear gone and no debts paid of his contracting. California gold, banks at par, pistareens, fippenny bits and Uniten'd Stets' currency in general, received in subscription. Also, store-pay, corn, potatoes, rye, oats, eggs, beans, pork, grits, hay, old rope, lambs' wool, shovels, honey, shorts, dried catnip, oil, but-nut bark, paints, glass, putty, snake-root, cord-wood, hemp, live geese feathers, saxafax, dried apples, hops, new cider, axe-handles, millstones, hemlock-gum, bacon and hams, ging-shang-root, vinegar, punkins, harness, ellacompaine, hops, ashes, slippery-ellum bark, clams, nails, varnish, sheet-iron, hogshead-shooks, old junk, sapsago cheese, whisk-brooms, manure, and all other produce, taken in exchange.

☞ Those who do n't want the last number of the FLAG-STAFF please return it to this offis, post-paid, as the demand for that number is very great. A patent churn and washing-machine, to go by dog-power, are left here for inspexion.

☞ WANTED TO HIRE, A NEW MILCH FARRIER COW; give eight quarts of milk night and morning; also, to change milks with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese once't a week.

☞ FOR SALE, A ONE YEAR OLD HEIFER. PAIR OF YOUNG BULLOCKS IN HARNESS.

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THE TROUVERE'S ROSE.

ONE sunny day in Angoulème,
While with an open book on knee
I sat and mused of love, there came
A servant of my lord to me:
'Sir Poet,' spake he, 'sans delay
My Seigneur would thy skill essay.'
Then I went with him willingly.

My lord was in the castle court:
Quoth he, 'My lady here will bide,
And yon unseemly wall and moat,
To do her pleasure, I would hide
With roses fair; for these have won
Her love of all.' 'It shall be done
To please my lady,' I replied.

I chose to climb the eastern wall
A vine whereof the blossoms were
In size the chiefest of them all,
That from below they might appear
Amidst their leaves; yet void of scent,
Because that thither none e'er went
Save birds that wanton in the air.

And for the moat, a thorny hedge,
But with gay flowers overspread,
I set along the nearer edge,
That if unwary hand were led
To reach the bloom, the thorns might be
Sufficient guard, lest suddenly
The slime should swallow up his tread.

Well pleased, my lord surveyed my care.
Then smiling courteously, 'Meseems,'
He said, 'a lady debonnaire,
When freshly wakened from her dreams
She seeks her casement, there should find
The flower most she loves entwined:
Now choose me that which sweetest seems.'

Then at my lady's casement low,
To welcome her and dewy day,
I taught an humble rose to blow,
Which was not great, nor tall nor gay;
As choicer bloom, but passing sweet,
So that, methinks, the very feet
That bruised it, fragrant went away.

And when my lady came in state,
All other flowers passed she by,
And coming to her lattice straight,
Led thither by that perfume high,
Spake out, 'This truly love I best!'
And my meek flower on her breast
Beneath a jewelled brooch did lie!

The action pleased me, and I said
In courtly phrase of Troubadour,
'Yes, lady mine, the highest head
Is not the dearest loved, be sure.
Nor blooming lips, nor snowy breast,
Can win a *true* heart, unpossessed
Of sweetnesses that go before.'

For I was thinking all the while
Of mine own rose, whose soft brown eyes
Of carking care my days beguile.
And well I know, though these despise
Her sweetness as unworth award,
Upon his breast a wiser LORD
Will bear her fragrance to his skies.

DEATH AT SIXTEEN.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Oh I am young to die!
I fain would live through one more summer's day:
But ere the twilight dims that cloudless sky
I shall have passed away!

My father, where art thou?
Would I might hear thy voice and touch thy hand!
The way grows very dark and lonely now
Into the Unseen Land.

Alas, it may not be!
Far, far away, how little dost thou know
That the companion of thine age, that she,
Thy child, is stricken low!

Yet, father! do not weep;
For I am wearied out with this keen pain,
And oh! how gladly shall I fall asleep,
And be at rest again!

I go among the dead!
As thou hast seen me, in my childhood, borne
Before the nightfall to my lonely bed,
To wake with thee at morn.

Beyond that noonday sun,
And with the Almighty in His dwelling-place,
When the sad journey of thy life is done,
Thou shalt behold my face.

Mary, my only friend,
While in our joyous girlhood, thou and I
Vowed each to each a friendship without end,
We dreamed not friends could die.

Oh! that my head might rest
Where it has fondly lain so oft before!
Oh! that upon thy pure and loving breast
I might recline once more!

Dearest! remember me;
Not mournfully, not with a tear or sigh,
But when thou hearest some old melody
We loved in days gone by:

With many a lost bright thing;
With the sweet summer wind's last fitful breath,
With the dead flowers, and the forgotten spring,
I lay me down in death!

LITERARY NOTICES.

WORKS OF THE LATE EDGAR A. POE. Third Volume. The Literati, etc. Together with 'Marginalia,' Suggestions and Essays. With a Sketch of the Author, by RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall.

IN a series of volumes which, when concluded, are to embrace all the 'various writings' of the late EDGAR A. POE, it was doubtless found necessary, by the literary executor himself had appointed, to include the *matériel* of which is mainly composed the book before us. On the score of entertainment of any sort, however, or of good taste, we trust these disjointed criticisms, praises 'ower sweet to be wholesome,' and poor personalities, (which had already passed their brief existence,) are not considered by their editor as presenting any considerable claim to the regard of the public. Indeed, we have his implied judgment in this regard; although in relation to many other productions of the author, his admiration of the peculiar genius which they exhibit is, to our conception, something more than sufficiently strong. In a notice of the first and second volumes of the present series, we took occasion to express, at some length, our own judgment of Mr. POE'S writings, and that judgment we shall not now repeat, but shall confine ourselves to a synopsis of the extraordinary career of the author, as furnished by Dr. GRISWOLD, in a biography accompanying the work. His biographer remarks, that '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*' is a common and honorable sentiment, but that in its application it would be impossible to include Mr. POE, so notorious, and so much a part of his history, were his faults; 'and it would be unjust to the living, against whom his hands were always raised, and who had no resort but in his outlawry from their sympathies,' to say nothing of the lessons of his career, so full of instruction and warning. According to the authentic records of this volume, then, while a resident of Virginia, we find POE abusing and leaving a generous patron, for refusing to honor drafts which had been given to pay losses at the gaming-table; not long after, while in a foreign country, we find our American minister interfering to 'save him from the penalties incurred in a drunken debauch,' through which interference he regains his liberty, and is enabled to return to this country. Subsequently, through the influence of his friends, he is secured a cadetship at West-Point; but in ten months from his matriculation, through habitual dissipation, neglect of duty, and disobedience of orders, he is cashiered. After various failures, literary and other, he enlists in the army as a private soldier; 'but when it was discovered, and efforts were made privately, and with prospects of success, by his friends, to procure him a commission, it transpired that he had deserted.' Not long after, through the aid of Hon. Mr. KENNEDY, of Baltimore, who assisted him when at the lowest ebb of destitution, he was secured, by the late lamented T. W. WHITE, the editorship of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' monthly magazine;

but 'brutish drunkenness,' says Mr. GRISWOLD, caused his dismissal; he was reinstated, however, after professions of repentance and promise of reformation, 'but his irregularities continued, and he soon received his final dismissal.' The next year, after having written some tales, which, in his biographer's estimation, added greatly to his reputation, we find him in Philadelphia, editing another monthly magazine; but as in Richmond, he is subsequently, and for the same causes, discharged by his employers. We say 'the same causes,' but there was one other, according to his biographers. In the absence of the proprietor, his employer, he prepared the prospectus of a new monthly, obtained transcripts of the subscription and account-books of the magazine upon which he was engaged, which were to be used in a scheme for supplanting its proprietor. It was not long, however, before he was engaged as editor of *another* Philadelphia magazine; 'but the infirmities,' says Mr. GRISWOLD, 'which caused his previous dismissals, at length compelled the proprietor to take another editor. He then endeavored to start a magazine of his own, but 'the unfortunate notoriety of his habits,' and the failure of his friends to induce him to change them, had banished the confidence which might otherwise have stood him in good stead, and have secured him success. After writing some of his best, and most popular productions, tales of 'wonder,' 'terror,' 'ratiocination,' etc., Mr. POE arrived in this city, where he added to his reputation by the publication of that remarkable piece of versification, '*The Raven*.' He was now engaged upon the old '*Evening Mirror*,' under Messrs. MORRIS and WILLIS, and for a time as one of the editors of the short-lived '*Broadway Journal*.' After leaving one and killing the other of these journals, he began the series of papers, six in number, upon our 'Literati,' of which the present volume is in part composed, and which were published in GODEY'S 'Lady's Book,' of Philadelphia. 'They soon led,' we are told, 'to a disgraceful quarrel, and this to their premature conclusion.' Two of the most painful things mentioned in his subsequent history, is the slander of a well-known literary lady, who had befriended him when in need, and 'which slander he was obliged to retract under a threat of personal chastisement from the lady's brother, on the plea of temporary insanity. His wife, a most excellent, amiable woman, soon after died; and some time subsequently it was publicly announced that a contract of marriage had been entered into between himself and one of the most brilliant women of New-England. 'They were not married,' adds Mr. GRISWOLD, 'and the breaking of the engagement affords a striking illustration of his character. He said to an acquaintance in New-York, who congratulated him upon the prospect of his union with a person of so much genius and so many virtues; 'It is a mistake: I am not going to be married.' 'Why, Mr. POE, I understand that the banns have been published.' 'I cannot help what you have heard, my dear Madam: but mark me, I shall not marry her.' He left town the same evening, and the next day was reeling through the streets of the city which was the lady's home, and in the evening — that should have been the evening before the bridal — in his drunkenness he committed at her house such outrages as made necessary a summons of the police. Here was no insanity leading to indulgence: he went from New-York with a determination thus to induce an ending of the engagement — and he succeeded.' In a '*Defence of Mr. Poe*,' which appeared in that excellent magazine, '*The Southern Literary Messenger*,' the writer observes: 'His changeable humors, his irregularities, his caprices, his total disregard of every thing and every body, save the fancy in his head, prevented him from doing well in the world. The evils and sufferings that poverty brought upon him, soured his nature,

and deprived him of faith in human beings. This was evident to the eye; he believed in nobody and cared for nobody. Such a mental condition of course drove away all those who would otherwise have stood by him in his hours of trial. He became, and was, an Ishmaelite.' With a genius at certain styles of composition, which were sufficiently original, POE's plagiarisms are nevertheless pronounced by his biographer as 'scarcely paralleled in literary history.' He accused Mr. LONGFELLOW, for example, of a plagiarism from *himself*, when it turned out that the poem of LONGFELLOW was written two or three years before the publication of that by POE, and was, during a portion of that time, in POE's possession. His unsupported literary opinions could rarely be received with credit. His present desire to please or to offend, robbed them of all honesty; and he frequently retracted his judgments, from private motives, 'eating his words' with sudden alacrity, and entirely reversing opinions recorded in spleen or malice.

His death was most unhappy. After various but characteristic fortunes, a long-continued and consecutive season of intoxication, and a night of insanity and exposure, he was carried to a hospital in Baltimore, where, on the evening of Sunday, the seventh of October, 1849, at the early age of thirty-eight, he closed his desolate and turbulent existence. Such, by the showing of well-fortified facts, cited by his own appointed biographer, was the life, and such the fate, of EDGAR A. POE. His is a melancholy history, but it is not without its lessons, which rightfully regarded, may prove salutary to the young, the impulsive, and the gifted.

ICONOGRAPHIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART. Systematically arranged by G. HECK. New-York: RUDOLPH GARRIGUE, Number Two, Barclay-street.

OF this noble work we have already spoken at some length in terms of well-deserved praise; but the continued excellence of the numbers, as they appear, leads us again to call our readers' attention to the series. There are twenty-five monthly 'Parts,' each containing twenty plates, and eighty pages of letter-press. The former, to the number of five hundred for the completed work, are by the most distinguished artists in Germany, and nothing could exceed their faithfulness and beauty; while the latter are translated and edited by that eminent scholar, Dr. BAIRD, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The number before us, 'Part Ten,' is thus appropriately noticed by an Albany contemporary, in whose commendations we fully concur:

'THIS part contains the plates representing the costume, articles of furniture, arms, and modes of living and amusements of the most ancient nations. Commencing with the Egyptians, Assyrians and Persians, and the earliest nations that inhabited Europe, it presents a series of the most beautiful and instructive engravings that we have ever seen. All these figures are copied from the monuments and the antique remains that have been preserved in museums and cabinets. Following the more ancient nations, come the series showing the costumes, manners, furniture, articles of ornament and of utility, and the games, sports, and pastimes, horse, chariot and foot-races of the Greeks; while we see the very groves of the Academy, with the white columns of the Parthenon towering above them on the summit of the Acropolis of Athens. To these succeed representations of costumes of the Romans, including a magnificent plate of a scene in the great Coliseum, where the Christians are delivered to wild beasts collected from all those parts of the earth which were tributary to the Empire of Rome. This one plate is well worth the price of the whole number. After these come the costumes of nations beyond the Danube and the Rhine, the Goth, the Vandal, and 'the fiery Hun.''

We are glad to learn that this truly superb work is obtaining a patronage commensurate with its rare merits. We do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the most beautiful and valuable publications recently issued from the American press.

THE PRELUDE: OR GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND. An Autobiographical Poem. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. In one volume. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WE cannot agree with certain of our contemporaries, in the soundness of whose literary judgments we have been accustomed to confide, that the volume whose title is given above, is simply 'poor blank verse, or prose on stilts.' That the measure in which it is written becomes monotonous, when in such large amount, we freely admit; nor is the book one to be taken up and read at once. But let the reader, in his own person, roll back the tide of his years; let him, *as a boy*, begin with WORDSWORTH as a boy, and follow him down the current of his feelings, his hopes, fears and aspirations; trace the poetical longings of his heart, the growth of that deep love of nature, and that calm reflective philosophy, which are his preëminent and beautiful characteristics; let the reader do this, reading portions only at one sitting, and our word for it, he will rise from the perusal of the work a wiser and a better man. WORDSWORTH loved NATURE with a devotion 'passing the love of women,' and it was a love holy and pure. He, when

> —— 'the sweet breath of heaven
> Was blowing on his body, felt within
> A correspondent breeze, that gently moved,
> With quickening virtue.'

It was his to speak of 'the life in common things, the endless store of things,' rare or seeming rare, which he encountered in his daily walks and meditations; and what one of all our modern writers has done more to clothe the region in which he lived with the halo of his genius? We regret that our crowded pages do not admit of extracts, so plentifully indicated in the copy before us. Perhaps we may be better enabled to present these hereafter. Meantime, we take leave of the work, simply adding, that the present poem was intended by its author to be introductory to 'The Recluse' which, when completed, was to have consisted of three parts. The second part only, 'The Excursion,' was finished and given to the world. COLERIDGE is the friend to whom the poem was addressed, and his warm commendation of it is recorded in his 'Sibylline Leaves.'

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT. With Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. In two volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

RIDING pleasantly in the cars of the Harlaem rail-road, the other day, we intermingled pleasant thoughts of soon meeting 'wife and weans' with reflections upon the contents of these volumes, the perusal of the last of which we had finished while journeying through the goodly county of Westchester. Truth to say, we have rarely encountered a more readable book. There is any quantity of egotism, and not a few lame attempts at concealment of the same; but all autobiographies must be more or less open to this fault, if that can be called a fault, which is almost inseparable from this species of literature. One sits down with the author, fully and at once admitted to his confidence; and as he gossips on, feels at once as *he* feels; partakes of his sorrows and his joys, and becomes almost as well acquainted with his companions and friends as if he knew them in bodily presence. HUNT seems to have had few reservations; he presents few exceptions to perfect freedom of speech, whether in relation to himself or others. The picture which he draws of the early struggles of his family are most graphic and touching. No man of HUNT'S talent — for he had, in our judgment,

but talent, in contradistinction to great genius — who had been 'a religious skeptic, a royal rebel, a gentle son, a constant lover, a devoted parent, a popular journalist, a distinguished poet, a friend of SHELLEY, and a companion of BYRON, MOORE, LAMB, SCOTT and WORDSWORTH,' no such man, we say, could possibly write two volumes, full of personal reminiscences, without accomplishing a work of extraordinary interest. We confess to a great change in our views concerning HUNT's personal character, from a perusal of these attractive volumes. Always supposing MOORE's 'awful' epigrammatic lines upon him, after the death of BYRON, to be well deserved, we had formed a low estimate of the man, while admiring his talents; but his book will reinstate him in the good opinion of many a reader with whom our impressions were held in common. A portrait of the author faces the title. It was taken when he was very young, and is by no means prepossessing. We trust that the HUNT lip, unlike the 'Austrian lip' of which he speaks, (to say nothing of the still more feeble chin,) is not transmissible. Nothing could be more inane and characterless.

DOMESTIC HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Mrs. ELLET, Author of 'The Women of the American Revolution.' New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

THE popularity which attended the previous work by Mrs. ELLET will doubtless cause the present to be eagerly sought for; nor will it in any degree lessen the deserved reputation of the author. The object of the present volume is 'to exhibit the spirit and character of the revolutionary period; to portray, as far as possible in so brief a record, the social and domestic condition of the times, and the state of feeling among the people, with something of the services and experience of a class not usually noticed among those whose names live in historical remembrance.' With this view, a short and comprehensive narrative of the successive events of the war is interspersed with domestic details and anecdotes illustrative of the state of the country at various intervals. The writer's researches during some years past in collecting authentic materials for 'The Women of the American Revolution' brought to light many interesting incidents connected with the war, so strikingly characteristic of the times that they should not be suffered to pass into oblivion. These are sparingly used, because more of them would have swelled the volume to an unsuitable size; and all that possessed merely a personal interest have been excluded. It was found necessary also to omit the minor details of military movements, which form the bulk of almost every history of the war. A much better idea of the revolution may be obtained from anecdotes that exhibit the spirit which was abroad among all classes, and which prompted to action, than from the most accurate transcript of the manœuvres by which different battles were lost and won, and the most precise statement of the number engaged, or of killed and wounded on either side. Accordingly in general merely the date and locality of the principal battles are given, with the names of the leaders who were most conspicuous. Wherever an account is given of individual experience, it is for the purpose of showing what many did or suffered. In this attempt to present in a new and interesting light the history of our struggle for national existence, there is nothing of fanciful embellishment. The author wisely holds in just aversion the romancing trash under which at the present day the simple and picturesque, because simple, realities of our American story seem in danger of being buried. Not only has no aid of fiction been employed by her, but no traditional matter has been introduced, unless sustained by indisputable authority.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'A PARLOR SCENE:' SERMON ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR. — We annex a passage from a private letter to the EDITOR, in type for our last number, describing '*A Parlor Scene*' when the published account of the late PRESIDENT'S funeral at Washington was read aloud: 'But our choice circle, else so full of gladness, seemed to partake of the nation's sorrow. G —— had just received an account of 'The Funeral' of the lamented old hero and statesman in the columns of the '*National Intelligencer*,' and was asked to read it. I need not dwell upon so graphic, so affecting a sketch; but will ask you to let me turn a moment from the sadness of the scene, and give an incident as beautiful as it was affecting. The account ends thus: 'The coffin occupied a conspicuous position, and was fully exposed to view. But all eyes were drawn, even from this solemn sight, to one still more calculated to touch the feelings of a promiscuous assemblage: it was the General's favorite horse — the far-famed '*Old Whitey*,' so well known to every soldier who served under the brave old man through the perilous and glorious Mexican campaigns. He is a well-made animal, of some fifteen and a half hands in height, in fine condition, and, as it seemed, with a military air. On the saddle were the holsters and inverted spurs. Poor fellow! he stepped proudly, but how would his pride have been quelled could he have known that he now accompanied his beloved master for the last time! Yes, WHITEY! you are surrounded by soldiers, as you were wont to be; the canon thunders in your ears; that is a familiar sound; and near you is he whose heart never quailed, and whose sword was never turned back from the fight; but, alas! he has met at last a foe he could not conquer; and the hand that so often patted your neck, and reached you a morning token of his loving care, is cold in death, and will caress you no more.' Now tell me where lie the soul's secret springs of tender grief. Though all had been eager attention, and every eye looked sadness, not a tear was shed until the reading came to 'Poor fellow!' when a sensation was perceptible through the circle. And as it continued, '*Yes, Whitey*,' seemed the signal for the heart's relief; and before the few lines of beautiful apostrophe to the old white horse were ended, every cheek was bathed in tears! The funeral scene in the East-Room; the varied features in the day's solemnity; the picture of CLAY and WEBSTER, weeping at the tomb of the beloved hero and lamented PRESIDENT, these were touching and impressive; but poor 'OLD WHITEY' alone could cause tears to gush forth.' We learn from a friend who was present at the ceremonies in question, that the same feeling mentioned by our correspondent was general throughout the vast assemblage who beheld them.

At the moment when there are reaching us from the other side of the Atlantic ex-

pressions of the deep sympathy which other nations have in common, if not in degree, with us, at the death of our brave and venerated PRESIDENT, there come to us also various tributes to his character and memory, from different and distant parts of the republic, to which his lamented demise has given rise. Among these, there lies before us a copy of a '*Sermon occasioned by the Death of President Taylor*,' delivered at the Masonic Hall, Cincinnati, by T. H. STOCKTON, a distinguished minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose fervid and eloquent manner, we are informed by capable judges, imparts to the oral delivery of his public discourses unwonted effect. In the performance under notice we think we are enabled to see the secret of his success as a pulpit orator. He superadds to true feeling, without which all ministrations are naught, great picturesqueness of conception and of grouping. Even the present discourse, occasional, as it could only be, is full of graphic limnings, which might have been given us in a series of actual sketches from the pencil of a legitimate artist. The picture drawn of the places whence General TAYLOR had come, and whither and for what purpose he was going; of the places where his predecessors had been, how they had died, and where they at last reposed; these, while they lack nothing of earnestness, nothing of freshness, are yet from the pen of a true artist in language and in grouping of events. Sometimes, indeed, we think this grouping will be mistaken for a species of mechanical effect, so crowded are the figures and accessories; but a closer examination will convice the reader that this is rather the result of a full mind relieving itself of abundant facts by a sententiousness wholly unavoidable. But our present purpose is less to review in detail the discourse before us, than to present for the reader's edification an extract which will better afford an idea both of its matter and manner. Here is an early sketch, by a modern 'master' of a continent which now requires half of the sky to cover it, both oceans to water it, and both poles to bound it:

'METHINKS I see COLUMBUS, at ten of the clock, on the night of the eleventh of October, 1492, watching, from the prow of his vessel, with an ANGEL at his side. Suddenly the ANGEL directs the eye of the almost baffled mariner to a hopeful light.

'That was the first glimpse of the New World. There was no reflection, from hill or shore, from rock, tree or stream. There was no outline of a habitation, no motion of a person, visible. It was a mere gleam in an immensity of gloom, leaving all other objects to conjecture.

'That was the commencement of our destiny; and how little it depended on human foresight! The poets have anticipated in various ways the magnificent after disclosures, but COLUMBUS thought only of India. The discovery of the new continent was as much a surprise to him as to others.

'Methinks I see that same ANGEL, on this first day of August, 1850, standing in the sun, surrounded by an illustrious group of witnesses; some of them seemingly anxious to hide the stains of blood on their garments, but all with vivid memory and honest testimony of the times gone by. Chief among them is COLUMBUS himself, hardly yet forgetful that he carried to his coffin the chains wherewith he was rewarded for giving boundless and ceaseless liberty to the commerce of the world. The ANGEL, with hands extended toward the scene below, addresses him thus: 'For this, by divine appointment, I led thee across the deep?' And the honored one replies: 'I thrill with grateful rapture, like thine own. Like thee, I look, as the light looks, on all the expanse, from Greenland and Alaska to Cape Horn. I see the two oceans, always white on all their coasts with the freshening surf; and now whitening, in nearly equal lines, with the canvass of all nations. I see the western mountains — ranging through all climes, blazing among the icebergs of the poles and glittering with perpetual snow above the heats of the equator. I see the eastern hills, warming their flowery slopes in the open noon, and waving their windy woods over shadowy summits of easy access. I see, between, the plateaus and prairies, the lakes and rivers, unequalled on all the globe beside. I see the cliffs and glens, the placers and beds; of copper and lead, of iron and coal, of gold and silver, and every mineral hoard. I see the shores of pearls, and the inland heights of diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. I see the successive circles of grass and moss; of birch and fir; of pine and cedar; of oak, beech and chesnut; of the vine and fig; of the palm and magnolia; of the orange, olive and lime. I see the sweeping margins of rye, barley and wheat; of rice and cotton; of sugar and coffee, and the almost limitless maize. I see the immigrant nations — settled, spreading, coming; and the tribes of old still fleeing and falling before them. I see the march of improvement, as though the forests were prostrated by whirlwinds; as though the clouds were condensed into cities; as though the sunshine were transmuted into harvests. I see the OLD WORLD paying homage to the NEW; its hoary tyrannies, indeed, standing aloof, trying to content themselves with dwindling possessions, soon to be abandoned; but its arts and sciences, its literatures and philosophies, and the masses of its people, charmed by the voice of freedom, and hopeful of improvement by good-

ness, genius and truth — all hastening over. Before they touch the strand, the lightning reports them in the distant wilderness, and the mountains stoop and the valleys rise to smooth their rapid transit. I see the symbols of the Russian State and the Greek Church in the cold north-west. I see the symbols of the British State and the English Church in the cold north-east. I see the symbols of the Great Republic, adorning all the borders of its matchless central and southern empire; asserting, from sea to sea, the will of the people in the State, the will of the people in the Church, and the will of GOD over all. I see in the islands below the symbols of the Danish State and the Lutheran Church, and of the French combination of all policies, civil and ecclesiastical. I see, in one of those isles, the symbols of African rule. I see, on the southern shore of the Gulf, the symbols of the Dutch State and the Calvinian Church. Apart from these, over all the West, and away to the farthest South, I see the symbols of the independent or allied representatives of Spain and Portugal, and of the Roman Church. In all directions I see the scattered symbols of remaining Barbarism and Heathenism. Even Chinese Patriarchism and Boodhism touch the golden plains of the Pacific. The European, the African, the Asiatic, the Polynesian, and the American, are all one, on the same soil. More than fifty millions of people move within the range of my vision, and still the blooming wastes are waiting to welcome hundreds of millions more. I think of the future, and again my soul glows like thine. I think of the revolution of the Old World by the New — the revolution of its States, the revolution of its Churches; a revolution complete and enduring — glorifying GOD and dignifying man; a revolution, wrought by the reaction of all races on all their fatherlands; the agency of the redeemed in the universal extension of redemption. The contemplation overpowers me. I return to my own connection with the commencement of these wonders. I acknowledge my unworthiness in the sight of GOD; and yet I rejoice in the course HE set me, and the guide HE gave me. Never, to all eternity, can I forget that twinkling light in the distance — the sudden glory in my soul. Never can I forget the morning beauty of yon little isle — my own SAN SALVADOR! Never can I forget how other and nobler groups soon rose to view. But, six years elapsed before I saw Terra-Firma; and even then I dreamed not what it was. Rather, as I had mistaken the isles for those of India or Japan, so I mistook the continent for Paradise. I had not time to learn more or do more. But here are the other agents of PROVIDENCE. Let them declare how, point by point, this glorious scope was thus enlarged and defined.'

'COLUMBUS ceases: and others proceed. And so it appears, that a year before COLUMBUS saw the main land the CABOTS had sailed down all the northern coast from Newfoundland to Florida; that AMERICUS at most was only the third to visit the shores which bear his name; that PINZON opened the sixteenth century with the discovery of the Amazon; that CABRAL the same year, and only eight years after COLUMBUS had made his first discovery, was turned from his course toward the Cape of Good Hope, and borne to the beach of Brazil; as if to show that what was accomplished by COLUMBUS might easily have been gained without him; that seven years later AUBERT entered the St. Lawrence; that six years later BALBOA saw the Southern Ocean; that three years later DE SOLIS found the Rio de Plata; that four years later MAGELLAN passed through his straits, and swept out upon the Pacific; that one year later CORTES invaded Mexico; that one year later BERMUDEZ met his gentle cluster; that four years later PIZARRO ravaged Peru; that ten years later ALMAGRO opened Chili; that two years later CORTES again discovered California, but not its wealth; that two years later DE SOTO, though disappointed in his search for mountains of gold and fountains of youth, made his way to the nobler and richer Mississippi; that two years later ORELLANA descended from the heights of Peru to the level of the Atlantic, by the winding channels of the mighty Maranon; that one year later CABRILLO discovered Cape Mendocino; that thirty-four years later FROBISHER ventured to his icy strait; that two years later DRAKE beheld Cape Horn, and named New Albion; and that seven years later DAVIS sailed into the strait which bears his name. Next succeeds, in like order, the story of the seventeenth century; Newport, and Virginia; SMITH and Chesapeake Bay; HUDSON, his river, straits, and bay; CHAMPLAIN, and his lake; SMITH again, and the mapping of New-England; BAFFIN, and his bay; DERMER, and Long-Island Sound; and then, a hundred and twenty-eight years after COLUMBUS first crossed the deep, CARVER, and the Pilgrim Fathers, on Plymouth Rock! Then WILLIAMS, and MARQUETTE, and PENN, and HENNEPIN, and SALE, continued the course, by wood and stream. Next succeeds the eighteenth century; BHERING, and HEARNE, and COOK, and VANCOUVER, and others; remembered the less, it may be, for the grandeur of the Revolution, and the glory of WASHINGTON. LEWIS opens the nineteenth century; and others add their various lines of toil, leaving wide regions even yet unexplored. So turning all toward the higher and brighter sphere whence the sun derives its lustre, they worship HIM who keeps 'the times' and 'the seasons in HIS own power;' and humbly acknowledge that the destinies of persons and nations, of planets and systems, infinitely too precious to be committed to any mere being of a breath, are exclusively dependent on HIS Divine control.'

We know not how this may impress the reader hereof, but for ourselves we cannot resist the impression that it combines eloquence of manner with felicitous condensation of fact, to a degree not often attained by writers of occasional addresses like the present. We have only to add, that the 'Sermon' from which we have so liberally quoted is beautifully printed, and to express our regret that we cannot indicate where it may be found on sale in this metropolis. And here we would take the liberty to hint to our friends, the western publishers, that if they would have their occasional publications, at least publications of as much merit as the one we have been considering, widely read, they would find it for their interest to have them on sale in the bookstores of New-York. We would suggest at least a trial of the experiment.

JENNY LIND. — Well, JENNY has come, and she has taken the town completely captive. She has had a continual ovation. From the time she landed from the noble steamer 'Atlantic,' amidst the welcoming cheers of thousands, until her fourth concert last evening at Castle-Garden — that vast hall, crowded to repletion, with its sea of heads, above, around, beneath, looking like MARTIN'S picture of the resurrection day — JENNY LIND has encountered but one continued triumph. And well does she deserve it, and well does Mr. BARNUM deserve the thanks of the music-loving community for the liberal part which he has sustained, with so much honor to himself, in this matter. You hear PARVENU SNOBDOM, Esq., sometimes exclaim, what time he sucks the ivory foot of his little yellow rattan, or pulls up the horns of his shirt-collar till they chafe his long ears, 'W'at a pity that she should ha' kem over under the awspices of such a person as BARNUM! She is too clever to come out under such a showman.' We always like to hear such remarks as these, where they can be replied to: 'But, my dear Sir, we might have waited until doomsday, and waited in vain, for the advent of JENNY LIND, but for the enterprise and liberality of Mr. BARNUM. He was the only man in the republic who had the forecaste, the daring, the *generosity*, we may call it, to offer such liberal terms, with so many voluntary accessories, as would induce the lovely and noble-hearted Swedish NIGHTINGALE to leave Europe, where she could have named her own terms for years, and come to America.' And as to the impropriety of her coming 'under the auspices of such a person as Mr. BARNUM,' we should like to know what Mr. BARNUM has done, that he should be tabooed by PARVENU SNOBDOM, Esquire, and his kin. He has conducted a popular establishment, in which, at small cost, he has afforded gratification and amusement to millions of people. We confess that we have never seen the crowds of young persons and children who throng the American Museum, without thinking that that man was a public benefactor who could confer upon the many so much innocent enjoyment. Mr. BARNUM is a man of unexceptionable private character; he has travelled; he has seen the world; he has visited courts; he has been received, and with honor, in society abroad, into which PARVENU SNOBDOM, Esq. could neither coax, force, nor purchase an entrance; and his manners will bear a favorable comparison with those of the most imitative of the *mauvaise-riche* in Gotham. Thus much for *this* 'branch of our subject.' Now for JENNY LIND. And first, let us speak of the 'Song Committee' upon her '*Greeting to America*.' It is doubtless known to most of our readers that the EDITOR of this Magazine was one of the committee in question; we may be permitted therefore to say a few words touching the manner in which the duty of the committee was discharged. The number of songs sent in was enormous. We wish our readers could have seen our hard-working band, on a hot night 'in an upper-chamber,' with coats off, and perspiration 'a-pourink' off our faces, perusing those seven hundred and fifty tributes to JENNY herself, and to

'The land of the brave and the free!'

Let no poetical writer for the KNICKERBOCKER ever send us *that* line! It was repeated over five hundred times in the songs we inspected. Well, there was a good deal of merit in many of the songs, but re-perusal and careful sifting, on other evenings, reduced the number to a very few, which were at length submitted, in full council, to the fair JENNY and the distinguished composer, JULES BENEDICT, for rejection or approval, on musical grounds. With characteristic unselfishness, the NIGHTINGALE rejected every thing that had a word or allusion in praise of herself: 'No,

no — *no!*' she would say to the reader, whenever he came to such allusions, 'no, no, *no!*' I not like to speak of *myself* — no; I wish to speak of ze contree — ze beautiful contree — I wish to say what I *feel* when I first see ze beautiful contree of freedom!' Many very fair songs were thrown out on this account. The committee had assigned to two songs, the one to which the prize was finally awarded, and the one by EPES SARGENT, Esq., of Boston, an equal degree of literary merit; but the vote of Mr. BENEDICT and Miss LIND was given to that by BAYARD TAYLOR, as being the most susceptible of musical adaptation. It may not be amiss to remark here, that we have observed in various journals, in different parts of the country, unfavorable comments upon the decision of the committee, and in certain of the more unscrupulous, broad insinuations, or direct charges, that that decision was a 'forgone conclusion.' We have only to say in reply, that if ever there was an examination faithfully conducted, and a decision honestly rendered, it was on this occasion. No one of the committee knew that BAYARD TAYLOR was a contributor, no one that he ever saw the piece which obtained the prize, until the sealed envelope containing his name was opened by the committee, 'in full council,' as we have said, with M'lle LIND and Mr. BENEDICT. We give below both of the songs to which we have alluded. There is a very felicitous idea in the line,

'And opes to the sunset its pathway of gold.'

California and her treasures are beautifully conveyed by that adroit simile. It is moreover literally correct. From the farther side of San Francisco, looking out to the ocean, we are told that one sees at sunset the rays streaming in gorgeous splendor through the narrow entrance up the bay of San Francisco, exactly as through a gateway whose frame-work is of solid gold. The first of the ensuing stanzas was omitted in the singing by Miss LIND; the object being, we may presume, to lessen the burthen of English pronunciation, in which she is not as yet a proficient:

GREETING TO AMERICA.

WORDS BY BAYARD TAYLOR: MUSIC BY JULES BENEDICT.

I.

'T is said that in silence the heart must reveal
What the faltering lip to its pleading denies,
When the warmth of its beating we may not conceal,
And grateful emotion is soft in the eyes;
But silence itself, in the region of song,
Is music made sweeter and purer in tone,
And the minstrel whose hopes to that region belong,
Must *feel* in its beautiful language alone.

II.

I greet, with a full heart, the Land of the West,
Whose Banner of Stars o'er a world is unrolled;
Whose empire o'ershadows Atlantic's wide breast,
And opes to the sunset its gateway of gold!
The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide,
Where the souls of the mighty from slumber awake,
And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died!

III.

Thou Cradle of Empire! though wide be the foam
That severs the land of my fathers and thee,
I hear from thy bosom the welcome of home,
For Song has a home in the hearts of the free;
And long as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,
And long as thy heroes remember their scars,
Be the hands of thy children united as one,
And PEACE shed her light on thy Banner of Stars!

Mr. SARGENT's effort will commend itself to every reader. It has already been set to music by our friend DEMPSTER, the eminent vocalist, and most beautiful music it is; full of spirit, and with *his* execution, 'stirring the heart like a trumpet:'

SALUTATION TO AMERICA.

WORDS BY EPES SARGENT: MUSIC BY WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER

LAND of the beautiful, land of the free,
Often my heart had turned, longing to thee;
Often had mountain, lake, torrent and stream
Gleamed on my waking thought, crowded my dream;
Now thou receivest me from the dark sea,
Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

Fair to the eye in thy grandeur thou art;
O doubly fair, doubly dear to the heart!
For to the exiled, the trodden, the poor,
Through the wide world thou hast opened the door;
Millions crowd in, and are welcomed by thee,
Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

Land of the Future! here ART shall repair—
Kinder thy gale than her own Grecian air!
Since her true votaries ever have found
Lofty desert by America crowned;
Where in her pride should she dwell but with thee,
Land of the beautiful, land of the free?

Sculpture for thee shall immortalize Form;
Painting illumine, and Poetry warm;
Music devote all her fervors divine
To a heart-service at Liberty's shrine;
Till all thy gifts doubly precious shall be,
Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

Hail, then, Republic of WASHINGTON, hail!
Never may star of thy Union wane pale!
Hope of the world! may each omen of ill
Fade in the light of thy destiny still;
Time bring but increase of honor to thee,
Land of the beautiful, land of the free!

It is unnecessary for us to speak of JENNY LIND's opening concert, for the daily journals have teemed with accounts of that, and each of the succeeding ones. We have seen enthusiasm evinced by audiences, but we never before saw *such* enthusiasm — *never*. Such a sea of waving handkerchiefs; such universal, prolonged, ecstatic applause, we never witnessed in any public place of entertainment. It was as the 'voice of *one* people.' And when this fervent, vehement applause had ended, and the fair object of it stood before that vast multitude, hushed to a silence so profound that you might have heard a feather eddy down from the dome — *then* was a time, and there was a scene, to be remembered. 'And now,' the reader will ask, 'what do you think of her singing? *Is* JENNY LIND what you had been led to expect? Is there, after all, any very *great* difference between her and other *good* singers whom you have heard? — and *if* so, in what does that difference consist?' Well, we will try to answer these questions as well as one can who is wholly ignorant of music as a science; who loves simple Scottish or Irish melodies, plaintive methodist hymns, and '*gems* from the opera,' and sometimes essays to sing them when alone in his sanctum; and who has no affection for what is called 'difficult' or 'astonishing' execution in music. In the first place, then, JENNY LIND *sings*. She does n't squall; she does n't 'holler;' she neither makes a fuss nor 'makes faces;' she does n't 'yell;' she does n't 'shake' like a windy sliver on a chesnut-rail of a 'Virginia fence' in the country; she *sings*, in her natural, GOD-given, matchless voice. Her tones, round, full, rich, clear; equally effective, in

these qualities, whether at a point unattainable by other voices, or in the more subdued middle-notes; her tones take possession of the atmosphere; they fill all the vacant air; and they *melt into your heart.* 'This is not criticism.' We know *that* very well; but it is *true*, as truth came to at least one delighted listener, who required no knowledge of musical terms to make him *feel*, no previous education to make him *admire.* Now what *it is* that gives JENNY LIND this preëminent power, we cannot say; but it can only be *genius*, that gift from heaven; *genius*, akin to that which made the elder KEAN preëminent over all his contemporaries on the stage, although there were other and good players in his time. There is a great deal of unintelligible comment in the daily journals upon JENNY LIND, her voice and her 'style;' and we should almost fear the reacting effect of it upon such unsophisticated music-lovers as ourselves, of whom there are thousands in every community, but that JENNY can neither be injured in her reputation by injudicious friends, nor — if such a thing could be possible — concealed enemies. The best, the most understandable, and the least affected criticisms upon her performances, that we have seen, are to be found in the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal. But we must draw our *Lindiana* to a close. We have had the pleasure to meet the pure-hearted cantatrice in private, and have been charmed with her simplicity, frank sincerity of manner, and delightful *naïvéte;* we have heard her, entranced, at her rehearsals, and at all her concerts; we have seen the nobleness and generosity of her heart in her munificent benefactions; and, 'to conclude,' while we commend to all who would compass a new sensation to lose no time in hearing her, we record it as our emphatic belief, that *nothing like* JENNY LIND *has ever been heard in America.* Set that down as 'Old KNICK.'s verdict.

LITERATURE OF THE DRAMA. — We derive the following from a friend in whose literary judgments we should generally confide. We have not ourselves had the pleasure to hear Mr. BUCHANAN upon the stage, nor had an opportunity to peruse his new tragedy: 'The days of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, MASSINGER, FORD, JONSON, GREENE, and that host of dramatists whose light shed such an effulgence over the literature of the ELIZABETHAN age, cannot be renewed in this practical epoch of the human race. Yet we need not despair, under a fortuitous combination of circumstances, of obtaining occasionally something like a reflection of that dramatic period. When great actors and great poets produce a culmination of intellect, the result can be nothing less than brilliant. A gentleman of education, gifted with rare mental and physical powers; endowed with a generous ambition and energy of purpose; familiar with the mechanism of the stage, and with every requisite for popular admiration and respect, recently created for himself a creditable reputation on the boards of many of our theatres. The son of a distinguished family, Mr. BUCHANAN has committed his fortunes to the sea of public opinion, and the general belief is, that it will not prove treacherous to his hopes. With a determination to avoid the calamities to which many actors have been subjected, this gentleman, we understand, has determined to annex himself to the dramatic literature of his times. As a practical illustration of his determination, he has purchased a tragedy from a gentleman well known as a successful dramatist. The historical points of this dramatic effort are well known. The story is that of ARRIA and the distinguished family of PÆTUS CÆCINNA, which flour-

ished during the reign of CLAUDIUS CÆSAR, the fifth of the Roman emperors. CÆCINNA was a consul in the early part of that reign, and was stationed in Dalmatia, the scene of the first act of the play. From this province he was recalled by the agency of PALLAS, the minion and minister of the emperor, leaving his wife ARRIA, his daughter and THRASEUS, afterward the husband of the latter. These persons, history informs us, set sail for Rome on a tempestuous night, following the fortunes of the noble consul. The embarkation, in a fisher's galley, terminates the first act, the language of which abounds with many happy natural touches, and affords introductory impressions of the chief characters. The play then moves forward with a variety of beautiful and effective incidents, tracing the history and love of THRASEUS and ARRIA's daughter. The love-scene, as the stage technically terms such passages, is a beautiful series of expressions and thoughts. A few lines will illustrate the style of the author, in the more quiet passages of his work:

'No! let us think with Syracusan DION,
On whose yet infant lips Hymettus' bees
Sipped more delicious food than grows in flowers,
That love's desires are still but memories
Of life, anterior wholly to the births,
Which mantling thus with dark mortality
Our heaven-born souls, doomed us to walk this earth
Care-thronged together.

'Would it were no dream!

'Think it is none. Then as we feel our love
Still but a continuity, that leads
Up to that high original and true
Affinity first joined us there, we 'll gather
Strength, hope — yes, blessings from the lovely faith
Thus cherished, and defy the world that mocks us.'

'In some of the more powerful scenes of the play the expressions are full of force; as for instance:

'HAST thou heard
Of some fresh outbreak on the general peace,
Or of some act which, *hinging on ourselves,*
Creaks of destruction?'

'The omen of a bird wounded, falling at CÆCINNA's feet, is thus described:

'THE worst is not yet told. A minute passed,
And, poised above the roof, appeared a bird,
Pierced by a cruel shaft, that tore its wings.
With piteous notes and lamentations loud,
Its song bewailed the hapless agony
That poured the life-blood o'er its shining plumes;
Yet mourned it thus not long. Exhausted soon,
In swift and strange gyrations to the earth
It fell, close at my father's feet, and then
Its breast expanding with its pain, one sigh
It heaved, and calmly perished.'

'The character of CLAUDIUS is painted with brilliant colors. The historical precision of the author is not the least merit of the portraiture. We have not space, however, to enter upon all the peculiar manifestations of poetical and dramatic capability which have been displayed by the author. Perhaps the best compliment he can receive is the simple fact that not three lines have been changed since it was put into the hands of Mr. BUCHANAN. There will doubtless be much anxiety on the part of the public to see the new play and the new actor, a treat which may be enjoyed in the course of a short time. Until then, we forbear to raise any unfounded anticipations of success. We learn that there is not the slightest apprehension felt either that the play or the actor will fall short of public favor. Surely, it would be a sad want of taste if both are not well received.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have received from Mr. SIDNEY WEST, of Manchester, N. H., a dingy little pamphlet, of twenty-four pages, bearing the sounding title of '*The Object of God with respect to the Final State of Man, introduced by an Address to the Deity, to which is added an Hymn.*' It was accompanied by a note to the EDITOR hereof, in which the writer modestly observes: 'This is the first work I have ever favored the public with; but as you will perceive by the preface, it is but the prelude to another more extended work upon the same or kindred subject; and if, by the circulation of this, I am led to believe the public mind to be in a sufficiently advanced state for the inception of my views, I shall hasten their publication; but if otherwise, I shall defer it till, in the advance of intelligence, the progress of science, and the general enlightenment of the people, I shall find the public mind to be in a state proper to receive and digest the doctrines inculcated in them.' Is n't that rather modest? Would n't you think it was a modern JOHN MILTON speaking of a second 'Paradise Lost?' Now we propose to afford the reader an example or two of the inspirations of that genius for which the world is not yet ready. We quote first from the first page of 'An Address to Man:'

'THOSE noble powers with which we are endowed,
And sensibilities, all cry aloud,
There is a GOD of wisdom, power and might,
Who fills all space, and rules the day and night;
Man, beast, fowl, fish, and insects, every kind,
Declare this truth, and all things else combined;
The murmuring rills and streams that gently flow,
And glistening brooks, while rivers larger go,
To seek a centre and to find a home
Where raging waves and rolling billows foam:
The mountains high, and yonder valleys low,
Rocks, hills and plains, and even meadows, show,
The sun and moon, and all the stars, declare,
There is a GOD who made and placed them there:
But, notwithstanding demonstration great,
In proof of GOD, who did all things create,
Some men there are, though strange it first may seem,
Who vainly dare deny the GOD supreme,
And say that we and all things come by chance,
And labor hard to this idea enhance.'

From the same 'Address' we select at random the following lines, as specimens merely of the writer's style:

'I NOW observe the all-acknowledged fact
That man exists, and trace his being back;
In doing which I am just now inclined
To take for help the holy book divine.'

. . . . .

'FROM all eternity, we do believe,
If by the account we 're not deceived,
That in the one and never-changing Mind
Was man created, and in him confined;
With him alone were all things present then,
And thus he viewed the final state of man.'

. . . . .

'THEN raise thine eyes to the imperial fields,
And ask the sun why he such pleasures yields?
What hand hast thou to guide thy rays of light,
To warm the earth, enhance the world's delight?
So free, impartial, as from thee are sent,
To cheer mankind and fill them with content,
So universal as thou deign'st to rise
On all alike, the evil, good, and wise;
Then ask the stars that gem the azure sky
Why they were made and hang so pendant high?
And, if an answer from their spheres should fall,

They would ackowledge that the GOD of all
Was their CREATOR, and his mighty hand
Does guide them on in ope united band,
To praise his wisdom, and his power make known,
As they revolve impartial round his throne.'

. . . . .

'THAT GOD is happy, and his bliss complete;
'T is pure and perfect, and, I dare repeat,
It always was and always will remain
Unchanged, undiminished, and the same:
And I candidly ask, were it not so,
Where is the being that will come and show,
And spread this once before my ears and eyes,
Where in the universe perfection lies?
If doctrines were true which thousands have preached,
Then happiness with GOD is not complete,
Which I could not believe though I should try.'

There, that will do to show what sort of a poet Mr. SIDNEY WEST is in *that* style of verse: let us exhibit another 'section' of his genius in 'Section Second,' a scene in Heaven:

'THE wolf and lion and ferocious bear
Shall feed on grass, the infant lead them there;
The gentle lamb shall round them skip and play,
Shall stop to rest, and with them harmless lie.

'The little child secure from harm shall lie
By adders' dens, and yet not fear to die;
The cockatrice no more its poison find,
And serpents' bites no more disturb mankind.'

. . . . .

'WHEN round the bed of sickness, pain and wo,
We 're called to weep, though tears like torrents flow,
The light of truth with pure effulgence shine,
To cheer the soul and animate the mind.

'Gratuitous, then, with all our pow-ers, rise;
On wings of love soar upward to the skies,
Till one loud climax from JEHOVAH great
Shall speak us all within the future state.'

'JESUS CHRIST should be Preached rather than Man' is the title of a poem which opens thus felicitously:

'To preach ourselves would not be right,
Though all the powers of earth unite,
And every tongue on earth combine,
Declare that such was GOD'S design.

'Though we should stand in garbs of light,
With seraphs' powers and angels' might,
We could not, with those pow-ers, fill
The holy place on Zion's hill.'

From 'Lines written in an Album' on the death of the author's brother, we take hese touching stanzas. How they do rack the 'feelinks!'

'O, how diminished are those joys
With which you once were blessed!
How human sorrow oft decoys
The charms of your fair breast!

'It is with feelings I deplore
The loss you now sustain,
And feel to sympathize the more,
That troubles still remain.

''T was Providence that gave you life
Of him you once was blest,
Till you became the wished-for wife
Of much-loved HENRY WEST:

'Who, e'er nine months had rolled away,
Was called to gasp and die,
And his glad spirit winged its way
To fairer worlds on high.

'He was the husband of your choice,
The object of your love;
Is now permitted to rejoice
With cherubims above.

'Therefore, the loss you so much felt
Was heavenly gain to him;
Be patient, then; the LORD will help,
Till you shall meet again.'

The work from which the foregoing passages are extracted is to be followed, it would seem, by another, entitled '*The Progress of the Kingdom of Heaven from its Com-*

mencement to its Final Consummation,' a subject sufficiently large to test the writer's powers. While Mr. SIDNEY WEST is preparing this great work for the press, however, we take the liberty to whisper in his ear, that he is ignorant of the commonest rules of grammar; that he has n't a *spark* of poetry in him; that his ridiculous presumption is only equalled by his inanity; and 'finally, and to conclude,' that he had better hang up, at once and forever, the squeaking corn-stalk fiddle that he has mistaken for the poetical lyre. Good morning, Mr. WEST! If you should be passing through Eaton, in your state, call and see Mr. THOMAS RANDALL, of that place. *He* is a poet, too, as we have lately shown, and decidedly of your school. . . . 'I SAW,' writes a Ballston correspondent, 'in an old number of the KNICKERBOCKER which I took up at the United States' Hotel in Saratoga, the other day, an allusion, in some theatrical notice of yours, to 'SHALES,' as an eminent American actor. Now will you have the kindness to inform me who the d——l is SHALES?' Such ignorance may be pardoned in a person 'from the rural districts;' but in this city, or in the 'Literary Emporium' of this ked'ntry, not to know SHALES would be to 'argue one's self unknown.' SHALES was a native genius. His 'parts' were first exposed in Boston. He came hither with the stamp, the legitimate *imprimatur*, of that decided and decisive town. He came with his 'blushing honors thick upon him.' Our friend Colonel GREENE of the 'Boston Post,' (although ours are the 'principles of 'ninety-eight,' we wish well to that most pleasant sheet,) had but recently publicly presented him with a huge service of tin-plate, on a big salver. The plate was very bright and luminous, and only somewhat too large for ordinary use; but 'there were gi-yants in those days,' and SHALES was 'one of 'em.' The COLONEL, dressed in the old continental uniform, in use 'about *tea*-time' in Boston, when the hour for 'the presentation' approached, faltered; for the house was crowded, and the 'beneficiary' had just been encored for the fourth time in the death-scene of RICHARD the Third, 'the bloody *scoundrel*,' as we remember hearing SHALES pronounce himself, while personating that remorseless character. Well, the COLONEL, as we have said, faltered at the very rising of the curtain, which had at last fallen. 'The Tremont' was a jam; the silence was awful; the COLONEL stood at the wing, with his tin 'service' ready for delivery, as was also the brief speech which was to accompany it. Seeing his hesitancy, two 'anxious friends' behind the scenes pushed the COLONEL onto the stage. The applause was tremendous. SHALES, whose legs were thin and long, and formed, when he stood erect, an irregular parenthesis, took the salver of tin-'plate,' and the COLONEL, with a very brief speech, retired. And there stood SHALES, with nothing to say, and nobody to say it to; his arms extended with the tray which held the complimentary 'service.' His appealing look at the audience was most pitiful to see. But what was he to do? He was awaiting the *pleasure* of the audience; he had 'took roots,' like the lonely 'wall-flower' mentioned in our last number. While he was thus quandarily musing, there descended upon him from the gallery several brown-paper bags filled with flour; these striking his head and the 'service,' covered him and his sheet-iron tribute with cereal snow. The storm continued; but these pellets were finally interrupted by a wreath, that would have been a treasure for a green-grocer. It was afterward brought to New-York from Boston. Our friend STETSON had it suspended for some time in the office of his incomparable hotel, the Astor-House. The substratum was a strong rope hay-band, three feet in circumference. An artist made it up. There were cabbages, white and purple; parsnips; turnips, long and round; carrots; potatoes, of a large 'kidney;' in short, long and

short sause, of every description. If it had *hit* the poor-devil actor it would have broken his neck or his ribs. Well, well; 'enough said' at this present. 'Praps,' reader, we may hereafter try to give you a reminiscence of SHALES' advent in New-York. 'Who the d——l is SHALES?' eh? 'You shall *see* anon:' 't was a waggish piece of work. . . . GENIN, in Broadway, adjoining the American Museum, *the* HATTER, par excellence, of the metropolis at this moment, deserves his good fortune; being certainly one of the most tasteful artists in his line in this city. Nor can there be found, in any similar depository in town, at all times, so splendid an assortment of articles usually purchasable at kindred establishments. His materials are of the first order; his fashions are the latest and most graceful; and he is 'himself alone' in the concoction and invention of those beautiful 'head-arrangements' for ladies and children, for which his establishment has become *almost* as famous as the enthusiastic spirit which prompted him to give two hundred and twenty-five dollars for the best seat to hear JENNY LIND at her first concert in America. . . . THE story of the stupidity of the Binghampton 'Boots' has suggested to a friend the subjoined personal reminiscence:

'SOME years ago, I left the city of New-York in the good ship 'ASHBURTON,' Captain HUDDLESTON commander, all bound to England. The winds were favorable, and although the seas rolled higher than the billows of my native Potomac, I felt pretty much at home upon the 'peopled deck.' The passage across was made in good time, and when off Cape Clear some twenty miles, there appeared, riding like a wild duck upon the dashing billows of the ocean, a tiny, old-fashioned, Irish pilot-boat. That 'wee thing' had ventured out with its whiskey-scented sails thus far at sea, to catch our leviathan and show her the 'way up to town.' We were then foaming it along in a direct line for the French coast, and stood in no particular need of our Irish friend. However, I determined, if I could muster a party, to venture my trunk and person in the pilot-boat, and visit Ireland. This resolution met with warm approval from three or four good men and true, and in a short time we stood to, and PADDY was alongside, and soon her decks were adorned with our party. A basket of cold fowl and a few bottles of capital champagne, the gift of our worthy captain, accompanied us as body comforts, and in the twinkling of a 'sky-scraper' we wore away.

'There rode our gallant ship upon the high sea, her bows tossing the foam before her like a snow-storm, and the flag of the States streaming out upon the British winds. Three cheers from her hardy crew, three cheers from our party, and we separated. Her haven was to be Liverpool, ours some southern town of the Emerald Isle. In a few hours the extreme point of Ireland grew into vastness, and Cape Clear, rocky and flinty, and purpled and powdered under a summer sun, was passed at the distance of a biscuit-throw. Then came the rocks that bound the harbor of the fishing town of Baltimore, and anon we were visited by the guardians of the customs, and our trunks searched for contraband goods; and well did some of us look like gentlemen of the smuggling line of business. We passed in safety HER MAJESTY'S right-hand men, and touched the sod.

'Tarrying not long in the peat-smoked village, we departed, after a dinner of milk and potatoes, for the famous town of Skibbereen. Arriving there in the gloaming of the day, we were conducted by a speculative crowd of outwardly-appearing assassins to the hotel. We engaged thence for Cork (city of the beautiful harbor) an entire stage or coach. The hour was fixed for departure on the following morning, at half-past five.

'We tired men sought our beds, with commands to the servant to wake us in time in the morning. I was awake about three o'clock, when I heard my door open, and saw a man enter my room. He approached my bed with stealthy steps, and placed his hand upon my shoulder. 'Sir,' said he, 'are ye asleep at all?' 'No, my good fellow; but what is the matter?' 'Och! on my honor,' replied the waiter, for it was he, 'I've something to tell ye: I've been in to wake the gentlemen, but it is too early. I know it, but I was a little by the head last night, and forgot; and when I waked your friend, he said it was n't time, and I must let him sleep. I 'm sorry for it, and came to tell ye.' I told him to leave me, and that I would wake the party myself at the proper time. When we all met in the parlor, and were ready for a start, one of my friends told me that the infernal waiter had waked him at three o'clock, and when he told him that it was too early to get up, the fellow had gone out of his room, but that while he was asleep, about an hour afterward, had returned and waked him to apologise for having disturbed him before. 'I accepted his regrets,' said my friend,

'and as I cast my eyes at his retreating figure, and caught the expression of his honest but excessively stupid face, I could hardly control a fit of laughter, and should have laughed outright, but that it was too early; he seemed so contented and self-satisfied at having put all right again; and I have no doubt he boasts to this day of his good conduct in waking a man up to apologise for having waked him before. If this is not a fair specimen of an Irish waiter, then put me down as a nobody, and do n't publish this yarn, but send it to some long-winded paper, where they publish elaborate prefaces to a small point.'

'GRIEF hath been known to turn the young head grey;' so says the poet; and this silver livery of wo might have appeased even the philosophical HAMLET. The gentler sex have some notions of 'the proprieties of grief' which we scarcely wot of. For instance: 'Here are three pretty ladies of my acquaintance,' (writes a friend of ours) 'at a milliner's, purchasing caps. Pretty little 'what-nots' the said caps are; one is '*à la republique*,' another '*rococo*.' But before the ladies buy, they make a bargain with the milliner. Their mother is lying dangerously ill; she may die; possibly within a day or so; and if so, all these tasteful little lilac and blue bows and fly-away ribbons must be changed to black, without extra charge. That is the agreement. So the three pretty sisters pulled out three pretty purses and paid for the three pretty caps with the lilac and blue bows. They were evidently thinking of their dying mother, or they never would have driven the hard bargain with the milliner concerning the black ribbons. 'Ladies,' said I, 'you remind me of what happened to me once. An aunt of mine was very ill, and my Sunday waistcoat was of yellow kerseymere. I could not afford to buy a new one in case she died, and my only way was to dye my waistcoat. But the dyer said it would take a week to do it. Here was a strait! If I got my waistcoat dyed in advance, my aunt might live; if it went undyed, my aunt might die. For two or three days I went about melancholy enough, and people said 'Poor fellow! he takes it hard about his aunt!' At last I determined to make the sacrifice; and I took my vest to the dyer. During that week I watched my aunt with more than filial care; on some days she was better, on other days worse. That was a black-and-yellow week for me. At last, much to my disappointment, on the very day my black waistcoat came home, the doctors pronounced her out of danger!' When I had finished, I was surprised to see that the three pretty sisters were shocked at my levity; in fact the eldest told me, I 'ought not to talk of serious matters in such a trifling way;' then turning round and giving some farther directions to the milliner about the lilac and blue bows, with a hint touching the bargain concerning the black ribbons, the three pretty sisters left the milliner and me to our reflections.' . . . WE are doing good service to the traveller upon the romantic windings of the Erie Rail-Road, by mentioning the fact, that a splendid house has been erected on the site of the old 'Mansion House' at the pretty village of Elmira. The new hotel is built upon the most commodious plan: the main entrance is within a few feet of the ample dining-room, on the first floor, and the sleeping rooms, on the second and third stories, open upon wide and straight halls, which extend from one end of the house to the other. The greatest care has been taken to afford light, ventilation, and comfort, in the construction of this house; and when we add that it is to be kept by SILAS HAIGHT, we need proceed no farther. '*Apropos*,' said a friend, looking over the editorial shoulder, (every body looks over an editor's shoulder,) 'that reminds me of a story I heard in the 'Old Mansion.' A friend of mine, a capital lawyer, had 'a case' before an old justice in that county. Well, old JURISPRUDENCE had tried my friend's temper until the dams gave way, and he indulged in some intensives which were any thing but respectful. 'Take care Sir,' said old CIVIS, 'I 'll

commit you, Sir, if you say that again.' 'You commit me!' replied my friend, chinking up the gaps with the offensive expletives, 'why you don't know enough to make out a mittimus.' 'I'll see,' said the old fellow, dipping his pen in a broken blue tea-cup, and drawing out a slip of paper. Sure enough, he had a form of the commitment, and to work he went, copying it off, and filling in my friend's name, with the offence, etc., etc. 'There, Sir,' said old JURISPRUDENCE, wiping his pen with one 'dab' of his broad tongue, 'what do you think of *that?*' 'All right,' said my friend; 'have a little sand?' he added, taking up the blue tea-cup. 'No, Sir, no!' shouted the justice. It was too late. Down came the cup, 'ker-swash,' bottom side up. 'There, you old fool, before you get out in the woods and scrape enough witch-hazel to make you some more ink, I shall be just where I want to be!' Pretty good, that. Taking this functionary for a specimen, the Hon. MICHAEL WALSH was n't far out of the way when he said, 'It takes more intelligence to keep out of the way of the New-York omnibusses than it does to make a country justice.' . . . MOTHERS! mothers! do us the kindness to read '*The Baby's Complaint*' which ensueth. We saw the little boy who wrote it 'in his first year,' no longer ago than last week, in the beautiful saloon of the steamer 'Erie,' coming down from Piermont. His eyes were in a 'fine frenzy rolling' at the time, being nearly jolted out of his little head; and he was exhibiting unmistakable 'emotion:'

'OH, mother, dear mother! no wonder I cry!
More wonder by far that your baby don't die;
No matter what ails me, no matter who 's here,
No matter how hungry the 'poor little dear;'
No matter if full, or all out of breath,
She trots me, and trots me, and trots me to death!

'I love my dear nurse, but I dread that great knee;
I like all her talk, but wo unto me!
She can't be contented with talking so pretty,
And washing, and dressing, and doing her duty;
And that 's very well — I can bear soap and water —
But mother, she 's such an unmerciful trotter!

'Pretty ladies, I want just to look at your faces,
Pretty cap, pretty fire, let me see how it blazes;
And she trots me the harder, the harder I sob,
Oh mother, do stop her! I'm inwardly sore,
I hiccup and cry, and she trots me the more,
And talks about 'wind;' 't is *she* makes me ache!
Wish 't would blow her away, for poor baby's sake!

'Thank goodness, I 'm still; oh blessed be quiet!
I 'm glad my dear mother is willing to try it;
Of foolish old customs my mother's no lover,
And the wisdom of this she can never discover.
I 'll rest me awhile and just look about,
And laugh up at SALLY, who peeps in and out,
And pick up some notions as soon as I can,
To fill my small noddle before I 'm a man.

'Oh dear, is that she? — is she coming so soon?
She 's bringing my dinner with tea-cup and spoon:
She 'll hold me with one hand, in 'tother the cup,
And as fast it 's down, she 'll just shake it up,
And thumpity-thump with the greatest delight,
Her heel it is going from morning till night:
All over the house you may hear it, I 'm sure,
Trot — trotting! just think, what I 'm doomed to endure!'

Exactly; 'just think of it,' mothers; and while you are thinking of that, just think of *another* thing, in which both you and your nurses are sad offenders. Re-

collect that the heads of your juveniles are not brick-bats, nor the tender skin which covers them cow-hide. How many tears have we seen *expressed* from the eyes of little people whose heads were being *raked* by a careless nurse with the morning comb! How many *just* baby-complaints have we heard against the screwing-up process of morning hair-curling! We admit that we have 'never been a mother;' but that 's nothing to do with the question. The thing to be considered is, whether it is necessary to trot a child to death, or to put it in purgatory every morning with a fine-tooth comb, or the cruel 'curl-finger' of an Irish nurse? These are questions which we think ought to be 'mooted.' . . . FOUR great excitements have passed over this community within two years; the California excitement; the fight between TOM HYER and YANKEE SULLIVAN; the PARKMAN mystery; and the arrival of JENNY LIND. These four great excitements have been filled in with smaller excitements, 'thick as the leaves in Valambrosa;' excitements of a few hours, a day, a week; then comes a great nine-day-wonder, gathering head, mighty, resistless, overwhelming; and straightway the whole community is submerged. Just to think of it; how many editors (beside ourself, and some 'beside themselves,') are now writing a taking article about JENNY LIND! Engravers making copper-heads of her; music-printers rolling off her songs by the score; pianos hammering her music; artificers sending her whips, gloves, soda-water, gold pens, pickles, hats, cooking-stoves, spurs, patent-medicines, the works of CORNELIUS MATHEWS, tea-kettles, riding habits, card-cases, boquets and baby-jumpers. Then visitors without number; civil, military, judicial, theological and musical; monster-serenades, with a body-guard of glowing firemen like illuminated red-peppers; thirty thousand dollar concerts! WHAT! 'ain't we a great people?' . . . CAN any body inform us what has become of 'LIBERTE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE?' Any one who can give information concerning these three French gentlemen, who are missing, will be suitably rewarded. . . . 'WHAT do you call a public-spirited indiwidivle?' asked one of those philosophers who are generally found sitting on a pile of timber, of a warm night, in front of some unfinished building. 'A public-spirited indiwidivle?' Why, when I was a boy, it meant 'an indiwidivle who would do for the public whatever he could;' now it means 'an indiwidivle who will *do* the public whenever he can.' . . . AMID all this deluge of harmony with which our city has been visited, belike most of our readers have forgotten a sweet, silvery voice, that some three years ago, at the 'Old Park,' used at times to draw tears from all eyes with its exquisite pathos. There was a strange fascination in that voice; it was not for the first time heard — we trust it has not been for the last. Dost thou remember, oh wonderful reader! who art now puzzling thy five wits over this subsection, any thing of the following?

> 'GRIEF fills the room up of my absent child,
> Lies on his bed, walks up and down with me;
> Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
> Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
> Stuffs out his vacant garment with his form:
> Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
> Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
> I could give better comfort than you do.'

Does that recall the ——. Ah yes; you are right, worthy friend; it *was* ELLEN TREE! . . . 'I STAND,' said a western stump-orator, 'on the broad platform of the principles of '76; and palsied be my arm, if I desert 'em!' 'You do n't stand on nothin' of the kind!' interrupted a little shoe-maker in the crowd; 'you stand in a pair of my boots, that you 've never paid for, and I want the money!'

This slight remark seemed to lessen the value of his 'principles' in the mind of the by-standers. . . . Our old friend, Thomas Placide, is recruiting his company for his popular theatre, the '*Varietés*,' at New-Orleans. Chippendale, whom every New-York play-goer knows and admires, is his stage-manager; moreover, he takes away Bass, whom we are sorry to part withal. He is a man of profound study in his art, an excellent actor, a well-read scholar, with whom Shakspeare is a household word. We commend him, and his excellent brother-actor, Chippendale, to the courtesies of our friends in the South-West. . . . Our pleasant and lively contemporary, the daily '*Evening Mirror*,' gives as a literary *on dit*, that 'Puffer Hopkins is engaged in writing his Autobiography, after the manner of Leigh Hunt. The 'Mutual Admiration Society' have subscribed for the entire edition, with the exception of a 'presentation copy,' held in reserve.' Will it embrace the notice of the writer, which we are told the author of 'The Living Authors of America' affirms was written by 'Puffer' himself for that work? It *ought* to, surely. . . . During the Presidential campaign of 'forty-eight,' writes a correspondent from a western county of the 'Empire State,' 'an Abolition convention was held in a small village, fourteen miles from this place, which was quite well attended, by females as well as males. Before the regular speaking commenced, some general business was transacted, and quite a number of propositions, that were deemed too temporizing, were discussed and 'laid upon the table.' A young orator, who held the sympathies of the audience, then took the stand, and carried every thing by storm: all was enthusiasm, especially among the females. They despised, they hated those who had made martyrs of the poor abolitionists. At the close of the speech, the orator invited any opponent to answer him if he could. By special request, a lawyer by the name of John Smith took the stand, and commenced analyzing the arguments of his predecessor. One by one he disposed of his illusions, until the whole fog-bank was blown to the winds. He did not only this, but reprimanded the audience, the softer sex more particularly, for allowing their sympathy and zeal to overbalance their judgment. This was too much; and a middle-aged dame in the back part of the house sprang to her feet, and through the knowledge of the parliamentary tactics which she had imbibed in the beginning of the proceedings, startled the audience by exclaiming, in a shrill voice, that she '*would just move that Mr.* John Smith *be laid on the table!*' . . . We observe in a daily journal, copied from the 'Dublin University Magazine,' Stradas' early imaginary *Theory of the Electric Telegraph*. The article, with its comments, appeared originally in the Knickerbocker, some three or four months ago. . . . We jot down this subsection of 'Gossipry' in full view of a goodly scene. A little ink-vial hangs suspended over the narrow table whereon we are scribbling. It is suspended upon a nail beside the window, and every time we take a dive with our grey goose-quill to its bottom, we must needs look out upon the scene before us; and 'beautiful exceedingly' it is. 'Hills which might be mountains' rise with the horizon on every hand; undulating gracefully, and opening at intervals into sunny valleys, rich with the *last* green of summer, the richest of all verdure; with now and then a glimpse, merely a glimpse, of the Croton river, widening to the lake of that name, which itself begins at scarce half a mile's distance. 'T was a pleasant 'sceden,' when we arrived by the 'swift-sure' Harlaem cars, about two hours ago. The day was most lovely; and on the lawn before the house, sprinkled with peach-trees, bending with their luscious burthen, and embellished with a flower-bordered path to the door, were our little people, 'all at play;' young Knick. ran,

shouting to greet us, his large lustrous hazel eyes beaming with excitement; a little girl of five years, 'JOSE' hight, by diminuendo, followed, bearing in her arms as now-white poodle, a recent acquisition; and close at her heels toddled and waddled the little fat 'two-year-old,' crowing lustily with the best of them; and in the back-ground of all, leading 'dark-eyed MARY' down the walk, came one who regarded the scene with a watchful, maternal eye. After all, it may be that this scene seemed so pleasant to us mainly because we had been thinking what it *might* be, while we were writing in the lonely, deserted sanctum, interrupted by the pattering of no little feet, nor by any of the familiar 'voices of childhood.' Likely as not. . . . 'B.'s 'corrections' are not improvements. The lines will not do; in fact, they are made worse. They remind us of the lad who complained to his mother of his pug-nose, about which he was thoroughly discouraged, for it was 'gettin' pugger and pugger every day!' We advise our correspondent simply to change his *subject*. He has good *thoughts*; but in re-revolving the old theme, he 'comes out of the same hole he went in at.' . . . OUR friend DEMPSTER has recently been giving a series of concerts to delighted metropolitan audiences. 'He has drawn good houses,' says the *Evening Post*, 'in the intervals between JENNY LIND's concerts, and contents himself with no less space for his audience than the Tabernacle. POPE, in the beginning of one of his pastorals, addressing a poetical friend, and asking leave to sing, while he is silent, has four lines which Mr. DEMPSTER might use:

> 'So, when the NIGHTINGALE to rest removes,
> The THRUSH may chant to the forsaken groves;
> But charmed to silence, listens while she sings,
> And all the aërial audience clap their wings.'

WE rode with a friend the other day, through a rich and varied section of good old Westchester county, to the little village of Somers'-Town, on the Sing-Sing and Danbury turnpike. The town of Somers has given birth to nearly all the most distinguished menagerie and circus-exhibitors in the country; among others, to the TURNERS, those graceful riders and 'gymnastys,' whose early home we passed on our return. There is scarcely a house, noteworthy for evidences of thrift and opulence in its owner, but was held by 'an exhibition-man,' as our friend termed it. 'There,' said he, pointing to a fine mansion, 'lived a menagerie-man, who recently died worth a hundred thousand dollars. He made a good deal of the money by marriage. He married a kind of a *squaw*, I reckon, in the West-Indies, about a week before his company left. She was rich as a Jew, and in less than a week she made over to him thirty thousand hard dollars. That was pretty much all *he* wanted, I expect; for when his company came away *he* came with 'em; but his wife did n't know it. He came away in the lion's cage, who was a great friend of his; and he never saw his wife ag'in, nor his child, and his wife has never seen *him*!' . . . HERE is a very pretty '*Serenade*,' from a Vermont correspondent:

So he sung, and so she listened
From the window high,
While the dew-drops shone and glistened,
And the stars were in the sky:

'LADY! lady! time is fleeting,
Youth will soon be passed,
And the heart — its very beating
Wears it out at last.

'Listen to me, fairest maiden!
By the stars above,
Ere thy life with years is laden,
Yield thy heart to love!'

So he sung, and so she listened
To her lover's lay,
And while the deep-drops shone and glistened,
Laughing turned away.

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

Apropos of serenades; an esteemed friend read us one the other day, which was exceedingly beautiful; and we have his promise that it shall hereafter grace these

pages. . . . We have stepped, many and many a time, during the past summer, into an apartment adjoining the sanctum, to feast our eyes upon the wealth of foliage which overran the grape-trellice, so thick as to let in only a green and tempered light through the windows. And as we glanced at the multitudinous green clusters, we said, 'Here are the kindly fruits of the earth, and in due time we may enjoy them.' And now, all over the parlor-piazza, all over its roof, all over the third-story trellice, hangs the luscious 'Isabella,' in single, double, braided clusters; and at the end of the flower-garnished walks, is another equally 'fruitful vine;' while the two peach-trees, that looked so pretty when in full blossom, mark you how they bend to the ground with the abundance which fills their branches! Propped up, tied up, braced up as they are, it 'does' seem as if they 'could n't stand it.' Their burthen is greater than they can bear. Come up, friends, and help us to eat our grapes. Basket after basket goes away, on a friendly errand, yet is there no apparent diminution. Guess we have said enough about the grapes and peaches, though, at this 'present writing.' . . . The President of the English Royal Academy, Sir Martin Arthur Shee, F. R. S., died recently at Brighton, after a long and severe illness, at the age of eighty years. It was upon his name that Lamb once made an awful joke. Two men at a club-house were suggesting the paternity of a picture on the walls, when one of them remarked, 'I 'll wager you a guinea that that picture was painted by Shee.' 'I beg your pardon,' said Lamb, in his driest manner, 'but would it not be more grammatical to say 'painted by *her*?' . . . The reader will remember the lines published in the Knickerbocker for August, 1849, entitled '*My Boy*.' They were the joyful out-breathing of a father at the birth of his first-born son. Fifteen months has that baby-boy been permitted to live in this world, and now God has taken him to Himself. It seems but as yesterday that the fond parent wrote:

'Room for him into the
Ranks of humanity;
Give him a place in
Your kingdom of vanity:
Welcome the stranger with
Kindly affection,
Hopefully, trustfully,
Not with dejection.

'Incomprehensible,
Budding immortal!
Thrust all amazedly
Under life's portal:
Born to a destiny
Clouded in mystery,
Wisdom itself cannot
Guess at his history.'

Ah! that history was as a tale that is told; his 'little life was rounded with a sleep,' and he is 'taken from the evil to come.' Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning's breath, than to travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness and end in storm. 'It is well with the child.' . . . Through the kindness of an obliging friend, we visited the other day the *Croton D——m*, one of the most magnificent profane structures of its kind in America. Our route lay along the eastern bank of Croton Lake, by a road which looked, by glints, upon that charming body of water, and the bright green shores which line it on either side. At 'Pine's Bridge' we drew rein to rest 'Billy' the horse, and look over the latest journals at Seeley's pretty 'Croton-Hotel.' There's a big half-hogshead, anear, into which the deep blue mountain-spring water was running with a lulling sound; and there 'Young Knick.' saw for the first time a long blue pickerel, that fresh-water shark; and, as Power used to sing, in 'The Groves of Blarney,' 'when he went to take a-howld ov him did n't he immagently swim away?' Arrived at the d——m, we examined 'the works;' first feasting our eyes upon the sliding, gliding twin-sheets of water, breaking into feathery foam, that pour over those huge granite walls. When we were examining the rocky entrance-way to the great aqueduct, we could not help wishing

that every citizen who draws a glass of water from a Croton 'fixture' could be where we were, to see the commencement of that flood which rolls its waters along a subterranean passage for forty-three miles, before it reaches the metropolis. We don't half enough value our commonest blessings, nor half frequently enough think of the forecaste and public-spirited enterprise that have secured them to us and to our posterity. The Croton Aqueduct is among the most remarkable structures in the world. . . . 'A CLASSICAL inquiry,' writes a town friend, 'suggested itself recently to my mind, which, after beating my brain with all the aid even of Mr. GLIDDON's scarabai, or beetles, I am unable as yet to solve. I appeal therefore to your clearer judgment to learn whether in your opinion the Trojan horses, if weighed, would have been estimated by avoirdupois or by Troy pounds?' We 'll ask our friend Professor ANTHON. *He knows.* . . . THERE are *some* good stanzas in the '*Lines to Julia*,' but as a whole the piece is deficient. We annex two of the best verses:

'I KNOW a tender maiden
As gentle as the spring,
As summer showers, or summer flowers,
Or any lovely thing.

'But yet this tender maiden
Careth no more for me
Than 'mid the stars the pale moon cares
For the poor love-sick sea.'

Then don't bother her, if she don't 'care any thing for you!' Don't go about whining like a sick monkey. Look up somebody who *will* care for you, if you are *worth* being cared for. 'Praps you aint.' . . . MR. MACREADY is about taking his sixth 'last farewell' of the stage in London. He took four in this country. . . . WE learn from the Richmond (Virginia) Republican that Rev. Mr. CLOVER, son of LEWIS P. CLOVER, Esq., of this city, has been ordained by Bishop MEADE a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Hanover, Virginia. The 'Republican' speaks in deservedly warm terms of Mr. CLOVER, as a christian and an artist; and trusts, as we do, that his fine powers as a painter may not be altogether lost sight of in the new duties which he has assumed. 'Religion and the Arts should go hand in hand,' says the author of the 'Lives of the Painters.' . . . WHO has 'threw' this upon our table? It is scandalous; it is open to exception; it is not known to be 'founded;' it may be all a mistake:

THEN — AND NOW.

SIR Knight, clad in arms, to my lady vow'd love,
And invoked on her blessings, from earth and above;
But the haughty one scorned him, with breast as of steel,
Too hard and too cold his love's ardor to feel. — TEMPLAR'S SONG.

THOUGH ladies' breasts were once of steel,
And then resisted all concessions,
Yet these are only cotton now,
And freely yield to slight impressions!

OUR Springfield (Mass.) friend laughs at us for our 'self-confessed ignorance of mowing.' 'By 'r Lady, not so!' Our style of mowing is not the same as that of the conceited grass-cutters of Tarrytown, but that is *their* misfortune, not ours. A doubt similar to theirs was expressed by our good friends the Shakers, as to our ability to 'milk,' when we were at Lebanon 'North Family,' and simply because the Shaker heifer would n't let us approach her in the garb of 'the world's people.' But when we donned friend ROBERT WHITE'S long-skirted coat and broad-brimmed white hat, did n't we succeed in leaving that beautiful heifer's 'udders all drawn dry?' Ten quarts of rich milk in the foaming Shaker pail triumphantly vindicated our reputation, and we had much silent applause among the brethren. But you should have

seen 'Old KNICK.,' they say, on that occasion! . . . WE glanced over, at our friend PUTNAM'S book-store the other morning, the sheets of '*The Songs of Beranger*,' translated by our esteemed contemporary, Mr. YOUNG, of the '*Albion*' weekly journal. Nothing need exceed the beauty of the typography; while the broad page, and over and above all, the frequency and exceeding beauty of the engravings, leave nothing to be desired, in an illustrated work of the first class. That the translations are felicitous and faithful, we have the best assurance in the examples heretofore afforded us by the translator, in the columns of his widely-circulated and popular journal. . . . DON'T say any thing '*About Trout-Fishing*,' Signor 'PISCATOR,' of Monticello, till we have time to tell you of *our* luck in one of the murmuring mountain brooks that pour their cold clear waters into Lake Horicon. Think of getting out of a wagon, half full of women, laughing and giggling, (enough to scare away the most imperturbable trout in any living water,) taking your pole, dropping a line over a rock, along which eddies and ripples the deepened brook, and hauling up a 'pound-and-a-half-er;' and you standing in *the road* all the while! Wait till you hear from *us*, Mr. PISCATOR, '*if* you please!' . . . THE successors to the late WILLIAM OSBORN, in the printing-office of this Magazine, are Messrs. BAKER, GODWIN AND COMPANY. They have replenished the office with new presses, all varieties of new type, cuts, etc., and are prepared to execute all orders, from town or country, in the very best style, and with immediate despatch. They are gentlemen of enterprise, of acknowledged skill, and of strict integrity; and it is a pleasure to know that the high character which the office sustained under the direction of our departed friend OSBORN will be continued by the new firm. We commend them confidently and cordially to the public. . . . OUR business-associate and publisher has prepared a new *Advertisement of the Thirty-Seventh Volume of the Knickerbocker*, and has placed it in the front of the present number. He has brought the States of the Union together, and shown how their journals have spoken of our Magazine, and of our own humble labors in its pages. We have read the notices he has preserved and collated from the various papers of the country, political, literary, scientific, and religious, with a glow of sincere gratitude, that we have been able to secure this cordial, unbought, unsolicited suffrage at the hands of our contemporaries and countrymen, and with a renewed determination to labor still more effectually to *deserve* the high commendation which has been so liberally bestowed upon our work. We would call especial attention, not only to the *Advertisement* to which we have alluded, but also to the *Announcement* on the second page of the cover hereof. If the reading public only knew what a superb picture it is, by that true genius, MOUNT, which is offered by the publisher, we cannot help thinking that the literary inducements also tendered would be deemed as hardly in keeping with the pictorial attraction. But MOUNT only 'did *his best*,' and we shall certainly do the same thing, and so will our unequalled corps of contributors, among whose productions will be included a second series of that masterly novel, founded on fact, '*The Saint Leger Papers*,' which have attained to such a wide popularity in this country and in England. . . . WE have scarcely received an indifferent communication, either in prose or verse, during the past month. We shall specially acknowledge in our next what we do not publish in that number. . . . SEVERAL new works, English and American, three or four of which are already established in the public favor, will receive that attention in our next issue which we have been compelled, much against our inclination, to deny them in the present.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXVI. NOVEMBER, 1850. No. 5.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

NUMBER THREE.

WE have repeatedly alluded to the atmosphere, but nowhere have we given it the notice to which its importance entitles it. It is, as we have seen, intimately connected with the most important telluric phenomena. Out of the air the carbon, indispensable to the vegetable kingdom, is elaborated, and from it animals by the operation of their lungs abstract the oxygen, by which their blood is purified. And in this, as in every thing else, there is a mutual exchange between the two kingdoms. Animals are constantly throwing off carbonic acid, which is essential to vegetable life, while the vegetable kingdom, through the action of the solar rays on the green leaves, contributes to supply animals with oxygen, which is equally important to them. 'Vegetables,' says Professor Milne Edwards, 'absorbe the carbonic acid diffused in the atmosphere, and under the influence of the solar light they extract from it the carbon and give out oxygen. We thus see that it is in a great measure upon the relation existing between animals and vegetables that the nature of the atmosphere depends, and that in its turn the composition of the air must in some sort govern the relative proportion of these kings.'

The Professor establishes these facts by an analysis of animal and vegetable matter. It was ascertained that the proportion of the elements, oxygen, carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen, were very different in the two kingdoms. The relation existing between them, and their dependance on each other, was beautifully illustrated by the experiments of Priestley, Ingenhaus, Woodhouse, and others. They first confined an animal in a small portion of air, or water containing air, when it was ascertained that it would soon die. They then confined one in like quantity of air or water, and put a plant or plants in with

it. In this instance it was found that the mutual exchange of gases kept the water pure, and that both animal and plant survived.

The solar light is also necessary to produce this exchange of gases. Plants cease their labor at night, and may be said to sleep, as well as animals. There are exceptions, however, to this rule, as some plants are more active during the night, choosing its silence and gloom for the opening of their flowers.

The atmosphere is the medium through which sound is transmitted, and on its reflective and dispersive properties the solar light depends. Without it objects could be seen only in the direct rays. 'Every shadow of a passing cloud would be pitchy darkness; the stars would be visible all day, and every apartment into which the sun had not direct admission would be involved in nocturnal obscurity.' These powers of the atmosphere are increased by the action of the solar rays, which produce an irregularity in the temperature of the different masses of air. It is necessary, therefore, to diffuse in an agreeable manner the solar light, and mitigate its intensity. Without it we should have nothing but the glare of intense sunshine or the most impenetrable darkness. It is not only necessary to animal life itself, but to the more exalted faculties of man. 'Supposing we could live in its absence, however perfect might be our organs of speech and hearing, we should possess them in vain. Voice we might have, but no word could we utter; listeners we might be, but no sound could we hear. The earth would present itself to our imaginations as a soundless desert.'

It retains and diffuses heat, whether from the sun above or from internal sources. By these means, the temperature of the seasons is regulated, and the seas kept liquid. In this, however, its pressure is an important element. Were it not for the atmospheric pressure, our globe would be surrounded with a thick vapor. This pressure is necessary also to all organized bodies, composed of solids and of fluids. At great heights, where it is less, difficulties are always experienced by the adventurous traveller. Nearly all the young Americans who attempted to ascend Popocatepetl, which has an elevation of seventeen thousand seven hundred and twenty feet above the sea, were compelled to return long before they reached the highest point. They experienced great difficulty in breathing, and in a few instances the blood oozed out of their lips. This resulted from the fact that the atmospheric pressure was not sufficient to regulate the elasticity or expansive power of the fluid portion of the body. The atmospheric pressure is so small, says Humboldt, in his 'Aspects of Nature,' at an elevation of thirteen thousand four hundred and seventy-three feet, on the plateau of Antisana, that the cattle, when hunted with dogs, bleed from the nose and mouth. Herr Von Tschudi, referred to by Humboldt, in the work just mentioned, thinks the death of the dogs and cats, in the elevated town of Cerro de Pasco, is the consequence of the absence of sufficient atmospheric pressure. 'Innumerable attempts have been made to keep cats in this town, which is fourteen thousand and one hundred feet above the level of the sea, but such attempts have failed; both cats and dogs die at the end of a few days,

in fits. The cats are taken at first with convulsive movements, when they try to climb, but soon fall back, exhausted and motionless, and die.' It is necessary also to the vegetable kingdom. Plants depend on the atmosphere, as well as animals; they are therefore provided with porous openings in their leaves. They have a kind of respiratory system connected with their external and internal coverings, which is quite as important to them in the evaporation, inhalation, and exhalation of their fluids, as these functions are to animals; and the elasticity of all those fluids depends on the atmospheric pressure. It is owing to this fact, that the Alpine plants are adapted, by their more abundant pores, to their elevated position, and cannot be successfully cultivated in the low grounds. The increased pressure disturbs these vital functions, and sooner or later destroys them. This pressure, then, is as essential to life as the gases on which it depends. In the physical, as well as in our moral nature, certain restraints are necessary. When the first are removed, or when we are placed above the restraining pressure, the fluids of the body burst the delicate vessels, no longer able to restrain their elasticity; and when the 'interior power gives up its authority, the animal and the sensual take the place of the human and the spiritual.'

The tops of our highest mountains are covered perpetually with snow; establishing most clearly, that the solar rays would not be sufficient, without the aid of the atmosphere, to prevent a universal destruction of vegetable life. Without the atmosphere, the earth would be as barren and lifeless as the moon appears to be; yet it is not essential to any of the great mechanical functions of our planet in the economy of the solar system. The earth would perform its regular revolutions, maintain its axis, and discharge all its various offices in the system of which it is a member, without this envelope. But it would be an arid waste; volcanoes it might have, but no cities for destruction; mountains and valleys might diversify its surface, but they would be unenlivened by the murmur of streams, or the music of animate nature. Through its agency, the most remote climates are brought into a mutual exchange with each other, and their extremes greatly modified.

This important appendage, or envelope, is dependant on a thousand agents for its elementary parts. Each thing acts upon every thing else, and all are bound together by relations and dependances which pervade the universe. Volcanoes and warm springs; decomposing rocks and decaying vegetable and animal matter; the respiration of animals and the combustion of the various articles of fuel, keep up the proportion of carbonic acid, so important to the vegetable kingdom; while the respiration of plants and various other natural agents, maintain the proportion of oxygen, upon which animal life depends. The alkalies are found in all felspathic and other rocks of igneous origin; from which they are disengaged by the action of the atmosphere and water. Had they been deposited in the earth, or in any easily soluble form, they would have been washed away in a short time. But deposited as they are, the action of the elements is just sufficient to keep up the necessary supply.

In the new edition of Professor Danberry's work on volcanoes, re-

cently published, he says, ' potash, soda, certain earthly phosphates, lime and magnesia, must be present wherever a healthy vegetation proceeds. Now, some of these bodies are naturally insoluble in water, while others are dissolved with such readiness, that any conceivable supply of them, in their isolated condition, would be speedily carried off and find its way into the ocean. The first, therefore, must be rendered more soluble, the latter less so, than they are by themselves. Now, the manner in which nature has availed herself of the instrumentality of volcanoes to effect both these opposite purposes, is equally beautiful and simple. She has, in the first place, brought to the surface, in the form of lava and trachyte, vast masses of matter containing the alkalies, lime and magnesia, in what I have termed a *dormant* condition; that is, so united by the force of cohesion and of chemical affinity as not to be readily disengaged and carried off by the water. . . . She has also provided, in the carbonic acid which is so copiously evolved from volcanoes, and which consequently impregnates the springs, in these very countries, more particularly where volcanic products are found, an agent capable, as completely as muriatic acid, though more slowly, of acting upon these rocks, of separating the alkalies and alkaline earths, and of presenting them to the vessels of plants in a condition in which they can be assimilated. Thus, every volcanic as well as every granitic rock contains a store-house of alkali for the future exigences of the vegetable world; while the former is also charged with those principles which are often wanting in granite, but which are no less essential to many plants. I mean lime and magnesia. Had the alkalies been present in the ground in beds or isolated masses, they would have been speedily washed away, and the vegetables that require them would by this time have been restricted to the immediate vicinity of the ocean.' But large quantities of the alkalies and phosphates are carried into the ocean, where they are held in solution. These are collected by the *algae*, sea-weeds, which, although humble in the vegetable kingdom, are important in the economy of nature. These weeds are seen clinging to the rocks, or floating along the coasts, as idle vagrants of the deep; but they are not idle, not useless. The alkalies and phosphates held in solution by the salt water are collected by them and deposited on the coast, where they become useful, and, in many places, as in the north of Scotland, indispensably necessary. By the manure supplied by the decaying algae the peaty and waste soils are made productive, and potatoes raised in large quantities, where without it nothing could be produced. It is, indeed, a strange and melancholy sight, to see the thousands of poor people hurrying and driving along the coast at low tide, contending for these tangled weeds, upon which their very existence depends.

The algae are most beautifully adapted to the office they perform. Other vegetables are stationary, and derive their nourishment from the soil in which they are rooted and the atmosphere surrounding them; but these weeds have no roots. They have simple processes, or hooks only, for the purpose of clinging on the rocks. Their nourishment is derived not from the soil, for they have no connection with it, but from the alkalies and phosphates held in solution in the salt water. The

plant is kept up, and the branches and leaves expanded by means of air bags, which are peculiar to this family, and it is by these they are floated to the shore. They lessen the specific gravity of the plant, and float it around the ocean, thus bringing it in contact with the alkalies and phosphates, which it collects.

Turning again to volcanoes, we find that they also supply nitrogen and carbon; the first in ammonia, and the last in carbonic acid. It is thus that these mighty agents of destruction, which seem the real antagonists of life, are in fact the appointed means of supplying the materials out of which all organized bodies are fashioned. Warm and mineral springs also contribute to the proportion of elements, so important in life. These agents, volcanoes and mineral springs, are connected with the interior of our globe; and as they supply the gases which nature is most constantly demanding, it may be inferred that the earth contains within itself a sufficiency for all future periods. As these gases depend in some degree on the proportion of animal and vegetable life, and the action of the atmosphere, they are in some measure unequally distributed; but this difficulty is relieved by the winds. They carry the excess of oxygen from the tropical regions to the higher latitudes, to give breath and heat to animals, and the surplus carbonic acid from the higher latitudes to the tropical forests.

Thus throughout the whole universe there is an uninterrupted chain of relations and dependances. We live not for ourselves, but for every one, for every thing else. There is no independence in the economy of God; all are ministers of His manifold designs, and fellow-laborers in accomplishing the object of His creation. Between the office performed by the algae and the necessities of man there exists, as we have seen, an important and highly interesting relation. Not less so is that which we maintain with the worm beneath our feet. The one gathers the materials scattered through the vast ocean and deposits them on the shore, where they fertilize and enrich the soil, while the other purifies that soil by extracting all injurious substances. For man all things seem to have been created. To supply his wants and gratify his desires a teeming world empties its rich profusion at his feet. To soften and ennoble his character, the music of a thousand spheres exants its melody. There is not a natural law connected with the force of attraction, the size, axis, and revolution of the earth; the proportion of land and water; mountain and valley; the composition of the earth, or of the atmosphere that surrounds it; or of heat and cold, that does not in some way, more or less important, affect the physical, intellectual, and moral character of man. This intimate relation imposes certain restraints and corresponding penalties for their violation. In our simplest exertions a hundred laws are involved, like so many wheels in a machine, and the most perfect harmony in their action is essential to success. If it were not for the laws of gravitation and repulsion we could not walk, and these depend on the relative magnitude of the earth and our bodies. The depth of the atmosphere, as we have seen, determines the condition of our fluids, and the resistance of our blood-vessels, while our respiration and transpiration are regulated by its weight, moisture, and temperature.

There is one general law, to which we will devote the remainder of this article. We mean that which regulates the expansive power of all fluid, and most of the solid bodies of our globe, when heated. Heated atmosphere or gases rise, as water does, in the form of steam. By this law we are relieved from the carbonic acid gas thrown off in respiration, which would prove injurious if reïnhaled. It is heated, and therefore lighter, and as soon as respired or thrown off it rises, while a purer atmosphere is inhaled. Here this law protects us from a most deadly poison. Our rains of course depend on this law, with all the blessings which follow in their train. But there are limits to this, as to every thing else, and these, in this case, are quite as important as the law itself. Water is evaporated by heat, and the vapor ascends; hence the phenomena of clouds and rain and snow; but it is condensed by cold to a certain point only. It has been ascertained that forty degrees is the mean point, and that water expands when above or below that degree. The necessity of this change is most striking, and the fact itself a most convincing evidence of the wisdom and goodness of the CREATING POWER. If ice were heavier than water, it would sink as fast as formed on the surface, and unless as rapidly thawed by the under layers, would soon fill up our lakes and rivers with solid bodies of ice, to the destruction of all animate matter in them. It is therefore as important that water should expand when frozen as it is that vapor and heated atmosphere should rise. Thus we see the importance of this general law, and the no less important limit to its action in the case of water.

We have thus, as far as our space permitted, grouped together in one general view a few of the most interesting phenomena, showing at the same time the relation they sustain to each other, and how the phenomena of life itself depends on the continued and harmonious action of the multiplied physical forces, which keep every part of the vast machinery in motion. In this view many of the most mysteries agents have not been referred to, because their connection could not be explained in an article of this character. We have not noticed that mighty net-work of electricity and magnetism which constitutes the nervous system of our planet; an invisible and irresistible agent pervading all nature. 'It circulates through all the organs of plants and animals, and acting on the nerves, promotes the circulation of the organic juices; flashes from the thunder cloud; illumines the wide canopy; draws iron to iron, and directs the silent recurring march of the guiding needle;' lights the north with the changing and varied colors of the aurora; keeps the different particles of the earth's surface in an unceasing action by the exchange of properties; 'sustains a manifest relation to all phenomena of the distribution of heat, of the pressure of the atmosphere, and its disturbances;' is now the defence of a South American eel; and now the fearful presiding spirit of the approaching storm. Its agency is undoubtedly as important as it is mysterious.

Truly, all the elements and laws in nature, sustain an intimate relation to each other; all have appropriate duties to perform; and it may be doubted whether the action of the least and apparently the most useless agent in the vast domain of GOD, can be dispensed with. The

venomous insect beneath our feet, and the noblest and best of our domestic animals; the terrible forces of the earth, the tornado and volcano; the gently murmuring spring, and the boisterous ocean, the forest monarch and the pale forget-me-not within its shade, are all witnesses of creative POWER, and ministers of good. Man, to whom the distinguishing characteristics of reason and free-will have been given, is the only unfaithful servant. Every thing else performs a part, and performs it well.

Throughout this article, we have repeatedly referred existing phenomena to an invisible but all powerful cause, without and above the various physical agents which have been noticed. The division and distribution of the continental and oceanic elements; the analogous forms and arrangements of the continents and their reliefs; the harmonious action of the multiplied forces and agents of nature; the importance of the atmosphere, and the laws which make it the medium of exchange between the solid and fluid parts of our planet; and the local and highly important compensations by which the tendency of general laws is limited or controlled, cannot be explained by any proximate cause. The importance of these arrangements and the adaptation of the different agents to each other, and the harmony of the ever acting and reäcting forces, which constitute the life of our planet, point us to some ulterior cause for the explanation we seek If the existing continental forms were less intimately connected with the laws by which the other elements are controlled, and less essential in the economy of life, the evidence of original design which they furnish, would fail to convince the mind, however analogous they might be in themselves. Certain analogies might exist between continents, thrown up to their position by the same indeterminate force; but that these analogies should exist just where they are required, and that contrasts should appear whenever they are essential, could not be expected without the agency of some designing intelligence. If a single note of discord could be heard, or an irregular movement detected in the vast domain of nature, then would we in some degree be excusable for seeking the primary cause of all these forces and forms in a power less perfect than the Omnipotent and Omnipresent CREATOR. We are not, however, left thus to grope our way through discordant and conflicting elements. The 'sensitive and reverent ear' of nature's votary is cheered with the perpetual and harmonious strain of her countless encouraging voices, which seem even now to recall images of primal innocence and beauty.

The unequally woven carpet of flowers and plants, with which the earth is covered as with a garment, minister alike to the wants of animal life, and the exquisite sensibilities of the refined and intellectual, while every department and recess of nature teems with animal existence equally important and interesting. Far down in the bowels of the earth, where light cannot penetrate, and high above the region of perpetual snow, the chosen abode of the giant condor, the almost ceaseless hum of busy life may be heard, and its various changes distinctly traced. From the little animalculæ with its existence of a moment, up through the multiplied grades and forms of life to the intel-

lectual sovereign, whose spiritual part at least is inseparably interwoven with things eternal.

Each step we take in this mighty temple of varied organisms, at the head of which, and as the crowning piece, man, the noblest of created beings, has been placed, suggests new inquiries, which unanswered turn back upon the startled imagination, arousing the dormant faculties of the soul to contemplations of a higher order. 'The strain of music from the lyre of science flows on, rich and sweet, full and harmonious, but never reaches a close; no cadence is heard with which the intellectual ear can feel satisfied. . . . The idea of some closing strain seems to lurk among our own thoughts, waiting to be articulated in the notes which flow from the knowledge of external nature. The idea of something ultimate in our philosophical researches, something in which the mind can acquiesce, and which will leave us no further questions to ask of *whence*, and *why*, and by what *power*, seems as if it belonged to us; as if we could not have it withheld from us by any imperfection or incompleteness in the actual performance of science. What is the meaning of this conviction? What is the reality thus anticipated? Whither does the development of this idea conduct us?'

Beyond the horizon that binds our vision, and there only, will these questions, and others of a similar character, be satisfactorily answered. Thither with anxious eyes and trembling steps, with deeper interest and increasing humility and reverence, we advance. Confidently expecting an explanation of these mysteries, and a more perfect revelation of the glories, which are seen now through an obscured and imimperfect vision only, when the material veil is removed from the grand, still mirror of eternity.

CLOUDS.

'In all clouds that surround the soul there are angel faces, and we should see them, if we were calm and holy.' Mrs. Child.

There 's naught more loudly than the parched-up earth
Bespeaks the need of interposing Power;
'T is He alone can send the blessed shower,
And plenty spread where threatened late the dearth.
Of clouds, then, mortal! learn the priceless worth,
And murmur not, however thick they lower,
How dark soe'er they make the present hour.

The cloud so small the fingers e'en could girth,
Grew larger as the prophet prayed, and bro
God 's richest smile, for years, to Israel gi
Then *pray* for clouds that guard the *sou*
Large clouds, whose grief-flood shows a s
The thickest clouds with greatest gc
They 're but the faces of the host of

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept., 1850.

THE DEMON-BRIDE.

THE following curious poem was found among the neglected manuscripts of a young physician, who has long abandoned the poetic art for more practical, and certainly more profitable, pursuits. It appears to us to embody much of the felicity of diction and wild beauty of GOETHE'S 'Bride of Corinth;' at least it is the nearest English approximation to that poem which we know of.

I.

IN the ages which we call benighted,
And the German's old and wondrous land,
In an upmost story dimly lighted,
By a long and narrow wooden stand,
Darkly stained with blood,
The Dissector stood,
Held a purpled knife within his hand.

II.

'T was late, and all his comrades had departed,
Left him at his table there alone;
On the dreamy student, heavy-hearted,
Midnight stars in silent wonder shone;
From his eyes there came
Flashes, as of flame,
Born of sorrows to the world unknown.

III

To the church-yard in the moonlit meadow
Earthly hopes and earthly joys were borne;
Stolen to the land of dream and shadow
From his bleeding heart, her heart was torn;
She his love allowed,
But her kinsmen proud
Had repulsed his gentle suit with scorn.

IV.

Droop'd the lady with her crushed devotion,
Nourished and concealed the fatal flame,
When her heart surceased its sacred motion,
Sister to the angels she became;
He, oppressed with grief,
Sought a poor relief
In his studies of the human frame.

V.

Quietly the youth a corpse uncovered,
By the sunken drapery revealed;
Awful thoughts around him never hovered
Near the dead; his heart had long been steeled:
Starting with a thrill,
Stood he then as still
As a brook by winter winds congealed.

VI.

Lay before him there a beauteous maiden,
(High born damsel,) stolen from the tomb,
Dead; but DEATH had not her features laden
With his characters of fearful gloom:
On her roseate face
Lingered every trace
Of her girldhood's gentleness and bloom.

VII.

To her breast the hair hung down in tresses,
Curling like the tendrils of the vine;
Ripe her lip was for the sweet caresses,
Swoll'n with love, and red as if with wine:
Of the purest gold
And the lightest mould,
Finger-rings threw out their fairy shine.

VIII.

Was the body and the chamber haunted?
For the youth did not remove his gaze:
Like a marble shaft he stood enchanted,
And his eyes had frenzy in their blaze:
The Dissector's room
Lost to him its gloom —
Was surrounded with a golden haze.

IX.

Hung with damask curtains seemed the windows;
O'er the mantel ticked the household chime;
One small flame flared up from out the cinders;
Like a bed whereto a bride might climb
Seemed his table, high
And broad unto his eye,
Decked with pillows of the olden time.

X.

Lovingly upon the snowy linen
Lay the form of Beauty he beheld:
Mouth and eyes were sparkling, soft, and winning;
In her breast the maiden fervor swelled:
Manliest virtues melt;
He enamored felt;
To her heart his throbbing heart impelled.

XI.

'Art thou, lost one, come from blissful Eden
To assuage my bosom's burning pain?
Nevermore, O rare and radiant maiden!
Shall the fates dispart our souls again!
Heaven will not divide
Bridegroom from his bride:
Angels are singing now our marriage strain.'

XII.

On her neck he fell oppressed and panting;
Blent his lip in madness with her own:
Round his form she locked her arms enchanting;
Cold her arms as chiseled out of stone:
Drooped his trembling head,
Sight and hearing fled,
And his soul dissolved in joys unknown.

XIII.

When the sun threw from his burning quiver
Ray-like arrows, beaming far and wide,
Stark and cold lay out the pallid lover,
Silent at the demon-maiden's side:
Death was on his brow,
Heaven had heard his vow,
And he was not parted from his bride.

THE INDIAN LOVER'S FLUTE.

IN AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR MR. KNICKERBOCKER: IT was Horace Walpole, I think, who remarked, that the love of music is the only earthly passion in which we can hope to be indulged in heaven. And it is a curious fact, that she, the eldest of the Arts, having been the beloved of angels from the beginning, seems in all cases to have taken precedence of the sisterhood, as the aid and coadjutor of man in his progress from barbarism to civilization. It is said, no race has yet been found so brutish and debased as to be entirely without religion; some shadow or type of religious feeling; some worship or reverence for the supernatural, be it GOD or devil; and I have yet to hear of the discovery of any tribe so dull and stupid as to be without some means of showing that the natural man has an ear 'attuned to the concord of sweet sounds.' Indeed the two seem to have a natural and almost individual connection. Depending neither upon form, color nor any tangible quality; depending little upon the education of the senses as a means for its enjoyment, Music is ever the gentle and winning handmaiden of religion. Both speak to us as it were from within, and while the most unlettered christian, ignorant alike of the power it exercises and the artistic means by which it is produced, chants forth his simple melody with a fervor and pathos alike purifying and exalting on the one hand, we behold on the other a Beethoven, well nigh dead to outward sense, deaf and almost blind, still pouring forth his soul in the composition of sublime harmonies, which at once transport us by the depth and purity of their devotion. But it is not over the religious sensibilities alone that music exercises an important influence. From the days of Tubal

Cain to the present, from her felicity in expressing all the delicate and tender emotions of the heart, of giving voice and utterance to the aspirations of hope, the sighings of absence, the triumphs of success or the dull moodiness of despair, she has been also the constant companion and the handmaiden of *Love*, and it is in this connection that I have ventured to submit to you the following leaves.

My brother Mac, a harum-scarum wild boy of nineteen, who was for some years resident with the Winnebagoes, among other Indian curiosities, for the transmission of which he had a standing order, has sent me a very rude and primitive-looking musical instrument, which he chooses to dignify with the name of flute, but which bears about as much resemblance to that dignified and refined pet of the orchestra as it does to a trombone. He informs me that it bore an important part in a little love tragedy which occured not many years since in that tribe; that it belonged to a young brave; but I shall let Mac tell you the story himself. Thus he writes:

Young Miastonemoh, (the Killer of Eagles,) was a brave of no ordinary pretension or ability. Uniting great beauty and manliness of person with remarkable agility and strength, he at once excited the admiration, the envy and the emulation of his fellows. To his skill and address was committed the training of the fiercest of the wild horses of the prairies. No eye was so calm as his, no arm so nervous and no blade so keen in the deadly combat with the dreaded grisly-bear; while to his success in that most difficult of feats, the killing of the bald eagle, the name he bore was sufficient testimony. Modest and gentle in his ways, accomplished in all that captivates an Indian maiden's heart; (and the heart of the Indian girl is quickly won by kindness of manner, by that subdued gentleness, which seems to yield while it commands;) and rich moreover in beaver skins and buffalo marrow, you may be sure dark eyes flashed warmly upon the young brave as he passed, and many a dusky bosom throbbed responsive to his step. The Indian, if any way noticeable, either for bravery and address, or for an accumulation of more tangible wealth, generally marries early, and Miastonemoh had no very decided objections to a wife. But in looking around his tribe for one 'whose smiles should warm his wigwam like the sunlight,' he could see neither beauty nor worth in any save the fair Liastonoluh, (Hair of the Sunbeams,) the daughter of a pale-face, stolen many years before, when a child, by a party of the tribe, while on a raid against the whites, south of the Sheboygan. She had now seen seventeen summers, was tall for her years, and had all that native grace of look and bearing which result from perfect freedom of will and dress. Her complexion, which in childhood had been pure as the lily, was now, from long exposure to the smoke of the cabin and the sun of the prairies, changed to a clear and rosy olive, while her hair, originally of the purest auburn, had been tinged, until it resembled, more than any thing else, the last golden rays of the setting sun; a variation from the regular glossy black of the Indians so remarkable as to warrant the tribe in their aboriginal notions of nomenclature, in giving her a name expressive of the fact. Thus far, either from her child-like fairness and delicacy, or from some capricious freak on the

part of her captors, she had been exempted from the severe and degrading labor to which Indian women are most generally subjected. Indeed, although she knew no other parents than the old chief and his venerable squaw, with whom she was domiciled, she was yet an Indian but by association, and her white blood would doubtless have rebelled with a natural pride at the performance of any menial office. Wild, free and joyous, perfectly at home, whether scouring across the prairies on her white mustang or in paddling her bark canoe among the swift currents and dark eddies of the Mississippi, Liastonoluh was at once the pride and the pet of the nation. She was not long in discovering that the young brave was her ardent admirer. How, it might be difficult to tell, only that it was by the same sort of animal magnetism or spiritual telegraphing that such psychological facts are usually brought to light. Indeed, the discovery seems to have been mutual and simultaneous, and Miastonemoh, having made up his mind, (a grave matter that, master Fritz,) set himself seriously about winning the maiden's heart after the manner most approved among the beaux of the Winnebagoes.

After repeated efforts, with much labor and some rude skill, he fashioned this flute, (for you must know a lover there attacks his mistress' heart much as Joshua did Jericho,) and taking advantage of the evening of the first new moon, alike the most favorable time for corn planting and love making, he sallied forth. Stopping occasionally to blow a few notes at the doors of the young squaws, his neighbors, more to let them know they had nothing farther to expect than to exhibit any great proficiency on his instrument, he settled himself at last before the wigwam of Liastonoluh, and there he tootle, tootle, tootled away, now a joyous note and then a plaintive one, according as his hopes of a favorable reception rose or fell, for full an hour. Still there was no answer. Miastonemoh was a persevering man, as well as a brave one. In so good a cause he was as little to be discouraged by delay as he was to be daunted by difficulties; so he kept on, tootle, tootle-too, the only response to his tones being the occasional whurr of the night-hawk, or a sharp, unmusical bark from the sentinel of an adjacent colony of prairie-dogs. The night advanced. The stars had lighted the young moon like a bride to her rest, still no answer, and still his patience grew, until at last, 'in tremulous voice and low,' there broke upon the calm night, like the first murmuring wave upon an untroubled pool, one of the hundred little love songs with which the Indian maidens solace their idle hours. Joy to the lover then! His hopes were crowned: the maiden recognized and accepted his suit. His code of gallantry forbade his pressing it farther on that occasion; so putting all his skill into one loud joyous blast, he tootled out his adieu, and with his red heart beating the rapid buffalo-dance against his swarthy chest, he marched proudly back to his wigwam.

Now you must know this scene was to be performed weekly at the quarterings of the moon, until she should again renew her horns, before he could consider the maiden fairly and finally his own. Until such lapse of time she was of course at liberty to jilt or otherwise dispose of him; but the month once elapsed, and all things having gone

smoothly, she had no further choice. A very proper and sensible arrangement, which, were it only introduced into civilized life, would save many a young gallant a short eternity of heart-ache. During the intervals between these weekly serenades the young brave must leave the flute, together with his medicine-bag, conspicuously suspended from the tree nearest the wigwam of his intended. If it remained unmolested, all was well. Liastonoluh was at liberty to take it away if she pleased, but by such an act she signified the absolute rejection of him and his suit. No other member of the tribe would dare molest it. The medicine-bag made it perfectly 'taboo.' An Indian would as soon have thought of defying the GREAT SPIRIT in the war-path as to have meddled with any thing placed under the protection of the mysterious medicine-bag. Beside in this case the bravery and prowess of the lover were a perpetual caution against any interference with his arrangements. Meanwhile all seemed prosperous. Here music, rude and semi-barbarous though it was, was still 'the food of love.' Miastonemoh 'played on' with diligence and success. The course of their love seemed flowing as smoothly as the silent waters by which they daily wandered. Together in their light canoe they floated away over the dark bosom of the Mississippi; together sought the cooling shade where the wild frost-grapes' tendrils, twining with the pendant branches of the elm, had formed an arbor o'er the water's brink; or mounted on his wildest horse, had galloped away across the wide plain, to meet the cool breeze which fanned the leaves of the distant prairie islands. The moon waxed old apace, and all was well. Thrice had Liastonoluh answered his ditty, when, wo to his hopes! on the night before his last and final declaration was to have been made, flute, medicine-bag and all disappeared! Astonishment, grief, wounded pride, alternately reigned and raged within him. He would not believe the maiden could so coolly wrong him; and yet he had not an enemy in the tribe, even had an enemy dared to do it. It was barely possible jealousy might have prompted it. He instantly sought the play-ground of his fellows, but no eyes were cast down, no face was averted. He saw there no indication that any one had so insulted the GREAT SPIRIT, or so deeply injured himself; beside, the cord which bound them had been carefully untied, not severed as if in haste. It must have been Liastonoluh herself. It could scarcely have been another. Sadly enough did he go through the warlike exercises of the day. Liastonoluh met him with a smile, but he construed it into an expression of triumph. Pride prevented his seeking an explanation, even had the code-matrimonial of the tribe permitted. This was the test-act of the whole affair. Not that in it was any of the true mystery of love making; it was only in the notions of the venerable matrons and midwives of the tribe a ceremonial fit and proper to be observed, which could in no way be evaded or put aside. It was indeed the sign manual, which secured to the marriageable daughters of the nation the indefeisible right of doing as they pleased, without a reason; of jilting a lover without a moment's notice, and 'without a why or wherefore.' She was not to be questioned. The flute and medicine-bag, the insignia of his adoration, were gone. Doubtless she had taken them as a trophy. All was at an end.

The evening came, and Liastonoluh sat waiting for the coming of her lover. She had not taken the flute away; and, moreover, she heartily loved the young brave. The night wore on, and wore out. She heard naught save the shriek of the owl, as with ominous cries he stood sentry near her lodge. Why came he not? Was he on the war-path? They were at peace with all their enemies. Was he ill? Was he dead? The early sunrise saw her abroad to learn. In the path which led by the water's side to the council-chamber she met him. She would have rushed to his arms, but he turned aside, that she might pass, while the red anger mounted to his cheeks. Then first it flashed upon her that his neglect was intentional. The blood rushed in a flood back upon her heart for an instant, and then, as she passed slowly by, with haughty steps and averted eyes, went boiling through her veins at the indignity she had received. Now all was indeed at an end: she would tear him from her heart, as false and unworthy her regard. Not so with Miastonemoh. His pride was touched, but so was his heart; and the lingering weeks, as they wore away, still found him idle, listless, and reserved. He deserted the play-ground, the chase, and the council-chamber, to loiter away his time in watching the ceaseless breaking of the waves upon the long beach, or in slowly wandering along the skirts of the prairie. In vain his young friends rallied him. His elasticity was gone, his eyes were sunken, his arm seemed nerveless, and his laugh forgotten.

Things were thus decidedly bad, when one morning as he stood moodily observing the young braves practising their games in the play-ground, one of their scouts rushed into camp with the cry that their old enemies the Sacs were upon them. Instantly all was hurry and confusion, rushing in hot haste to horse, and clamoring for arms. Miastonemoh turned silently away, took his quiver of arrows and his shield of buffalo hide, mounted a wild horse he had caught and half broken long before, and rode straight to the wigwam of Liastonoluh. He found her standing like a frightened fawn at the door. He fixed his eyes upon her for a brief space and said:

'Does Liastonoluh fear to die? Let the words of Miastonemoh lay like a stone at the heart of the deceitful. He will pass from the war-path to the happy hunting-grounds beyond. Had she chosen to walk by his side they would together have wandered over the bright prairies of the spirit land. She gave sweet words to a brave of the Winnebagoes, but poured bitterness into his heart. And now when the war-cry of the Sac cometh the proud maiden trembles, for she must journey alone through the shadowy land that leads to the last home of the pale-faces!' He gave no time for reply, but suddenly lashing his horse to speed, dashed to the plain. The battle was neither long nor bloody. The enemy were driven off with loss. On retiring from the field the Winnebagoes found that but a single warrior was missing, but that one, alas! was the gallant and beloved Miastonemoh! He had been seen in a hand-to-hand conflict with the most renowned chief of the enemy, had repelled and driven him, and when last seen was in hot pursuit. Who could doubt but that, having pursued his adversary beyond the bounds of prudence, his life had been sacrificed

to his rashness. Such was indeed the fact. Hemmed in by numbers who closed upon his rear, the young brave had no alternative but to sell his life as dearly as possible, and when at last his horse fell hamstrung, himself, pierced by an hundred arrows, yielded his strong breath only to the fierce spear-thrust of the most stalwart of his foes.

His dark scalp-lock still ornaments the war-club of the first warrior of the Sacs!

The maiden's pride failed with the death of her lover. The rose left her cheek and her eyes lost their brightness. Some years have passed, and still in the summer evenings, pale and wan, she sits at her cabin door, and with plaintive voice chaunts the death-song of the lost Miastonemoh.

Here ends Mac's tale. How the flute came into his possession is more than I should be able to qualify. I only know that I have it. He 's an honest boy and a clever, in the main, and yet I am constrained to allow that had he chosen to carry it off, neither the medicine-bag nor the prowess of the young brave would have proved any bar to the accomplishment of his design. A natural contempt for all kinds of superstition would have rendered him as careless of the one as a Colt's revolver, his constant companion, would have made him indifferent to the other. As for facts, I give you the tale as 't was told to me. Yours truly,

MAURICE FRITZ.

A STORM.

WHERE from columnar cliffs the clamoring sea-gulls
Dive to the ocean's ever tumbling foam;
Where above golden vapors golden eagles
Wheel in swift orbits under JOVE's blue dome;
Where royal lion-hounds and yelping beagles
Range through the ancient forests of Illome,
There amid Plutonic mountains duly
Fortress-girdled, lies the land of THULE.

A grisly juggler and his black banditti
Held in old time this pleasant territory:
But knights now buried sacked his silver city,
Flinging from the rocks this wizard hoary:
He became a whale (a spermaceti)
And has been seen by Northmen in their barks,
Baited through all the Arctic seas by sharks.

Now it was night. A fierce and roaring storm
Marched up the glimmering sky his black brigades,
Clouds and pale fire begirt his awful form;
Vaporous cavaliers and giant shades
Crowded th' horizon, while the ponderous ordnance
Rumbled through darkness with a deep discordance.

Now the wild lightning was let slip, and tore
The hollow clouds. The thunder like a dragon,
Sprang to the ground, and with an awful roar,
Burst through the cracking caves of old Mount Zagon:

Then, burrowing down through its foundations four,
Roved growling through those halls of gold and granite,
Where dwell the goblin-kings of this brave planet.

The winds then blew, and the swift rains descending,
Filled to the brim with foam the mountain lochs;
Through the thick darkness shot bright rockets, rending
From Zagon's pinnacles the topmost blocks.
The woods resounded; with the tumult blending,
Arose old Ocean's uproar by the rocks.
On a scarped mist stood ranged a line of gunners
From Hell's grim garrison, and fired loud thunders.

Each flash revealed that diabolic corps
Pounding their cartridges with iron rammers,
Wrought in huge furnaces from Tophet's ore.
Louder and wilder rose th' infernal clamors:
Swift through the tempest frightful thunders tore,
And towers fell as struck by brazen hammers.
Beneath this battery strange tall war-ships quivered,
Their bulwarks being stove and topmasts shivered.

In truth it was a most rebellious night:
The awakened monsters in their dens lay growling,
To their feet starting as each sharp light
Kindled the caves. The swamp-dogs cowered howling,
And even spectres kept their graves from fright:
Demons alone around the land went prowling,
Sent on secret, black, and midnight missions,
By the Oriental College of Magicians.

That night a curséd and malignant Moor,
Of morals loose and principles oblique,
Abetted by a hairy Tartar Sheikh,
And by a certain chemist of Darfour,
Who often caused the sheeted dead to squeak,
Desiring slumbering Christendom to harass,
To Thulé came and stole the royal heiress.

The morning came: the Storm's decamping forces
Stood out to sea: we saw their sun-streaked backs
Dip in the west; along the river-courses
White fogs and vapors rolled in mighty stacks:
The Knights of Thulé fiercely spurred their horses
Through the wet gorges on the Tartar's tracks;
But the old gray monarch beat his forehead,
And heedless of his counsellors, thus he sorrowed:

'O! for a crack of old Olympic thunder!
O! for the batteries of Saturnian Zeus!
O! for a word to break the earth asunder,
Ev'n to that gulf where through the Stygian sluice,
Phlegethon rolls the world's deep arches under:
O! for that champion who with mind unshaken,
Harpooned, on Norway's coast, the scaly Kraken!'

THE POETRY OF CREATION.

BY A STUDENT OF NATURE.

As the stars pale before the sun, so does the poetry of man lose its brilliancy, when compared with the wonderful *poem* of the CREATOR. GOD is the SUPREME POET, and he deals not with words — mere shadows of things that are — but with the actual embodiments of poetry themselves: for there is in every object which HE has made something beside an outward, mechanical form: there is a spiritual meaning, a living lesson, to be drawn from every thing.

This world is not merely the rugged spot on which we are to struggle for a foot-hold on life — to toil for daily bread; but a bright member of the starry brotherhood, that range the fields of space, raising from every corner of the universe the harmonious anthem of praise; a region of still waters, and cooling shades, and bright birds, and blessed things, for the comfort of GOD'S weary children. This world is a poem, written in letters of light on the walls of the azure firmament.

Man is not merely a creature displaying the endowment of two legs, and the only being qualified to study grammar; not an animal browsing in the fair fields of creation, and endeavoring with all possible grace to gild and swallow the pill of existence; but the master-piece in the mechanism of the universe, in whom are wedded the visible and the invisible, the material and the spiritual; before whom the waves of the ocean crouch, and on whom the winds and lightnings and the fire all wait to do his bidding; the great gardener in this garden of the LORD; the keeper of HIS great seal, for he alone is stamped with the image of GOD. Man is a glorious poem; each life a canto, each day a line. The melody plays feebly at first upon the trembling chords of his little heart, but with time gains power and beauty as it sweeps onward, until at last the final notes die away far, far above the world, amid the melodies of heaven.

Nature is not merely a senseless, arable clod, through which runs the golden vein, and o'er which waves the golden harvest; not a monster, to be bowed down by the iron fetters of rail-roads and telegraphs; but it is a grand old temple, whose star-lit dome and woodland aisles, and bright and happy choir, invite the soul to worship and to gratitude. Nature is a sweet poem: each downy-cheek'd floweret, each uncouth stone, and frowning mountain, and silvery river, are the bright syllables. And though the fall of man has thrown them into confusion, they shall be arranged once more in harmony; and the burthen of that song shall be beauty and praise to HIM from whom all beauty radiates.

How often, when the quiet night woos us forth to commune with Nature in her chastened robes, is our spirit thronged almost to oppression by thoughts new and inexpressible! When the bright moon, just risen above the hill-top or the peaceful waters, tinges the cloudy curtains that hang about the couch of the departed day, draws out the

long mysterious shadows, and locks in her white arms the slumbering earth; then, as we look above, can we say with him, who knew so well to express his lofty thoughts:

> 'Ye stars, which are the *poetry* of heaven!
> A beauty and a mystery, ye create
> In us such love and reverence from afar,
> That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star!'

Why should we, then, give way to the absurdly-named practical spirit of these days? Physical good is not the only good of earth. The mind, the soul must be fed as well — ay, infinitely, rather than this feeble body. We are in the world to make ourselves blessed; and is not the bliss that comes from purifying the heart and enlightening the intellect more to be desired than the gratification of our sensual appetites? Let us, then, learn to analyze whatever we meet in the pilgrimage of life, and read the lesson of truth and beauty that God has stamped upon it. Then will the desert of the world gush out in fountains to refresh our flagging spirits and to brace our sinking frames. Z.

THE RIVER.

Ages long ago the Indian
  Launched his bark canoe
On thy waters, silver river!
Ceaseless flowing on forever,
  To the ocean blue;
But the white man came one day,
And the Indian passed away.

Rang the sound of axe and hammer
  O'er the verdant plain;
Glowing in the sun of harvest,
Where had stood a mighty forest,
  Waved the yellow grain;
Still the river danced along
To the murmur of its song.

Dewy mornings, blushing evenings
  Fading into gray,
Spring awaking, Summer burning,
Painted Autumn oft returning,
  Saw it roll away;
Still unmindful to the last,
Until Winter bound it fast.

Generations on its borders
  Ripen and decay,
Strangers come to fill the places
Of the old familiar faces
  That have passed away;
Time changes all, but by their graves
Unchanged shall flow its sparkling waves.

New-Bedford, (Mass.) G. C. S.

SONG.

In my far northern home I have dream'd of a land
By the side of whose rivers that flow to the sea,
And over whose mountain-tops, rugged and grand,
Roams the Goddess of Liberty, stainless and free!
With a hue on her cheek like the blush of a rose,
'With lips like a cherry and teeth like a pearl;'
And often in dreams would my spirit repose,
And bask in the smiles of the fair mountain girl!

From the depths of the sky comes the blue of her eye,
And her clear ringing laugh from the bright wave that breaks
And scatters its foam o'er the pebbles that lie
And gleam in the sun, on the shores of her lakes;
With her own native wild-flowers wreathed in her hair,
I see her now smiling—ay, smiling on me!
Reign forever, bright Goddess! my heart breathes the prayer,
And bless with thy presence the Land of the Free! H. S. C.

THE CLAIRVOYANT.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

'Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever do.'—E. B. Barrett.

My vision was not of the night; I was not revelling in the land of dreams. A mortal, a human being, held over my bodily powers a monarch's sway; and thus my spirit was set free from the bondage of sense.

This person by whose aid I was loosened from consciousness of the fetters of flesh had exerted his power, thinking to guide *my* thoughts, to direct the workings of my mind also, by mere exercise of his will. But he had attempted that which was beyond his power of accomplishment; he could not control and enslave, even for an instant, the spirit which fled in that moment far beyond his empire, away from the things of time. He had looked upon me, and I know not how it was, but his strange gaze overpowered my nervous system, induced a sleep of the animal life; and then this panting, struggling soul escaped his influence, as it had that of the body. It went forth as the prisoned bird at the opening of its cage; it soared away from the earth which so long bound it. *From* the earth, I repeat; for its course was not, as had been anticipated, 'to the far and foreign lands.'

I was sick nigh unto death with the tumult, strife and confusion which had been my portion since my birth-hour. To a place of rest and peace, of holiness and contentment, to a 'house not made with

hands,' like a weary child I bent my course, and for the nonce time had no more dominion over me.

How pleasant, oh! how beautiful was that *going home!* At the moment of my release, remembrances of preëxistence, of a life which had been mine before ever I became a stranger and a pilgrim in the world, began to crowd upon me. Those moments of exaltation and of intensest yearning which I had known on earth now found a perfect exposition.

Never had the loves, the hopes and the aspirations of my mortal life satisfied me. It had seemed to me always that I had given for my earth-home an existence that was deeper, fuller, grander. Forever a mournful conviction of unfitness, incompleteness and imperfection had attended all my toil. Now for the first time could I understand that most sad, sweet saying, which, while it sets the 'apocalyptic NEVER' on all the hopes of the mortal, sheds brightness and glory on the aspiration of the immortal: '*Whatsoever thou desirest shall be granted thee the moment of thy death;*' for now had I anticipated the joyousness of that release, the glory of that freedom, which is the attendant of death. I understood then how it could, how it must be, that the human, groping in thick darkness on the earth, rarely accomplish the deeds and the work for which they are capacitated. They labor under constant difficulties, which astonish, and bewilder, and try the only half sentient soul. I knew at this moment how it could be that in death the veil was removed from their eyes; how they would perceive then, and clearly, the work which is their birthright, which the ALL-MERCIFUL will suffer them to carry forward to illimitable perfection in the eternal ages. For what is death but the mere closing of eyes on the temporal, that they may open again, and look with perfectly-discerning and clearly-penetrating gaze, on the eternal, the immutable?

As I said, when the mortal had so unwittingly set my spirit free, I felt that I was going home. Not to the Heaven, the World of the Resurrection, for that only may be entered by those who are forever done with life; and did not one of the earth guard for me my garments of mortality, which must be re-assumed? Neither to the homes of the dead went I; but into the wide and glorious soul-land, into the realm of the preëxistent!

Going home! to my mother, my blessed angel-mother, my spirit-mother; she who gave me to that beloved, my foster-parent, that we might for a few years be a joy and a help to one another. I was going into that land which the darkness knows not, which the light of purity enlivens; from whose altars ascend the incense of knowledge, whose foundations and pillars, whose rivers and whose fruits, whose thought and whose all-in-all, is GOD!

How can I tell with *words*, how can I speak as to be understood, of that realm upon which rests the eternal calmness, the everlasting beauty? By what terms common among men can I speak of the splendor and the blessedness of soul-land? Can you fix on the blind man's mind an idea of the glory of flowers; of the setting sun; of the face of beauty? Can you by prayers or groans or shrieks give to the dead assurance of

your love? Can the heart of the deaf thrill at the glad tones of your voice, or conceive of music?

Weakly, most faintly can I utter, and that with tears as I feel my weakness, what cannot be fully comprehended. How *could* one, save in soul-language, tell of the soul-life? Or how, with the types and figures of the dull insensate, can be made known the surpassing majesty of *that* intellectual, *that* unfading?

I made my journey 'thought rapid,' with a consciousness of freedom that was ecstacy itself. I had sought clairvoyance in a vague hope of being for a moment released from the sorrows which haunted me, even in my dreams. My last thought on earth had been of struggle and weariness, of disappointment and want. In the hard labor for daily bread I was exhausted. I no longer revelled in the idea of a better day. The exultation and defiance with which I had pressed on in the path of exertion was over; the strong will had become paralyzed by incessant reverses and rebuffs.

The awakening from despair, by the communication of glad tidings which overwhelm the troubled one with tumultuous joy, may afford an idea, most shadowy, it is true, but still an idea, of the exultation with which I went forth to my mother — to my home. If ever you have known such moments of sudden, unexpected bliss, you will remember how, when the wild joy had calmed into a blissful certainty, you cradled yourself in an intoxicating kind of *rest;* you will have a conception of the steady and buoyant and blessed peace which continued with me as I went my way. But when I entered the world of the preëxistent, I was conscious that a change, a wondrous and awful change, had been wrought in me since I had, years before, gone thence to the earth. As I moved through the stainless and the undefiled, I knew that I was no longer *of* them. In amazement they looked on me; none knew, none recognized; yet I knew them. I dared not offer them tokens of friendship and acquaintance; sin and evil had marked my soul; I was as Cain among them; the brand of guilt was upon me; *I was of the earth.* Oh, with what horror and shame did I confess this to myself! How desperately I strove to hide me from those inquiring glances! With what agony then did I go on my way, seeking for my mother! and with what fear was that search continued! Would she recognize, would she still love, would she hear me?

I saw her coming up from the far distance; the beautiful, the peerless, embodied in perfection. With her was another, purely bright as a sunbeam. What a fount of holy recollection opened as I saw those two together thus! So had *I* stood beside her; so had *I* listened to her teachings; so had *I* looked upon her with a boundless love and veneration.

She was speaking, my mother, to the child-soul with her, in that peculiar, touching manner, which I remembered well had been shown toward me that day when she sent me to the mortal state, and I felt that it must be so; she was about to give another of the untried, to battle with the 'clutching waves of sin.'

Inexpressibly grievous was the thought of my earth-home thus forced upon me; and in that moment all that I wished was to save my beauti-

ful, innocent soul-sister from contamination such as I had felt. I wished her never to know the agony of mortality. And it was therefore to save her, rather than with the joy of a reünion, that I stood forth from the obscurity which I had sought; it was therefore that for the first time speaking, I cried eagerly, sorrowfully: 'My mother, my mother, crucify her not!'

She looked upon me — she knew me! Of all who had forgotten, of all who had glanced on my soul with horror, she alone remembered. The dreaded climax, her forgetfulness and want of power to recognize, was spared — she knew, she loved me!

Then guided she the tempted, the tried, the tempest-tossed, to our home of the dear olden time; then stood we, mother and child, together as one; then looked we face to face; then spoke we one with the other.

'Thou art come back, my child, though the hour appointed has not arrived; yet it is well, for now shalt thou be the guardian of this other child, who is going forth to the earth.'

'O forbear! forbear!' I cried, interrupting her. 'Send her not, mother; she is not strong to combat, she is not brave to bear. Keep her under the shelter of thine eye, O mother!'

'Nay, it is written she shall go forth. Tell her now what is the earth, that she may know; tell her of the home which awaits her.'

'It is a desolate desert where there is no water; a parched and burning desert, without any shade-trees; a mighty desert, where the birds of prey build their nests — where the simoons rage. Wo to thee, sister, if thy feet falter by the way! the caravan will go on and forsake thee. Wo to thee if thou makest known the grief of thy heart; they will mock and laugh at thee, and scorn thee for thy weakness! Wo to thee if thou comest to want or need; no hand will be lifted to aid thee! There is sin, there is folly, there is monstrous guilt among the people; there is fraud, and envy, and slander; there is murder and blasphemy; there is destruction and corruption in earth!'

'How hast thou met all this?' exclaimed my mother.

'It has broken my heart.'

'Thou weak one!' and she turned away from me. Then she said to the young soul, my sister, 'Child, wilt thou dare go into such a world?'

'Mother, yes!' answered the untried one, suddenly and decidedly.

I looked upon her with wonder. I said: 'Thou dost not understand; thou canst not know. Treachery and coldness from those thou hast most trusted, misunderstanding, doubt — these are the least of the evils which will afflict thee. Child! I feel I cannot explain, nor can you comprehend, what slavery, and vice, and calumny, and poverty, and unjust scorn of thy fellows, and the torturing of conscience and self-mistrust mean! Every mortal has to learn. Make her not a mortal, my mother!'

'Cease: I had rather thou never camest into my presence than hear such words from thee. What hast thou *done* in the world? The doing much, the doing good, the constant labor, saves one from such thoughts as thou hast.'

'I *have* labored, and toiled, and borne the burden and the heat of the day, and have reaped in a harvest of nothingness. My work has

been done for naught; my hopes have proved themselves altogether vanity. Oh, I *have* toiled! Do not add to my cup of bitterness by doubting that assurance.'

'Now, how shall I give into thy hands the care of this dear soul? I would that thou hadst never come here, daughter. Yet it is as well. She will not now grow up in the world, cherishing fancies, and thoughts, and hopes, that must all in turn wither. She will live a fuller and a nobler life, because *prepared* for all that awaits. But you have taken from her the sweet blessing of youth; you have robbed her existence of all romance. Little one, dost thou *dare* go?'

'Oh, yes — a thousand times yes! What *is* that slavery, and that horrible wrong: that coldness, and treachery, and poverty? I will give myself to laboring, that it may be done away. I will fight against that sin! Sister, surely thou hast *so* labored?'

I looked upon her conscience-struck, awed, and half afraid, and I was forced to answer 'No!'

My reader, God save you the anguish of being compelled to answer in such a manner when that question shall be asked you. 'Go back, and rejoice then that there is time,' my mother said. 'When you come again, then will you be satisfied with your work, my child. I give to you a holy work. I make you an apostle. Speak out among your fellows, and with no whispered words, of that which you do know. Smile thou never on sin: if it stands before thee clothed in the purple, scorn it! Countenance thou never the works of oppression; believe thou in the eternity of truth, and in the immutability of God's justice. When the time cometh for thee to speak, fail thou not to rebuke vice in its million hideous forms. Behold, I give to thee another work! When this, thy sister, shall appear on earth, thou shalt know her. Lead her in the paths which she should tread; guide her; teach her the everlasting truths; establish her in the eternal hope. And, my children, be ye faithful over the few things given to your care; so ye shall come again in joy, bearing the precious sheaves with you.'

I HAVE heard a child's voice on this earth which I recognize. There is a soul tabernacle in the flesh, which *our* mother gave to my guidance, though others of this world claim her. The time is not yet come for the dispelling of the early joy. Sorrow has not yet pressed the little one to her heart. What do I say? That time was before she ever came into this world. I read it in the wondering look with which she turns away from every temptation, from the voices of sin, of dissension and wrath; in the trembling tones with which she reads of the sway of almost universal evil; in the pure love with which she clings to the human, exalting and ennobling all with whom she comes in contact. They who look upon her think to see the day when she will need that comfort which her words afford them now; but they will look in vain — that time can never come.

I foresee the day when she shall arise and declare what the weary and fainting mortals will rejoice to know. I see, in shadow, a form

that shall move a very angel through the harvest-field of our MASTER; I hear in echo a voice as of a voice heard in a dream — gentle tones and wise utterances, which shall be proved powerful to rebuke, and convince, and restore, and save; I have prophetic hearing of a song of joy and thanksgiving that shall float upward from the bondmen of sin, whose chains she shall loosen — a song that shall be borne through the far-distance to the blessed soul-land, to OUR MOTHER; and beyond the soul-land to HIM!

O mother! the weak and the weary, the tempted and the falling, shall learn of and shall bless thee for that little child!

STANZAS: A DREAM.

BY E. PLURIBUS UNUM, ESQ.

I DREAMED I stood upon a rock, that reared
Its solitary peak from out an ocean
Whose broad expanse no sunbeam ever cheered,
But a dim twilight veiled its wild commotion;
And 'gainst that rock the foaming surges broke,
Which trembled to its base at every stroke.

And round about me was no living thing;
No sea-bird flapped the gloom on weary pinion;
Upon the watery waste no ship's white wing
Could be discerned, to tell of man's dominion:
But all did seem like Nature's primal sleep,
When darkness veiled the void and formless deep.

All, save the chilly wind that fiercely blew,
And a strange light that, from the billows streaming,
Just served to make them visible, and threw
Upon that lonely rock a fitful gleaming;
But overhead primeval darkness hung,
Through which not even a star its radiance flung.

And now, dear reader, p'r'aps you think I 'm going
To tell of things than these still more prodigious,
Which in my dream I saw, and end by showing
Their moral and their tendency religious;
But dreams are mostly very transitory,
And end right in the middle of the story.

And so it was with mine: for as I stood
Gazing upon 'the hell of waters' round,
Methought I slipped, and fell into the flood!
Shrieking with horror I awoke, and found
That I had in my sleep fallen out of bed,
And very badly bumped my dreaming head!

A VOICE FROM GLEN-MARY.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

I.

SWEET LADY! when the glen I sought
That bears, and long will bear thy name,
Of thy sad history I thought,
Forgetful of a brighter fame;
The wild-bird singing in the tree,
Each rustling leaflet, spoke of thee.

II.

Thy cottage-home hath lost the light
That gladdened it in other hours;
Its vines are withered, and a blight
Hath fallen on thy once-loved flowers;
I crossed its threshold, and within
There was a gloom to-night akin.

III.

Cold was the hearth, and on the wall
Gray web-work had the spider hung,
And solemn as a knell, the fall
Of feet through each apartment rung:
The south-wind sighed through open doors,
Lifting the dust from unswept floors.

IV.

The features of yon view remain;
The waves flow on, the mountains rise:
Dawn wakes, and twilight brings again
Her gentle dews, and star-lit skies;
But here no more will voice of thine
Fill air with song at day's decline!

V.

Ah! nigh in soul perchance thou art,
Though far away thy grave is green,
For clung the tendrils of thy heart,
While living, to this lovely scene:
And slumbers here thy first-born child,
Within a tomb undrest and wild.

VI.

'T is not unmeet that shade of one,
So young and fair, through lawns like these
Should wander, when the day is done,
And burden with its plaint the breeze;
Or visit at lone midnight's hour
GLEN-MARY'S cot and wasted bower.

Living Pulpit Orators.

REV. J. ADDISON ALEXANDER, D. D.

EXEGETICAL.

In some families intellectual greatness appears to be hereditary. It may be answered, that it is rare; true, it is indeed rare, but that does not invalidate the assertion, as instances may be produced both from ancient and modern history. In ancient history we read of the Fabii family at Rome, where the consulship remained during seven consecutive elections; and the profound Niebhur says, 'the Fabii were a *learned* family.' And although this might be owing to a certain popularity, yet it pre-supposes likewise an amount of talent and intellectual greatness.

Then again there is the Medicean family of Italy, the different members of which held high political stations, were patrons of the arts, restorers of ancient literature, and men of the greatest intellectual acquirements. In our own generation, we have the two Adams's, father and son, each of whom held the highest office in our government, and were noted for their varied acquirements and extensive knowledge in every department of literature, and are distinguished in the annals of our country. The mantle of genius and intellect cannot be transmitted and bequeathed from father to son, like that of kingly titles or wealth; and as it has just been asserted, it is unusual to find intellect and talent existing in more than one individual of a family. Other examples might be produced, but a few will answer the same purpose as a great number, and examples will readily suggest themselves to those who are familiar with history and biography. They may turn over their pages, and observe the names of those who have made an illustrious figure on the stage of life, who have been the heroes of their age, who have given their name to an epoch; whether he be the mighty conqueror of nations, chaining those to his chariot-wheels who attempt to withstand his power, or the reformer of religion and morals, whose name is greater than that of the conqueror, inasmuch as the former revolutionizes the human intellect, emancipates it from the yoke of slavery that it may have worn for ages, and exerts a moral influence that will endure when time itself shall be no more.

The names of Luther, of Bacon, or of Locke, naturally suggest themselves to our thoughts. Or we may turn to names, illustrious in the arts and sciences, such as Copernicus, Newton, or Leibnitz, Watt, Black, and Fulton, and what do we find? That they stand solitary and alone, with no child to inherit their genius or splendid talents. The same fact meets us in the department of poetry or polite literature; namely, that genius is *seldom* transmitted from father to son.

But this subject has been dwelt upon longer perhaps than is necessary, and our only apology is the pleasure produced by recalling and dwelling upon the great names of the earth, those who have dazzled us by the splendor of their genius and talent.

These few preliminary remarks will be found to have a connection with our subject, which is a few remarks upon the style of preaching of the Rev. J. Addison Alexander, who is a distinguished pulpit orator, and one of the Professors of the Theological College at Princeton, New-Jersey. As an explanation of the previous remarks on hereditary talent, it may be observed that the father and brother of this eminent divine are men of distinguished talent. Both the father and the two sons, Doctor James and Doctor Addison Alexander, are Professors of the College; Doctor James having been recently inaugurated as Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government. Doctor Archibald Alexander, the father, is not only known by his theological writings, but also others, and especially a work on Liberia, written with consummate ability. Doctor James Alexander is also highly appreciated as an author, and his works have a practical utility, which render them highly popular. They are universally allowed to be men of great intellectual attainments and distinguished talents.

But these remarks will principally refer to the Rev. J. Addison Alexander, well known as a pulpit orator. It will be understood that Doctor Alexander belongs to the school of Calvin and Geneva, yet his sermons do not contain allusions to doctrinal subjects, but illustrate those great principles of Christianity, wherein all christians may agree. He stands on the broad platform where all christians may meet. His sermons inculcate liberal and catholic feelings, and in theory and practice he appears to have adopted the beautiful language of the poet:

> 'Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
> Presume thy bolts to throw,
> Or deal damnation round the land,
> On all I judge thy foe;
> If I am right, thy grace impart,
> Still in the right to stay;
> If I am wrong, O! teach my heart
> To find the better way.'

But it must not be inferred from the above expressions that he is unsettled in his doctrines, or has no particular belief; on the contrary, he belongs to the most rigid and orthodox school of Presbyterians, and could defend his church against a host of assailants. Ah! could defend it as bravely as the early fathers of the church, as St. Jerome or St. Augustine. He is familiar with all the weapons of logic, and has been trained in a severe school of dialectics; and were he called upon to explain the doctrines of his church, no one would be more clear, more explicit, or more logically correct.

Doctor Alexander, then, generally avoids doctrinal subjects, imagining, and perhaps truly, that such topics are unsuited to a mixed congregation, composed of different denominations of christians, who all love their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and are travelling to the same heavenly country, but only by different routes. It may be that Doctor Alexander supposes the pulpit an unfit arena for such gladiatorial exhibitions.

The writer of this article has had an opportunity of judging of his style of preaching during a series of discourses delivered by him in Philadelphia during the winter of 1847, '48. His constant residence is in Princeton, where his duties are most arduous; yet such is his popularity, that his services are in constant requisition in other and neighboring cities.

Perhaps the distinguishing characteristic of his style is its simplicity and plainness, and its perfect adaptation to the meanest comprehension, its suitableness to the man of profound intellect as well as 'the cottager who weaves at her own door.' His language is chaste and beautiful, not elaborately ornamented with figures of every description, that often obscure the meaning and conceal penury of thought, but only gracefully decorated, like those beautiful works of art, among the ancients, who never overloaded their divine models, rightly understanding that simplicity alone is true beauty. Perhaps Doctor Alexander's sermons are best adapted to a highly intellectual, refined and well educated audience; such can better appreciate him. Doctor A. is sometimes profound is his discourses, and they contain matter, substance and food for thought. It has been frequently remarked that a number of professional gentlemen usually attend his preaching; that indeed his audience consists principally of gentlemen. Perhaps the fairer part of creation might not consider this a merit; but with all due deference to the fair sex, it is at least a proof of intellectual superiority, and that his sermons are redolent of masculine vigor. It is true that he deals very little in the sentimental, and his discourses are not often addressed to the feelings; yet when occasion requires, he can move the feelings powerfully and with the skill and dexterity of one who understands the human heart. But Doctor Alexander does not often appeal to this lever of the heart, knowing that emotions thus produced are unsettled and transitory in their nature, and prefers appealing to the judgment and reason, using pathos and passion as occasional aids, and requiring from them a subordinate part.

To judge from his sermons, Doctor Alexander does not believe that religion is of a pure individual nature, and that it consists in merely religious feeling, which is vague, uncertain and wandering at one time, addressing itself to the imagination, and at another to the sensibilities, and seeking through the wide world for a resting-place, and finding none. No; religion possesses a far higher and nobler aim, as its noblest mission is to give birth to associations, to religious government, to opinions, to creeds and dogmas; so that a man, by his belief and opinion may be drawn toward, and associated with other men. It is necessary that religious opinions should be propagated, and these associations are for that purpose.

It is not to be understood by this that temporal government has any right to interfere with the religious opinions of its subjects. The day has passed when a particular sect, who differed from the established church, might be seized, tortured and confined simply because they chose to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. But it is not our purpose to descant upon this topic, or to show how slowly yet surely man has arrived at this great truth, that the enjoyment of liberty

of conscience is his true, proper and normal condition; that a government cannot tyrannize over the soul, and that the mind of man will maintain certain ideas and opinions independent of all human authority. Oceans of blood have been shed in defence of this opinion, and there has been more suffering on this account than any other. What war, destruction and desolation, religion has caused, and what little has been gained by an attempt to convert nations or individuals by physical force!

Sometimes Doctor Alexander is abstract and metaphysical, dealing in the profound, but such is only the case when he supposes he is addressing an intellectual audience. For it is an undoubted fact that a clergyman is influenced in his preaching by his audience, not only as regards the subject of his discourse, but in his style, manner and interest that he takes in it. Does he behold around him, earnest, anxious, intelligent faces, deeply impressed by every remark, sympathizing with him in every sentence, noting every word, admiring the beautiful, endeavoring to fathom the profound, evincing a lively interest, when he explains the historical or geographical parts of sacred history, and in fact entering with intense delight into every part of his discourse, how interested and animated he then becomes himself! While a new impetus is given to his eloquence. He understands that it is necessary to call into action all the noblest powers of his mind; he enters with new zeal into his subject, he explains it with increased delight, unravels its hidden meaning, and feels that he is indeed worthy to be the ambassador of heaven, the interpreter between GOD and man. In the joy of his soul he exclaims, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings of great joy!'

And though when he leaves the pulpit years of experience may have taught him that all who listen with attention are not converted, and that to many his preaching is only as one who plays upon a beautiful instrument and discourses sweet music; that others are dwelling upon his words, with the intention of criticising; yet notwithstanding this, close attention sustains and vivifies him. 'O! ye Epirots, ye are my wings!' exclaims a celebrated general of antiquity. Thus might an orator exclaim to his audience, 'Ye are my wings, by which I soar from earth and dwell among high and holy things of eternity; by which I rise, even to the throne of the MOST HIGH, where angels veil their faces, and where millions of cherubim and seraphim wait to do his bidding! Ye are my wings, by which I am enabled to leave earth and enter within the Holy of Holies, unshackled by the things of time and space!'

This eminent orator does not shun the labor of the study and library; and who would shun its labor, if they wish to win for themselves a great and enduring name? For what does Dante say? that by toil and patient study the orator must win a reputation:

> 'For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
> Of canopy reposing, fame is won.'

Every minister of the gospel should spend a great portion of his time in study, and not in idle visiting, or in gossiping from family to

family, or in a course of light and trifling reading. By either of these methods he will be rendered unfit to fulfil his sacred calling. Will a clergyman be competent to accomplish his duties on the Sabbath-day, if through the week he has been idle and negligent, and enters the sacred desk utterly unprepared for his task? How can such a man be expected to edify his flock, or prepare them for heaven? or what kind of pastor and bishop of souls does he make? Every clergyman should be a student; their life should be one great study, every day making some new acquisition, every day enriching the mind and having that line of Dante ever before their minds:

'Think that this day will never dawn again.'

The idea of a clegyman who neither reads, studies nor thinks deeply, is really monstrous, preposterous and an anomaly. The mind of the man who pursues such a course must deteriorate, and in time he will be no more fitted to be the pastor of a congregation than a poor day-laborer, who, blessed with equal talents, would, if he had an opportunity, devote his time to their improvement. A congregation do not care to have their pastor incessantly visiting them; they are apt to think his presence a restraint, and are rather pleased when the door is fairly shut upon him. Let us be understood. We do not mean to insinuate that a clergyman should not have his familiar friends or his moments of relaxation, or that he should not be assiduous in his visits to the sick and afflicted. We only deprecate indiscriminate gossip and visiting, which has no end in view but to idle and dissipate time; whereas a clergyman should be laboriously and diligently employed.

If we look into antiquity and compare the ministers of God, in ancient times, with those of the present, we will find a considerhble difference as it regards the life of many of them. Perhaps a quotation from a well known author may not be amiss, as it regards the manner in which the holy men of old passed their time. Two bishops of the fifth century are described as follows:

'Saint Hilary arose very early in the morning; he always dwelt in the town. From the time that he arose, any one who wished to see him was received. He heard complaints, adjusted differences, performed the office of a Justice of the Peace. He afterward repaired to the church, performed service, preached, taught sometimes many hours consecutively. Returned home, he took his repast, and while this lasted he heard some pious reading, or else he dictated, and the people entered freely and listened. He also performed manual labor, sometimes spinning for the poor, sometimes cultivating the fields of his church. Thus passed his day in the midst of the people, in grave, useful occupations of a public interest, which every hour had some result.

'The life of Saint Loup was not exactly the same; his manners were more austere, his activity less varied. He lived severely; and the rigidity of his conduct, the assiduity of his prayers, were incessantly celebrated by his contemporaries. Thus he exercised more ascendancy by his general example than by his actions in detail. He struck the imagination of men to such a point, that, according to a tradition, the truth of which is of little importance as true or false; it equally shows con-

temporaneous opinion. Attila, in quitting Gaul, carried Saint Loup with him to the banks of the Rhine, supposing that so sainted a man would protect his army. Saint Loup was, beside, of a cultivated mind, and took an intense interest in intellectual development. He was solicitous in his diocese about schools and pious reading, and when it was necessary to go and contend against the doctrines of Pelagius in Britain, it was upon his eloquence, as well as that of Saint Germain d'Auxerre, that the council of Four Hundred and Twenty-Nine confided for success.'

We have an example in this quotation of the manner in which two celebrated clergymen passed their time; that is, in active, useful employment; not in enervation or pleasing literary discussions, or amid sweet music, or delightful books, or agreeable conversation, or in gaining credit as amateurs or dilettanti in the arts. It is not indeed expected that the clergymen of these days should pass their time exactly in the manner of Saint Hilary; that, for instance, he should perform the office of a justice of the peace.

The temporal and spiritual authority are now so entirely separated, and the candidates for both offices are so numerous, that it is not necessary to have recourse to a clergyman to fulfil the functions of a magistrate; neither is it necessary that he should perform manual labor, or work in the fields, or spin. In this very refined and intellectual age such employments would be considered rather derogatory to his sacred calling; unless, indeed, he be located in the far settlements of the West, in the uncleared forests of the great valley of the Mississippi, or on the borders of the Pacific; as now, when we speak of the West, imagination wanders to those far off regions; there, indeed, a hard-working, tough-sinewed, industrious clergyman might be more useful than an ultra-refined, or a very intellectual one.

Saint Hilary lived at the commencement of the fifth century; at the time when the great Roman empire was falling to decay, and when civil society was in a similar state; when life, energy, activity, had departed from the civil government, and vigor only remained in the religious hierarchy. The words of an eminent historian may be quoted on this subject, who, in comparing the civil and religious society of this period, and the reasons that civil offices were in the hands of the clergy, thus states the fact: 'In the civil society there is no people or government; the imperial administration is fallen; the senatorial aristocracy is fallen; every where there is dissolution; power and liberty are struck by the same sterility, the same nullity. In religious society, on the contrary, a very animated people and a very active government show themselves. Every where the germs of a very energetic, popular activity, and a very strong government, develope themselves.'

But in thus taking a retrospective glance at the lives of the fathers of the church, and the early ages of christianity, we have wandered from our original theme, and trust that our readers will not suppose we have entirely lost sight of Doctor Alexander, or that we do not think many of the divines of the present day are equal in learning and industry to those of past ages. Doctor Alexander's manner in the pulpit is calm, dignified, and unostentatious, in accordance with the subject of his discourse. It would certainly not be in good taste to see

him 'playing fantastic tricks before high heaven,' or striving to gain attention by vehement gesticulations, or noisy declamation. Some clergymen appear to think they may arouse the impenitent, bring the wanderers to the fold of CHRIST, and convert souls by a series of concussions; such as thumping the Bible, right heartily pounding on the pulpit, and throwing the body into various contortions.

Doctor Alexander does not belong to this class of preachers. His manner, style, and character, might be depicted in these well-known and often-quoted lines of Cowper:

> 'THERE stands the messenger of truth; there stands
> The legate of the skies. His theme divine,
> His office sacred, his credentials clear;
> In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
> And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
> And natural in gesture, much impressed
> Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
> And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
> May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
> And tender in address, as well becomes
> A messenger of grace to guilty men;
> He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
> Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
> And armed himself in panoply complete
> Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
> Bright as his own, and trains by every rule
> Of holy discipline to glorious war,
> The sacramental host of GOD'S elect!'

Doctor Alexander never selects as the subjects of his discourse the exciting topics of the day. It is best thus. It is an age of excitement, this in which we live, the nineteenth century. We are kept in a continual ferment, and one strange event has scarcely past before another occurs. Thus the heart is continually beating with emotion. Only look at the last four years; has a month, or even a few weeks passed without the occurrence of some stirring event, calculated to interest and deeply move the heart of every reflecting being? Some of these events concerned us as Americans; such as the Mexican war. Then we all remember how our hearts throbbed as the telegraph or post brought us news of our valiant army; sometimes of its hazardous situation, surrounded in an unfavorable position by an assailing enemy, who, proud in their superiority of numbers, had doomed them to destruction. Then how anxions we were! The true patriotism of a republic revealed itself, and the haunts and thoroughfares of business were crowded to receive the first intelligence. Then news came of a brilliant victory gained, and the hosts of the enemy routed. Behold emotion of another kind! that of joy and patriotic pride, mingled, in pious hearts, with gratitude to the author of all good. Then came peace, and with it the cession of California. We all understand the emotions connected with the word *California;* is it not with gold-dust, or gold? And did not the discovery cause far more excitement than the brilliant victories of General Taylor? Did it not spread through the whole length and breadth of the land, exciting in millions of hearts the unholy feeling of avarice?

Then again during the past year our feelings have been excited by the troubled and convulsed condition of Europe, and the political troubles distracting that portion of the globe find an echo in our hearts. The

gallant struggle of the Hungarians caused emotions that will not easily be forgotten. And even after the struggle had ceased, and Hungary lay exhausted and bleeding at the feet of the Russian despot, a deep sympathy was felt for those patriotic Magyars who fled from their country in despair, when no longer able to benefit her; and when their extradition was demanded by the Emperor Nicholas, the cruelty of the act was commented on, and every heart felt an interest in their fate.

Thus our every-day life is full of intense emotion. The soul needs some repose after these worldly feelings; hence it is as well not to introduce topics of this kind into the pulpit; and, as it was observed before, Doctor Alexander does not often refer to them. It is not to be understood that he would not preach on a subject of this nature if requested, or that he might not occasionally refer to a public event, as a means of religious instruction, or that he would not make an allusion to the life and merits of a distinguised servant of CHRIST. The assertion must not be understood thus literally. Doctor Alexander considers that the sublime and holy topics of religion are all-sufficient to fill and satisfy the soul of man; that the glorious themes of revelation should occupy his whole being, and completely satisfy the aspirations of his heart. And surely they are sufficient!

Although Doctor Alexander has been constantly occupied with the arduous duties of his professorship and constant preaching, yet he has found time to write for the press, and his writings bear the stamp of his great mind. But there need scarcely be made an allusion to this subject, as Doctor Alexander's recently-published work on the Psalms is well known in the literary world. It is a splendid exegetical work, and places its author at once in the highest rank in this department of literature. Such a work could only be written by a man like Doctor Alexander, as it demands not only a profound knowledge of biblical and classical literature, but a thorough acquaintance with the ancient languages, particularly those belonging to the great Semitic family; such as the Chaldee, the Syriac, and those dialects peculiar to the nations east of the Euphrates; for we believe it is Heeren, the great German historian, who has made this river the boundary line of the languages spoken by the inhabitants of Eastern and Western Asia.

We will now conclude our notice of this justly celebrated divine. We do not wish to invade the sacred privacy of domestic life, and therefore would only observe that his manners are those of a perfect gentleman; a union of dignity and urbanity, cheerful without levity, and never joining in light or silly conversation. This portrait is sketched by the hand of a friend, who has frequently heard him preach, and who judges with impartiality. His friends and admirers will observe the likeness, but perhaps may not think the language sufficiently eulogistic, as all who are really pleased become more and more ardent in their admiration; and we may imagine them exclaiming, in the words of the immortal bard:

> 'AT first I did adore a twinkling star,
> But now I worship a celestial sun.'

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

I RESTED on a woody lawn;
  My head reclined against a tree,
  Whose leaves were rustling over me,
Stirred by the breezes of the morn.

I hearkened to the whispering breeze,
  Till louder, stronger grew its song,
  And like a stream it poured along
The tops of the surrounding trees.

It said that: 'In the years to be
  Earth will with perfect art be crowned,
  And all the starry region round
Be shorn of half its mystery.

'The telescope will conquer space,
  And the deep secrets of the skies
  Shall be revealed unto our eyes,
While wonder flushes every face.

'The electric fluid, like a beam
  Of subtle light, shall pierce the sea,
  And Indies and the poles shall be
United by the mystic stream.

'KNOWLEDGE and WISDOM, brothers twin,
  Shall walk the rounds of all the earth,
  And hidden springs of thought, where dearth
Dried up the mind, be ope'd within.

'And from the heart of man a stream
  Of love shall rise and whelm the soul,
  Till all the world from pole to pole
With one great brotherhood shall teem.

'FAMINE and PESTILENCE no more
  Avenging visitants shall come;
No more a million mouths be dumb,
  A million warriors felled in war.

'The plough-share and the pruning-hook
  Shall be re-cast from gun and sword;
  And man shall know no other LORD
But HIM who gave the Holy Book.

'And children then will start to think
  How man, with fierce and wicked will,
  Could rise his brother man to kill,
And send him tottering o'er the brink.

'Earth with full harvests shall rejoice,
  And her tall forest-sons shall raise
  Their 'green-robed' arms to heaven, and praise
Ascend in one harmonious voice.

'The lark shall sing from morn to eve,
Complaining that the hours are few
To tell its love; and sweetly through
The night, the nightingale shall weave

'Melodious songs, that charm the ear,
Dying and fainting like a dream
Over forest, field and stream,
While listening still we think we hear.'

I woke! the winds had ceased to sing,
The world was not the world I dreamed;
Yet in my waking mood it seemed
I had not dreamed an idle thing:

And that, some future day, the soul
Of man shall brighten with the dawn
Of love and wisdom, and the morn
Beam out on one harmonious whole.

C. E. Havens.

FAIRIES.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

The best days of the fairies seem to have passed away forever. They have enjoyed their golden age; an age of moon-light, revelry and song, and are now almost forgotten. We see strange circles in the meadows, like those our simple ancestors called 'fairy rings,' but in our wisdom attribute them to something very different, indeed, from blithe, dancing fairies, and laugh at the boor who will not believe that they are formed by electricity. We never meet with a merry troupe of elfin dancers in our moon-light walks, nor happen upon any of those beautiful fairy bowers, of which we have read so many gorgeous descriptions. The proscribed fairy race is almost extinct, nor can its few survivors have much hope in the future. A generation brought up to count the phases of the planets, and to reason on denominational differences in religion, instead of telling and hearing fairy-tales, will not be very tolerant with such little things as fairies. Although the belief in this peculiar class of spirits, seemingly so harmless in itself and free from the ill effects of most other superstitions, would seem the least likely to be speedily overthrown by advancing civilization, it has been crushed and trampled under her feet.

The few who still believe in these 'tricksome' agents of good and evil, and do not confound them all with the enemies of man's soul, are only a remnant of their once great crowd of followers; and even they are passing away. The land in which Oberon and Titania once lived and reigned has long since forsaken its allegiance to their race, and can hardly endure their presence upon its soil. And the sprightly fays

of Germany owe it to the mystery of their unapproachable hiding-places in the forests, that they were not long ago banished from the land. We crush many beautiful things under foot while advancing in knowledge and power; as one heedlessly treads upon the half-hidden flowers of the field. Yet there are a few countries, in parts of which these spirits play their pranks almost as merrily as in the days of 'sweet Puck,' and favor the good people, whom they love, in as right good earnest as ever. Few, indeed, are these blessed places. It is a matter of sad history to us, that our own country has never been the abode of fairies. It is perhaps rather owing to the peculiar character of the first settlers of America, than to any unfitness of the country itself, that neither elves nor fairies crossed the sea with them, to fix their abodes here. Had the pilgrims to this western land been so well disposed towards this tiny race as were their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, the fairies would have crossed the ocean with them, and peopled our noble mountains and beautiful valleys with their lively forms. It is recorded of the Pucks, who were inhabitants of Frieseland and progenitors of 'Robin Gooodfellow' of England, that the emigrants from the north could not even get rid of them when they sailed for England, but were accompanied by them as settlers in that country. Would that a legion of merry Pucks had stuck as close to our ancestors when they sailed *from* England!

The character of a genuine fairy of old is made up of a greater variety of qualities than could be noticed within the limits of a single paper. I will notice only a few of the most prominent. I shall confine myself almost wholly to the sprites of Germany and Britain, properly called 'fays,' or 'fairies,' who claimed to be descendants of the Druids, and preserved a certain sacredness of character not found perhaps in any of the other classes of subordinate spirits. In parts of Britain they went by the names of 'good neighbors' and 'good people;' while in Germany they had others equally propitiatory. They may be called household spirits, like the 'brownies' of Scotland, to distinguish them from those fearful spirits who were wont to steal young children from their parents, and who loved to injure travellers in the night. Every one who is familiar with those beautiful legends which are the history of the fairy race, must have noticed the unfailing love of these fairies for good people, and the untiring zeal with which they harass evil-doers. This love of good and hatred of evil is quite characteristic of them. In olden days, (certainly the better days of the fairies,) the honest peasant of Germany was often surprised at his wonderful success in life, till he counted the fairy-circles near his cottage, and perceived how numerous his tiny friends were. Nor did he forget to secure their future aid by blessing them for that already past. The good housewife of England was often sorely puzzled to tell why her butter 'came' so hard and yellow, while that of her neighbor, who, as many believed, had not so much goodness in her as she seemed to have, if it came at all, was soft and white. But at last it would come out that the fairies helped along the good dame's cream, while they were mischievously disposed toward that of her neighbor. And so in a thousand strange ways they showed their preference of good.

They were excessively fond of young maidens, and made it their delight to assist and protect them. Some of the most touching ballads and legends of antiquity are founded on this, the fairies' love for innocence and purity, the most attractive and worthy trait in their whole character. Whenever one of their fair charges was sporting through the fields, a hundred nimble fingers were busy before her, disentangling the long grass, that she might not trip and fall; and if she broke forth in girlish song, an unseen chorus of merry voices attended her. When she went to gather flowers from the hill-side, the fairies were sure to be there before her, raising the drooping lilies and violets, and brushing the dust from them with their light wings. They presided at the maiden's birth, watched over and blessed her childhood, and when she died, they wept and sang dirges for her with heartfelt sorrow. That these spirits were sometimes mischievous is well known to the readers of their legends. They were often brim-full of mischief. Many a poor wight who has been misled

'O'er hills and sinking bogs, and pathless downs,'

can bear witness to that. They rarely did harm in their mischief, for they took more pleasure in teasing people by their freaks than in hurting them.

How often some solitary traveller on the wide moor has quickened his musing walk into a lively run, on hearing a shrill whistle close behind him, and has ran faster and faster, as he got a hearty pinch at every step, until the loud laughter around him betrayed his merry tormentors! Such sport is indeed perplexing to the subjects of it, but is undoubtedly meant by these kind guardians of man's welfare to teach, in a practical way, the virtue of patience. In Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, some of the good and all of the mischievous propensities of the fairy race combine, and form a rare compound indeed. Puck is the likeness of his race, at least in its mischievous features, drawn by the hand of the master-poet of England. Puck's description of his own character in that inimitable passage commencing:

—— 'Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night;'

is too familiar for repetition here. In that short passage he reveals his whole character, and sets forth the quality of mischievousness as possessed, though in a less degree, by his whole race. Their freaks of merry mischief served to give their good deeds all the more relish. For all their pranks, this quality of their character is in perfect keeping with their love of goodness. It seems to be a wise provision by which they insured the full appreciation of their kindnesses; knowing that all sunshine and no clouds is tiresome, as Tennyson says:

'Pr'ithee weep, May Lilian;
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian.'

The last of the fairies' most prominent traits of character, which I shall here notice, is their well-known love of music and dancing. They

were all musicians. Music was part of their very life. Every moon-light night they left their bowers to dance upon the green sward, and to fill the air with their strange music. With hearts as free from care as singing-birds, they sported the night long to their own sweet notes. The sound of their moon-light revelry was often heard in the cottage, and as often filled the hearts of its inmates with gladness:

'Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
The hemlock small blew clear;
And louder notes from hemlock large,
And bog-reed, struck the ear;
They sing, inspired with love and joy,
Like sky-larks in the air.'—Tamerlane.

Perchance some midnight traveller, whose weary feet dragged along heavily, has sat down by the way-side almost faint-hearted. As he sits and vexes his patience with thoughts of the long miles still before him, his ear catches the sound of the fairies' voices. Peals of merry laughter come sounding through the air, and close upon them come floating strains of unearthly music. He, who but now was almost despairing, gets up and goes lightly on his way to the melody of their merriment, his heart growing lighter at every step. Could we know, as they knew, how many hearts our cheerfulness may lighten and inspirit, we should be more like them in this trait of character. Time never hung heavily on the hands of the fairies, for they well knew that,

'Lightlier move the minutes fledged with music;'

and that it is only self-punishment to be gloomy. Thus were the olden fairies good, cheerful and happy. But the happy beings have gone somewhere beyond this wise and busy world, perhaps to a more congenial planet than ours. Alas! that so much of our own bright moonlight should now pass away unimproved by their happy meetings!

Whither has the queen, 'no bigger than an agate-stone,' gone, that she rides no more upon the silvery moon-beams? Where now are royal Oberon, queenly Titania, and 'sweet Puck,' 'that merry wanderer of the night?' Have they fled forever from the chilly presence of mankind? Then, let us at least preserve the wondrous stories of their lives, as a sacred memento of their past worth and beauty. Gladly would we have a host of fairies answer by their presence the call of the poetess of their once favored land:

'Round the forest fountain,
On the river shore,
Let your silvery laughter
Echo yet once more;
While the joyous boundings
Of your dewy feet
Ring to that old chorus,
'The daisy is so sweet.'

Oberon! Titania!
Did your woodland mirth,
With the song of Avon,
Quit this work-day earth?
Yet while green leaves listen,
And while bright stars burn,
By that magic memory,
Oh, return! return!'

W. S. S.

Bowdoin College, Sept. 28, 1850.

EVENING SHADOWS.

O, I LOVE the evening shadows,
Faint and dim at close of day,
When the struggling moonbeams flicker
On the wall in ceaseless play.

Coming, going, still they vary;
How the trailing rose-vine leaves
Show amid the silver net-work,
Which the trembling moon-light weaves.

On the wall in gleaming shadows,
Resting for a moment's space,
Fading 'mid the gathering darkness,
Leaving not a single trace.

O, I love the evening shadows!
Shall I tell you *when* I love them?
When the flowers are stark and lifeless,
With a wintry sky above them:

And the dirge of dying summer
Long has faded on the breeze,
While a voice of chilling sadness
Sighs amid the swaying trees:

While the snow in flakes is drifting,
Covering all with robe of white,
And the misty moonbeams flicker,
Fade amid the darkening night.

Leaning by some quiet window,
Peering out upon the gloom,
Gaze I till a voice beloved
Calls me to the inner room:

Where, on sofa half-reclining,
Scarcely ill, and yet not well,
There is one who calls my dreamings
Follies that I may not tell.

But e'en with these gentle chidings
Comes the old accustomed smile;
And an arm so gently stealing
Holds me prisoner for the while.

Firmly out against the twilight
Stands the outline of his face,
And the noble, lofty features
That I love so well to trace:

Eyes so dark, and deep, and earnest,
In their gaze there seems a spell;
And a brow whose lofty moulding
Of an inward fire doth tell.

Lingering ever by thy side,
Smoothing still thy brow of pain,
Love could ask no higher pleasure
Than a heart like thine to gain.

Eighteen summers with their pleasures
O'er my head have lightly flown,
While thy years of deeper wisdom
Twenty more perchance have known.

What if through those raven locks
Here a silver thread will twine?
Willingly I 'd render up
My young life to purchase thine!

I have fondly wrapt around thee
Mantle of the bright ideal,
And its folds I would not looosen;
This must be the only real.

Should I see my idol shattered,
Lying prostrate at my feet —
Gone those bright and glorious fancies,
Fair as summer flowers, and fleet:

I would seek some quiet corner,
Far from every questioning eye,
And in calm despair I 'd lay me
Broken-hearted down to die.

But these dreamings, still more foolish,
Dear one! I 'll not tell to thee;
I should dread to meet those eyes
In their calm severity.

All of noble, good and gifted
I have found and loved in thee;
Every day brings fresh excuses
For my wild idolatry.

Dear old house! how well I love thee!
Here a golden dream is mine;
For *his* presence, like a halo,
Over all things seems to shine.

What if all the world beyond us
Seems but as an idle tale,
That from memory quickly passeth,
As shrink flowers before the gale?

O, I love the evening shadows,
Faint and dim at close of day,
When the struggling moonbeams flicker
On the wall in ceaseless play.

Side by side we both sit dreaming,
Pleasant fancies have we two;
I am not the *only* dreamer:
Dearest, is my picture true?

ELLA RODMAN.

FIRE-SIDE REMINISCENCES.

BY BACHELOR BEAUCLERC.

No one can have a greater regard for woman than myself; yet partly through inclination, partly through accident, my fireside has never been brightened by the presence of man's dearest earthly solace; hence I have been styled Bachelor Beauclerc by my old college chums, all of whom have presented the state with blooming families. I like the cognomen, and have adopted it when haranguing the world, for I find it easier to talk with the world en masse, than individually.

When I call on my acquaintance, my visits are like angels', 'few and far between,' but like them only in that respect. The children are generally too noisy to allow me to slip in a word, and their parents so foolishly fond, that I dare not enter their presence, for fear of hearing the never-ending tale of their wonderful precocity, or of being introduced to De Staels and Ciceros in miniature, of all miniatures the most unlike and caricatured. Then, too, one-half of the wives, from being the adored of one man, believe themselves qualified to be the adored of mankind in general, and thrust themselves forward upon those who do not gaze at their imperfections through the beautifying veil of connubial love. These causes attach me to my ingleside. Here I sit and meditate, while the portrait of my sainted mother looks sweetly down on her only child. The small musical clock on the centre of the mantel-piece chimes away the hours melodiously, and the caryatides at each end of the marble slab support their graceful burden of fruits and flowers with a placid smile of content. The light of the bituminous coal plays on the chaste paper-hangings, whose bouquets of exquisitely-painted flowers are here and there concealed by a few mellow paintings bought in Italy during a winter's sojourn there. The recesses each side of the mantel are filled with book-cases. On one is perched a large bronze eagle in honor of Percival; on the other, a stuffed-pigeon that may have been in a 'belfry.'

The light is reflected from a mahogany couch, standing beyond the open door of a smaller room, in which I nap it. The windows of the sanctum are muffled by thick curtains that shade (not mirrors, I detest them) but a huge vase brought from Pompeii, and supported by an antique table laden with tokens of virtu collected in my travels. The fine chair in which I nestle was presented by my mother a short time before her decease, and was covered by her own hands. It is the dearest of my earthly treasures. A screen worked in a convent by a maiden aunt fills one corner; the other is occupied by a cabinet of shells. If I am not comfortable in these pleasant quarters, it is owing to a diseased mind that will not be comfortable any where. But I am happy. I take my meals at a pleasant café when I wish, or have them sent if I prefer. No tattling hostess tyrannizes over or slanders me. More

reputations are ruined by boarding than in any other way. Let a being be perfection itself, the faults lacking are easily supplied by fertile invention. I long ago resolved to judge for myself, and have never repented the resolution. When envy and jealousy are banished the world, I will unstop my ears, and believe all I hear. Thus independent and contented, I devote my evenings to meditation on paper, orally or in profound silence. Oft-times a throng of memories will arise, some sad, others brilliant and meteor-like.

In my profession many incidents naturally occur, and in my travels I have been an actor in certain adventures, the reading of which may entertain for an idle hour some who have had a less stirring life. Partly from selfishness, then, and with some true willingness to make others happy if I can, I commit these memories to paper, and waft them into the crowded mart of literature. The reminiscence that now occupies my thoughts I shall call, if you please,

AN EPISODE OF TRAVEL.

Among our fellow-passengers in the miserable steamer plying between London and Boulogne was a group of persons who attracted my attention, from the fact of their speaking my language fluently, although evidently not English. Their vivacity was not at all French, yet unlike our shy affability. The youngest of the group, which consisted of four persons, was a young lady not over nineteen, whom they called Anna. She was slender to fragility. Her pale, clear complexion contrasted strikingly with the dark hair that shaded, and still darker eyes that illuminated her expressive countenance. She was neither beautiful nor sickly-looking. Interesting she was, beyond any being I had ever seen. She had far more repose than the others, whose fine animal spirits surmounted all the *désagrémens* of our position.

A young lady, a few years her senior, had a bloom that defied the assaults of the most unstable of elements. Her features, eyes and hair betrayed the sister of Anna, but air, manners and expression were utterly unlike that interesting being. The other female was a fine-looking matron, whose love for her husband had evidently not waned with her youth and beauty. He seemed to enjoy the circle of which he was the protector, and received their sallies of wit and sense with delight. I gradually neared them, and apparently absorbed in reflections of my own, caught much of their converse, which was not sotto-voce. I was not long in ascertaining their birth-place, for they were speaking of their own dear home in Canada. This rivetted my attention; for a deceased friend of mine had been a native of that place, and often during our intimacy at college had he expatiated on the loveliness of his country-women, whose manners, he said, were a bewitching blending of French sprightliness with English dignity. I now longed to speak to the strangers, but this seemed impossible. I roused myself, however, and by my manner endeavored to betray the interest I felt. The gentleman perceived it. With some hesitation, he asked how soon we should reach the opposite shore. I replied with great affability, and to my own surprise, continued the dialogue, own-

ing that I had overheard that they were Canadians. I spoke of my friend. They knew him, and were intimate with many of his relatives, who frequently spoke of him, and mourned his early death. This was a sufficient introduction for me, and I was regarded as a friend immediately. When I mentioned Granville's name, my eyes were fixed on Anna's face, for she seemed to me a justification for his extravagant praises of the fair Canadians. I was startled at the deathly pallor of her countenance as I spoke his name, and the truth flashed on my mind as I noticed the anxious glance of her sister. In his eulogy of his country-women, Granville was thinking of but one.

The rest of our voyage was shortened perceptibly by the delightful conversation that ensued. When we parted at the wharf it was with the promise of meeting again at Amiens, and with a determination on my part to visit the country they loved so well.

At Boulogne, I hired the services of François Loohê, a Belgian courier, whose best recommendation was an open countenance and winning manner.

François informed me immediately after his installation as courier, that it was the fashion neither to stint nor stay a minute in the city without visiting the cathedral. I resolved to be odd, and postponed my visit until the next morning. Before breakfast, therefore, we sallied out. I was sincerely pleased with the venerable building; the kneeling forms around, silently absorbed in worship, moved my heart with sympathy and respect. At some distance from me one figure rivetted my attention. Could it be? Yes, it was certainly, Anna. I approached softly, requesting François to remain where he was. From behind one of the vast columns I looked upon the young devotee. She was kneeling before St. Genevieve. Upon the altar beneath the picture was a fresh chaplet of blossoms and a wreath of autumn leaves, preserved in all their brilliancy, and brought from her free forest-land as an offering of gratitude for her safe flight over the uncertain sea. Beautiful superstition!

She arose without perceiving me. As she walked away, a paper fell from her missal. I stooped for it, and as it unrolled, perceived it to be some verses, in a feminine hand. I followed her to the principal altar, where she rejoined her friends, who were admiring the fine picture above it. Our meeting was a joyous one, and it was decided that we should enter Paris in company. I told Anna of the waif I had found, and should claim. A deep blush convinced me that she was the author of the verses. After some opposition she yielded the point, and I read the artless effusion. Often do I read these gentle lines:

SAINT GENEVIEVE.

Once more upon her sacred shrine
A garland of fresh flowers I leave,
And gazing on her face divine,
Breathe vesper hymns to Genevieve.

Blessed Genevieve! whose upturned eye
Reveals the heaven mirrored there!
When cares disturb, to her I fly,
And lay my bleeding bosom bare.

The first fresh blossoms of the spring,
The twigs of trees that earliest leave,
With loving heart I humbly bring
To deck the shrine of GENEVIEVE.

Oh, chide me not with learned guile,
Nor o'er 'the idol' sternly grieve;
I worship Heaven's mirrored smile,
When bent before St. GENEVIEVE.

Like waters fresh'ning as they flow
Are thoughts which we of her receive;
As sunbeams on the melting snow,
So falls the smile of GENEVIEVE.

Cold hearts before it silent melt,
And bless its glow while yet they grieve;
No passion has the bosom felt,
That did not tempt St. GENEVIEVE.

Oh! mortal born, but heaven-nursed,
The triumph thou didst here achieve
Shall nerve the soul with sin accursed,
As low it bends to GENEVIEVE.

Eternal ONE! great POWER above,
Whom words can change not, nor deceive,
Oh! may we feel for thee such love
As filled the heart of GENEVIEVE!

However much my Protestant prejudices disapproved of these verses, I was touched by their sincere piety. They reminded me also of Granville, whose devotional tendencies had often won my admiration by their lofty purity. It was evident to me that I was an object of tender interest to Anna. I readily understood it, and she was to me invested with a more exalted loveliness.

We arrived in Paris soon after our meeting at Amiens. The route was new to us all, and elicited merry and sanguine remarks. Anna was quieter than usual, and I noticed the peculiar brilliancy of her eyes. Her cheeks had a feverish flush. Her companions regarded her with evident anxiety.

As I stood at the last post-house door, awaiting a change of horses and gazing with my new friend at a far-off glimpse of Paris, he sighed deeply and said: 'You are, I suppose, aware that Granville W—— died in yonder city?'

'I am. It has long been a wish of mine to visit his grave at Pére la Chaise; a wish soon to be realized——'

He touched my arm warningly just as Anna joined us, and pointed to the city. 'Paris?'

'Yes, sister.'

She stood like Niobe there; no longer the joyous-looking girl, but a marble statue of grief. It was but a moment. With a sigh she said: 'My pilgrimage is nearly ended, then!'

The carriage came up. We were soon seated and whirled away, while Anna leaned back in one corner, profoundly silent, with her face concealed by her veil.

The day after our arrival, as we were walking on the Champs Elysees, Anna pointed to a white speck in the distance, on a high ridge of land beyond the city.

'That is the chapel of Pére la Chaise, Mademoiselle,' said François, respectfully.

Anna sighed, and sadness rested on the countenances of all.

'We will visit it soon,' said her brother.

'I shall rest there, ere long!' said Anna. As she spoke a bright flush passed into her cheek.

I looked at her brother wonderingly. He met my gaze. Placing his arm in mine, he led me away, as though to point out something in the distance.

'Are you aware of Anna's situation?' he asked, in a low tone. 'Her lungs were tested this morning. There is no hope! I induced her to postpone a visit to the cemetery until to-morrow; she could not bear it before. I would have avoided this spot had I known of this view of the chapel. In fact, my friend, she was betrothed to Granville; and feeling her death certain, although we did not, begged to be brought here to die. We came to save her life; she, to mingle her ashes with his!'

I could not speak.

'You feel—as for us——' He could say no more.

We all returned silently homeward. I observed that Anna was paler than usual. To my inquiries she replied that she was fatigued. She retired to her room to rest. Two hours afterward I was summoned to her presence. She was lying on the parlor sofa, her friends beside her. She was still paler than before. As I approached, she smiled sweetly. A vase of salt was near her, and her handkerchief was stained with blood. She was dying! Gently she sank to rest; and my first visit to the renowned cemetery was as one of the mourners of the young Canadian.

The principal object of their visit to Europe being defeated, they were anxious to return. After a few excursions of my planning, they bade farewell to Anna's grave, and embarked at Havre for New-York. I promised to meet them again at Montreal; but how easily prostrated are all human calculations! They never touched their native strand. The fate of the vessel was and ever will be enshrouded in mystery. Of that joyous group on board the steamer none survive. In four months they were swept into oblivion. Years have rolled away, but those kind beings are as dear as ever to my memory; and Anna, the young, the lovely Anna, one of the dearest of my recollections.

After my last interview with Anna's relatives, I was for many days overwhelmed with inert melancholy. To add to my sadness, the dark damp weather prevented a retreat from the uninviting sea-port, and the belt of masts encircling the quays recalled the winged ones now scudding westward with their precious freight. The third day of my stay at Havre, as I sat by my window reading a French edition of Cooper's 'Last of the Mohicans,' to an accompaniment of rattling sashes, played upon by the fists of a rude north-easter, a cry of distress, piercing and agonized, and coming apparently from the next room, sent a chill, fore-

boding of I knew not what, through my heart. The book fell from my hand, and trembling excessively, I made my way to the door. A waiter was hurrying past, but stopped to inform me that the lady in the next room had a singular fit. 'She was,' he said, 'wife to the captain with whom my friends had embarked.' This was all I could gather from the garçon; but just as he left, a lady stepped from the next room in great agitation. She motioned me toward her, and led me into the room. Three or four ladies were endeavoring to hold the unfortunate wife in a large chair. Her dark hair fell in glossy masses to her feet. Her eyes were fixed wildly on the sea, which was tossing before the open window. One hand tightly grasped the landlady's robe, the other was pressed to her heart. Her face was as rigid as marble, and as colorless.

'Let me go!' she cried; 'I can save them. See! see! oh, why cannot you see! Hist! how the water gurgles, gurgles through the portholes! 'T is he, 't is he! — Harry, Harry!'— here she shrieked fearfully, and struggled to free herself. 'He is sinking — I *must* save him! Let me go!' I aided the others in holding her, for they were quite exhausted. She turned her eyes, for the first time, from the water, as I grasped her form. She gazed into my face a moment. 'All gone!' she murmured faintly, shaking her head as she spoke; 'the mast parted; she sunk! all swept down! Her hair looked like the sea-weed! Harry, my Harry! will no one save you? See! see! how the plank tosses!' She shook fearfully: I expected every moment to see her die with mental agony. For several minutes she trembled in this manner, without speaking, and her eyes fixed on the heaving sea. At length, with a sigh, she closed her eyes, and sank into a deep swoon, as she softly whispered: 'Gone, all gone!'

The ladies retired to rest, leaving the patient with the doctor and myself. The former had just arrived. She laid motionless for two hours, then the color gradually came to lip and cheek, and a deep sigh heralded her returning consciousness. She opened her eyes, pressed her hand to her forehead, and said: 'Such a dream — awful!' She endeavored to rise, but in vain. The physician desired her to keep quiet, for she had fainted, and any exertion would make her dream again. As her strength returned, her frenzy became again apparent. On the second day of her illness, after the physician had reduced her by bleeding, she motioned me to her side. The tears fell fast on her pillow, and with broken accents she said: 'Was it a dream?'

I shuddered: since her first frenzy a dread fear had haunted me. I had been, and was then, as now, a believer in spiritual foresight and prophetic admonitions. 'A dream?' I inquired; 'what was a dream? Of what are you thinking?'

'Oh, that terrific sight! — Harry and all sinking, sinking!'

'Yes, dear creature, that was a sort of dream certainly.'

'Have you heard? Are they safe? Is all well?'

'I have heard nothing to the contrary.'

'You will — you will!' she hid her face in the pillow. I could hear her praying softly for resignation. The landlady entered. She was deathly pale.

'The 'Oberon' has arrived,' she whispered. 'They passed a ——'

'No more,' I cried, overcome with horror. 'She saw it!' I pointed to the invalid.

'Yes!' gasped the terror-stricken woman; 'all lost!' She hurried to the window. The invalid raised herself half out of bed. She had caught one word.

'Lost! you know it now; you would not let me save him!' She fell back on her pillow, struggled for a moment, then life passed away with her prophetic spirit.

To this day the image of Anna's sister often rises to memory, as described by the poor wife. 'Her long hair looking like the sea-weed.' The 'Oberon' picked up one body, which proved to be the Captain. He was lashed to a plank, and no doubt could have been saved had the 'Oberon' arrived a few hours sooner to the site of the wreck. It was a satisfaction to us all that husband and wife were buried together. She generally accompanied her husband, but was prevented this trip by the illness of her sister. This lady recovered her health, and sailed in the next vessel. She wrote a letter to us all from her home in Baltimore. I received and read it beside Anna's grave. A year afterward she revisited Havre in buxom health, accompanying her husband, also a sea-captain. For aught I know to the contrary, she is living yet.

I have related these facts leaving the reader to make his or her own comments upon them. When I undertook to write these recollections I did not promise to add any comments or ornaments. Should these occur, they may be regarded as the spontaneous offerings of my musing moods.

THE GAMING-HOUSE.

The hour was midnight; but the midnight gloom
Was all dispelled from that unholy room
By two fair lamps, that shed their light, and shone
As if the scene were a delightful one:
Alas! there was no happiness, no rest,
For those who crowded round the board unblest!
For though at times a smile would light a face,
Few were the hearts that smiling left the place.
One tall old man — I can remember now
His thin, pale visage, and his care-worn brow —
Threw with a look of agony his all
Upon one chance of the revolving ball!
His few gold pieces down, he turned away
To where the light more faintly lent its ray,
And bending low, with superstitious air,
He kissed a crucifix, and said a prayer:
This done, he slowly raised his aged head,
And stealing back with short and noiseless tread,
Beheld — oh, God! 't would melt a heart of stone! —
The wretch beheld his gold, his last hope, gone!
He screamed, he shrieked, he fell upon the floor,
And howling wild, his hoary tresses tore;
Then from his mouth and nostrils blood-drops ran,
And he was carried out a dying man:
This was but one of many scenes of sadness,
Where all is hope, or misery, or madness.

D.

AUTUMNAL SONNETS.

BY R. W. ROCKWELL.

I.

The clouds of autumn drift along the sky,
And lights are seen at windows in the glen,
And in the populous thoroughfares of men;
All else is night and silence, save the cry
Of winds that sport in the old wilderness:
Wild autumn winds! how doth your voice restore
The memory of days that come no more—
Departed days of joy and bitterness!
Where are ye now, amid the 'vast unknown,'
Friends of my youth, and sharers of my glee?
Will ye return no more to solace me
With your familiar looks and kindly tone?
Ye answer not; yet far along the shore
A sweet voice seems to sigh, 'No more! No more!'

II.

Creak, ye black forests! and ye mournful forms
That flit like hooded monks across the bare
And desolate solitude, urge through the air
Your cloudy legions, O! ye gloomy Storms,
Dark ministers of Night! I hear the roll
Of rising winds; and in the lonely vale
The dying Autumn lifts her mournful wail;
Yet pleasant is her sadness to my soul:
Lo! where the old Year bears her in his arms;
The pale Cordelia and the trembling Lear;
Will he not deck with heather her sad bier,
And keep her safe from Winter's rude alarms?
'Vex not his ghost!'—his life will soon be o'er!
The 'sweet, low voice' he loved he hears no more!

III.

Mourn, Voice of the solemn Wilderness!
For Him who shed his precious blood for thee:
Jesu Redemptor!—Lamb of Calvary!
The heir of glory, anguish, and distress!
O! how shall mortal tongue the love express
With which Thou didst so love us, as to be
Our sacrifice upon the accursed tree,
Bearing the burden of our wickedness!
O! ye wild winds, and wilder blasts that wail
Amid the ebon darkness, have ye known
Man's deep iniquity, that thus ye moan
In hollow accents through the lonely vale?
Alas, my soul! thy sins slew God's dear Son!
'Kyrie eleeson! Christe eleeson!'

CENTRAL AMERICAN SKETCHES.

NUMBER ONE.

It was a dark and rainy morning, when 'Land on the lee-bow,' was sung out by the man at the helm, and in considerably less time than is occupied in writing it, the occupants of the close little cabin, in which they had been cooped up for twenty-six mortal days, made their way on deck to look for the first time upon the coast of Central America. The dim outlines of the land were scarcely discernible through the murky atmosphere, and many and profound were the conjectures hazarded as to what precise point was then in view. The result finally arrived at was, that we were 'off Monkey Point,' about thirty miles to the northward of our destined port. This conclusion was soon confirmed by observing close under the shadow of the shore an immense rock, rising with all the regularity of the Pyramids to the height of three hundred feet; a land-mark too characteristic to be mistaken.

We were sweeping along with a stiff breeze, and were comforted with the assurance that we should be in port to breakfast, '*if*,' as the cautious captain observed, 'the wind held.' But the perverse wind did not hold, and in half an hour thereafter we were tumbling about with a wash-tubby motion, the most disagreeable that can be imagined, and of which we had had three days' experience under the Capes of San Domingo. The haze cleared a little, and with our glasses we could make out a long, low line of shore, covered with the densest verdure, with here and there a feathery palm, which forms so picturesque a feature in all tropical scenery, lifting itself proudly above the rest of the forest, and the whole relieved against a back-ground of high hills over which the gray mist still hung like a veil.

Some of the party could even make out the huts on the shore; but the old man at the helm smiled, and said there were no huts there, and that the unbroken and untenanted forest extended far back to the great ridge of the Cordilleras. So it was when the adventurous Spaniards coasted here three centuries ago, and so it had remained ever since. These observations were interrupted by a heavy shower, which was acceptable for the wind it brought, which filled the idle sails, and moved us toward our haven. And though the rain fell in torrents, it did not deter us from getting soaked in vain endeavors to harpoon the porpoises that came tumbling in numbers around our bows.

But the shower passed, and with it our breeze, and again the brig rocked lazily on the water, which was now filled with branches of trees, and among the rubbish that drifted past, a broken spear and a cocoa-nut attracted particular attention; the one showed the proximity of a people whose primitive weapons had not yet given place to the more effective ones of civilized ingenuity, and the other was a certain index of the tropics. The shower passed, but it had carried us within sight

of our port. Those who had before seen cabins on the shore could not now perceive any evidences of human habitations, and stoutly persisted that we had lost our reckoning, and that we were far from our point of destination. But a trim schooner which was just then seen moving rapidly along under a pouring shower in the same direction with ourselves, silenced the pretended doubters, and became immediately a subject of great speculation. It was finally agreed on all hands that it must be the B ——, a vessel which left New-York three days before us, the captain of which had boasted that he would 'beat us in by at least ten days.' So every body was anxious that the little brig should lead him into the harbor, and many were the objurgations upon the wind, and desperate the attempts of the sailors to avail themselves of every 'cat's-paw' that passed.

The excitement was great, and some of the impatient passengers inquired for sweeps, and recommended putting out the yawl to tow the vessel in. They even forgot, such was the excitement, to admire the emerald shores which were now distinct, not more than half a mile distant, and prayed that a black-looking thunder-storm that loomed gloomily in the east, might make a diversion in our favor. And then a speck was seen in the direction of the port, which every moment grew larger as it approached, and by and by the movement of the oars could be seen, and bodies swaying to and fro, and in due time a *pit-pan*, a long, sharp-pointed canoe, pulled by a motley set of mortals, stripped to the waist, and displaying a great variety of skins, from light yellow to coal black, darted under our bows, and a burly fellow in a shirt pulled off his straw-hat to the captain, and inquired in bad English, 'want-ee ah pilot?' The mate consigned him to the nether regions for a lubber, and inquired what had become of his eyes, and if he could n't tell the 'Francis' any where; the 'Francis,' which had made thirty-seven voyages to this port, and knew the way better than any black son of a gun who ever put to sea in a bread-trough! And then the black fellow in a shirt and straw-hat was again instructed to go to below, or if he preferred, to go and 'pilot in the lubberly schooner to windward.' The black fellow looked blacker than before, and said something in an unintelligible jargon to the rest, and away they darted for the schooner.

Meantime the flank of the thunder-storm swept toward us, piling up a black line of water, crested with foam, while it approached with a noise like that of distant thunder. It came upon us; the sails fluttered a moment and filled, the yards creaked, the masts bent to the strain, and the little brig dashed rapidly through the hissing water. In the darkness we lost sight of the schooner, and the shore was no longer visible, but we kept on our way; the Francis knew the road, and seemed full of life and eager to reach her old anchorage.

'Do n't she scud!' said the mate, who rubbed his hands in very glee. 'If this only holds for ten minutes more, we 're in, like a spike!'—and strange to say, it did hold; and when it was past, we found ourselves close to 'Point Arenas,' a long narrow spit, partly covered with water, which shuts in the harbor, leaving only a narrow opening for the admission of vessels. The schooner was behind us, but here was a dif-

ficulty. The bar had changed since his last trip; the captain was uncertain as to the entrance, and the surf broke heavily under our lee. Excitement of another character prevailed as we moved slowly on, where a great swell proclaimed the existence of shallows. The captain stood in the bow, and we watched the captain. Suddenly he cried 'Hard-a-port!' with startling emphasis, and 'Hard-a-port' was echoed by the helmsman, as he swept round the tiller. But it was too late; the little vessel struck heavily as the wave fell.

'Thirty-seventh, and last!' muttered the mate between his teeth, as he rushed to the fastenings, and the main-sail came down on the run. 'Round with the boom, my men!'—and the boom swung round, just as the brig struck again, with greater force than before, unshipping the rudder, and throwing the helmsman across the deck. 'Round again, my men! Lively, or the 'Francis' is lost!' cheered the mate, who seemed invested with superhuman strength and agility; and as the boom swung round the wave fell, but the 'Francis' did not strike.

'Clear she is!' shouted the mate, who leaped upon the companion-way, and waved his hat in triumph; and turning toward the schooner, 'Do *that*, ye divil, and call yerself a sailor!" There was no doubt about it; the 'Francis' was in before the schooner, and notwithstanding the accident to her rudder, she passed readily to her old anchoring ground, in the midst of a spacious harbor, smooth as a mill-pond. There was music in the rattling cable as the anchor was run out, and the 'Francis' swung slowly round, with her broadside toward the town. The well was tried, but she had made no water, which was the occasion for a new ebullition of joy on the part of the mate.

All danger past, we had an opportunity to look about us. We were not more than two cable-lengths from a low sandy shore, upon which was ranged in a line parallel to the water a double row of houses, or rather huts, some built of boards, but most of reeds, and all thatched with palm-leaves. Some came down to the water, like sheds, and under one end were drawn up pit-pans and canoes. Some larger contrivances for navigating the San Juan river, resembling small canal-boats, were also moored close in shore, and upon each might be seen a number of very long and very black legs, every pair of which was surmounted by a very short white shirt. In the centre of the line of houses, which was no other than the town of San Juan de Nicaragua, was an open space, and in the middle of this was a building larger than the others, but of like construction, surrounded by a high fence of canes, and near one end rose a stumpy flag-staff, and from its top hung a dingy piece of bunting, closely resembling the British Union-Jack; and this was the custom-house of San Juan, the residence of all the British officials; and the flag was that of the 'King of Moschetoes,' the 'ally' of Great Britain!

But of this mighty potentate, and how the British officials came there, 'more anon.' Just opposite us, on the shore, was an object resembling some black monster which had lost its teeth and eyes, and which seemed sorry that it had left its kindred at the Novelty Works. It was the boiler of a steamer, which some adventurous Yankees had proposed putting up here, but which for some defect had proved useless. Be-

hind the town rose the dense tropical forest. There were no clearings, no lines of road stretching back into the country; nothing but dense, dark solitudes, where the tapir and the wild boar roamed unmolested; where the painted macaw and the noisy parrot, flying from one giant cebia to the other, alone disturbed the silence; and where the many-hued and numerous serpents of the tropics coiled among the branches of strange trees, loaded with flowers and fragrant with precious gums. The whole scene was unprecedentedly novel and picturesque. There was a strange blending of objects pertaining to the extremes of civilization. The boiler of the steamer was side by side with the graceful canoe, identical with that in which the simple natives of Hispaniola brought fruits to Columbus; and men in stiff European costumes were seen passing among others, whose dark, naked bodies, protected only at the loins, indicated their descent from the same aborigines who disputed the possession of the soil with the mailed followers of Cordova, and made vain propitiations to the symbolical sun to assist them against their enemies. Here they were, unknowing and careless alike of Cordova or the sun, and ready to load themselves like brutes, in order to earn a sixpence with which to get fuddled that night, in concert with the monotonous twanging of a two-stringed guitar!

Our anchor was not fairly down before a canoe came alongside, containing as variegated an assortment of passengers as can well be conceived. Among them were the officers of the port, whose importance was made manifest from the numerous and unnecessary orders they gave to the oarsmen, and the prodigious bustle they made in getting up the side. They looked inquiringly at the bright silken flag which one of the party held in his hands, and which looked brighter than ever under the rays of the setting sun. The eagles on the caps of the party were also objects which attracted many inquiring glances; and directly the captain was withdrawn into a corner, and asked the significance of all this. His answer seemed to diminish the importance of the officials materially, and one approached, holding his sombrero reverently in his hand, and said that 'Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General in Mosquitia, Mr. C ——, was now resident in the town, and that he should do himself the honor to announce our arrival immediately, and hoped we had had a pleasant voyage, and that we would avail ourselves of his humble services;' to all of which gracious responses were given, together with a drop of brandy, which last did not seem at all unacceptable. I had warm letters of introduction to several of the leading inhabitants of San Juan, and accordingly began to make inquiries as to their whereabouts of a respectable-looking negro, who was among the visiting party. To my first question, as to whether Mr. S —— S —— was then in town, the colored gentleman uncovered his head, bowed low, and said that the humble individual named was before me. I also uncovered myself, bowed equally low, and assured him I was happy to make his acquaintance, delivering my letter at the same time with all the grace possible under the circumstances.

He glanced over its contents, took off his hat again, and bowed lower than before. Not to be behind-hand in politeness, I went through the same performance, which was responded to by a genuflection abso-

lutely beyond my power to undertake, without risk of a dislocation; so I resigned the contest and gave in 'dead beat,' much to the entertainment of the Irish mate, who was not deficient in the natural antipathy of his race toward the negro. Ben, my colored servant, next received a welcome not less cordial than my own; and my new acquaintance 'was glad to inform me, that fortunately there was a new house under his charge which was then vacant, and that he was happy in putting it at my disposal.' The happiness was worth exactly eight dollars, as I discovered by a bill which was presented to me four days thereafter, as we were on the point of leaving for the interior, and which, considering that the usual rent of houses here is from four to five dollars per month, was probably intended to include pay for the genuflections on ship-board. We were impatient to land, and could not wait for the yawl to be hoisted over the side; so we crowded ourselves into the canoe of the 'Harbor-Master,' and went on shore.

The population of the town was all there, many-hued and fantastically attired. The dress of the urchins from twelve and fourteen downward consisted generally of a straw hat and a cigar, the latter sometimes unlighted and stuck behind the ear, but oftener lighted and stuck in the mouth; a costume sufficiently airy, and, as M—— observed, 'excessively cheap.'

Most of the women had a simple white or flowered skirt (*nagua*) fastened above the hips, with a '*guipil*,' or sort of large vandyke, with holes, through which the arms were passed, and which hung loosely down over the breast. In some cases, the '*guipil*' was rather short, and exposed a dark strip of skin from one to four inches wide, and which the wanton wind often made much broader. It was very clear that false hips and other civilized contrivances had not reached here, and it was equally clear that they were not needed to give rotundity to the female figures which we saw around us. All the women had their hair braided in two long locks which hung down behind, and which gave them a school-girly look quite out of keeping with the cool, deliberate manner in which they puffed their cigars, occasionally forcing the smoke in jets from their nostrils. Their feet were innocent of stockings, but the more fashionable ladies wore silk or satin slippers, which (it is hoped our scrutiny was not indelicately close) were quite as likely to be soiled on the inside as out. A number had gaudy-colored *rebosos* thrown over their heads, and altogether, the entire group, with an advance-guard of wolfish, sullen-looking curs, was strikingly novel, and not a little picturesque. We leaped ashore upon the yielding sand with a delight known only to the voyager who has been penned up for a month in a small, uncomfortable vessel, and without further ceremony rushed through the crowd of gazers, and started down the principal avenue, which, as we learned, had been call 'King-street' since the English usurpation. The doors of the various queer-looking little houses were all open, and in all of them might be seen hammocks suspended between the front and back entrances, so as to catch the passing current of air. In some of these, reclining in attitudes suggestive of most intense laziness, were swarthy figures of men, whose constitutional apathy not even the unwonted occurrence of the arrival

at the same moment of two ships, could disturb. The women, it needless to say, were all on the beach, except a few decrepit old dames, who gazed at us from the door-ways. Passing through the town, we entered the forest, followed by a train of boys and some ill-looking grown-up vagabonds. The path led to a beautiful lagoon, fenced in by a bank of verdure, upon the edges of which were a number of women, naked to the waist, who had not yet heard the news; they were washing, an operation quite different from that of our own country, and which consisted in dipping the clothes in the water, placing them on the bottom of an old canoe, and beating them violently with clubs. Visions of buttonless shirts rose up incontinently in long perspective, and we turned down a narrow path which led along the shores of the lagoon, and invited us to the cool, deep shades of the forest. A flock of noisy parrots were fluttering above us, and strange fruits and flowers appeared on all sides. We had not gone far before there was an odor of musk, and directly a plunge in the water. We stopped short, but one of the urchins waved his hand contemptuously, and said 'Lagartos!' And sure enough, glancing through the bushes, we saw two or three monstrous alligators slowly propelling themselves through the water. 'Devils in an earthly paradise!' muttered M——, who dropped into the rear. The urchins noticed our surprise, and by way of comfort, a little naked rascal in advance observed, looking suspiciously around at the same time, '*Muchos culebras aqui,*' 'Many snakes here!' This interesting piece of intelligence opened conversation, and we were not long in ascertaining that but a few days previously, two men had been bitten by snakes, and had died in frightful torments. It was soon concluded that we had gone far enough, and that we had better defer our walk in the woods to another day. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that it was never resumed.

Returning, we met my colored friend, who informed me that there was a quantity of hides stored in the house selected for my accommodation, but that he would have them removed that evening, and the house ready for our reception in the morning. Regarding ourselves as guests, whom it became to assent to whatever suggestion our host might make, we answered him that the arrangement was perfectly satisfactory, that we could sleep that night comfortably on board the vessel — a terrible fib, by the way, for we knew better — and that he might take his time in making such provision for us as he thought proper. We then sauntered through the town, looking into the door-ways, catching occasional glimpses of the domestic economy of the inhabitants, and admiring not a little the perfect equality and general good understanding which existed between the pigs, babies, dogs, cats and chickens. The pigs gravely took pieces of *tortillas* from the mouths of the babies, and the babies as gravely took other pieces away from the pigs. M—— observed, that this was as near an approach to those millenial days when the lion and the lamb should lie down together as we should probably live to see, and suggested that a particular 'note' should be made of it for the comfort of Father Miller and the Second-Advent Saints in general. There was one house in which we noticed a row of shelves containing various articles of merchandise, among which long-necked bottles of

various hues were most conspicuous, and in front of which was a rude counter, behind which again was a short lady of considerably lighter complexion than the average, to whom our colored friend tipped his hat gallantly, informing us at the same time that this was the 'Maison de Commerce de Viscomte A. de B —— B —— Et Co.;' the 'Et Co.' consisting of the Viscomte's wife, two sons and five daughters, whose names all appeared in full in the Viscomte's circulars. Had we been told that here was the residence of some cazique with an unpronounceable name, we might have thought the thing in keeping, and passed on without ceremony; but a Viscomte was not to be treated so lightly, and we turned and bowed profoundly to the short lady behind the counter, who rose and courtesied with equal profundity.

We reached the beach just as the sun was setting, where we found our mate with the yawl: 'An' it bates any city ye 've seen, I'll be bound! It's pier number one, is this blessed spot of dirt where ye are jist now; may be ye don't know it! And yonder hen-coop is the custom-house, be sure! and that dirty clout is the Nagur King's flag, bad luck to it! and it's meself who expects to live to see the stripes and forty stars to back 'em, divil a one less, wavin' here! Hurrah for Old Zack! — an' it 's him that can do it!'

It was clear that our mate, who had not looked at a bottle during the whole voyage, thought a 'd'hrap' necessary to neutralize the miasma of San Juan.

'Perhaps ye know what y'er laughing at, me dark boy; an' it's meself that 'll be afther givin' ye a taste of the way we Yankees do the thing, savin' the presence of his honor here,' said the mate, dashing his hat on the ground and advancing a step toward my new acquaintance, who recoiled in evident alarm. We interposed, and the mate cooled at once, and shook hands cordially with the colored gentleman, although he spoiled the amendé by immediately going to the water's brink and carefully washing his palms.

While this comical scene was transpiring, a ghostly-looking individual, wan with numberless fevers, approached us. He was dressed in white, wore a jacket and a glazed cap; upon the latter in gilded capitals we read 'Police.' He took off his cap, bowed low, for he was used to it, and said that Her Majesty's Consul-General presented his respects to the gentlemen, regretted that, being confined to his house by bodily infirmity, he could not wait on them in person, and hoped under the circumstances the gentlemen would do him the favor to call upon him.'

We responded by following the lead of the wan police-men (there was only one other, the rest had run away) who opened a wicket leading within the cane enclosure of the custom-house, entered that building, and ascending a rough, narrow and ricketty flight of stairs, we were ushered into what at home would be called a shocking bad garret, but which were the apartments of the Consul-General. A long table stood in the centre, and a couple of candles flared in the breeze that came in at the unglazed openings at either end of the apartment, giving a dim, intermittent light, by means of which, however, we succeeded in discovering Mr. C ——, the Consul-General. He was reclining on a rude settee, and rose with difficulty to welcome us. He apologised for

his rough quarters, betraying by his pronunciation that his youth at least had been passed among the haunted glens of Scotland. He had formerly been a member of Parliament, and had been nearly a year on this coast, in a service clearly little congenial to his feelings, and far from being in accordance with his notions of honor and justice. We found him intelligent and agreeable, and as free from prejudices as a Briton could be, and not cease to be a Briton.

The evening passed pleasantly, ('barı ing' the moschetoes,) and though we were told of scorpions, which are often found when people turn down their blankets, and of numerous lizards, which insinuate themselves over night in one's boots, we were too glad to get on shore to be much alarmed by the recital. Upon leaving, we were pressed to come every day to the consulate to dine, for we were assured, and with truth, that it was impossible to procure a reasonably-decent meal elsewhere in the town. The Nicaraguans at the fort above, it was asserted, bought up all the vegetables and edibles intended for San Juan, being determined to starve the hated English out, and there was not a foot of cultivated ground within fifty miles; consequently the market was poorly supplied, except with ship provisions, and of these we had had quite enough. This was far from comforting, for we had expected to find at San Juan a profusion of all the productions of the tropics, concerning which travellers had written so enthusiastically, and to be put on allowances of ship-biscuit and salt-pork was too much for any considerations of delicacy, so we accepted Mr. C ——'s generous offer, and returned on board to be phlebotomized by a horde of barbarous moschetoes, and to get up next morning feverish and unrefreshed, and only prevented from appealing to the medicine-chest by the happy consciousness that we were near the shore.

The cook's nondescript mess to which we had been treated every morning since we left New-York, and which had been called by way of courtesy 'breakfast,' was soon disposed of, and we went on shore, where our colored friend received us with a low bow, informing us at the same time that our house was ready. He led the way to a building not far distant from the 'Maison Commerce,' opening upon aristocratic King-street. It was constructed of rough boards, and was elevated on posts, so that every body who entered had to take a short run and flying leap, and was fortunate if he did not miss his aim and bark his shins in the attempt. It was satisfactory to know that the structure was comparatively new, and that the colonies of scorpions, lizards, house-snakes, cockroaches, and the other numerous, nameless and nondescript vermin which flourish here, had not had time to multiply to any considerable extent. And though there was a large pile of tobacco in bales in one corner, but no other object moveable or immoveable in the room, the novelty of the thing was enough to compensate for all deficiencies, and we ordered our baggage to be at once brought to our house. By way doubtless of indicating the capacity of the structure, our colored friend told us that this had been the headquarters of a party of Americans bound for California for the space of six weeks, and that forty of the number had contrived to quarter here; a new and practical illustration of the indefinite compressibility of

matter passing all previous ideas upon the subject. Our friend had provided for us in other ways, and had engaged a place where we might obtain our breakfasts, and proposed to introduce us to the family that was to perform that important duty. Their house was close by, and we were collectively and individually presented to Monsieur S ——, a long, lank individual, with a long face, long hair and long beard, and wearing a prodigious pair of green glasses; he had been a grenadier under Napoleon, had served in numerous campaigns, had been in many bloody battles, and had probably escaped being shot because he was too thin to be hit. We were also introduced to the spouse of Monsieur S ——, who was the very reverse of her lord, and who gave us a very good breakfast and superb chocolate, for which we paid only a dollar each per day. It was a blessed thing for our exchequer that we did n't dine, sup and lodge there! At the same place breakfasted a couple of Spanish gentlemen, who had come out in the schooner with a valuable cargo of goods for the interior. Our hostess certainly could not have had the heart to charge them a dollar for breakfast, for they had heard of revolutions and a terrible civil war in Nicaragua, and had been frightened out of their appetites. A 'bad speculation' at the best was before them, perhaps pecuniary ruin. We pitied them, but our appetites did not suffer from sympathy.

The day was passed in receiving visits of ceremony, arranging our new quarters, rigging hammocks (which we obtained at but little more than twice their actual value at the 'Maison Commerce' of the Viscomte,) and dragging to light and air our mildewed wardrobes. We thought of consigning our soiled linen to the women at the lagoon; but the sturdy blows of their clubs still sounded in our ears, and we trusted to the future; but the future brought rough stones in place of the smooth canoe!

At six we repaired to the consulate to dinner, where we met several of the dignitaries of the place, and among others, Dr. G ——; a worthy gentleman, without doubt, who will pardon us, as he would his looking-glass, for any personal reflections. His collar, which was the most conspicuous thing about him, firmly supported his head in a position where it could not be moved without producing a corresponding motion of the whole body. The doctor wore his hair very short, and his head was very small and very round; and withal, the doctor was excessively grave; so grave that one might deem a funeral going on, instead of a comfortable, cheerful dinner. He was not talkative; on the contrary, he was very silent, and it was for a long time doubtful whether he ever spoke; and when he did speak, it was in a kind of mechanical, unconscious way, that made one wonder after all if his lips were not moved by some secret machinery hidden within the unyielding cravat and immoveable collar; and what he did say was but an echo of the sentiments of the consul, whom the doctor evidently regarded as a being of another and superior race, not to say of unbounded power.

As the wine went round the doctor relaxed a little; and when, turning his body toward the writer, he ejaculated '*Sir!*' there was a general pause; and when it was repeated — 'Sir!' — every body was

breathless. After a long period, the rest of the sentence came up from the depths of the cravat: 'May I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you?' The gravity of a pious judge pronouncing sentence of death on a criminal was jocularity itself compared with the seriousness of the practitioner's question. Every one drew a long breath, as much as to say, 'Is that all?' and set to work again; and the doctor, exhausted with the effort, relapsed into immobile admiration of his superior's wisdom. Some one suggested during the evening that Lord Burleigh had been esteemed a very profound man, and the doctor said he 'believed so.'

That night passed comfortably in our new quarters, interrupted only by various droppings from the roof, which the active fancies of sundry members of the party converted into scorpions, and other noxious insects. All slept, notwithstanding, until broad day-light next morning, when every one was roused by the firing of guns, and a great noise of voices apparently in high altercation, mingled with the cackling of hens, the barking of dogs, and the squealing of pigs; a noise unprecedented for the variety of its constituent sounds.

'A revolution, by Jove!' exclaimed M——, whose brain was full of the news from the interior; 'it has got here already!'

The doors were nevertheless thrown open, and every unkempt head was thrust out to discover the cause of the tumult. The scene that presented itself passes description. There was a mingled mass of men, women and children, some driving pigs and poultry, others flourishing sticks; here a woman with a pig under one arm and a pair of chickens in each hand; there an urchin gravely endeavoring to carry a long-nosed porker, nearly as large as himself, and twice as noisy; there a busy party, forming a cordon around a mother pig with a large family, and the whole excited, swaying, screaming mass retreating before the two policemen in white, each bearing a sword, a pistol, and a formidable-looking blunderbuss.

'They are driving out the poor people,' said M——; 'it is quite too bad!'

But the manner in which two or three old ladies flourished their sticks in the faces of our wan friend and his companion, betokened, we thought, any thing but bodily fear. Still, every thing was a mystery; and when the crowd stopped short before our doors, and every dark visage, in which anger and supplication were strangely mingled, was turned toward us, each individual vociferating the while at the top of his voice, we were puzzled beyond measure. 'Death to the English!' was about all we could gather, until the wan policeman came up and explained, under a torrent of vituperation, that he and his companion were merely carrying into effect a wholesome regulation which Her Majesty's consul-general had promulgated, to the effect that the inhabitants of San Juan (which he called Greytown) should no longer allow the pigs and poultry to roam at large, but should keep them securely 'cooped and penned,' under penalty of having them shot by Her Majesty's servants; and as the aforesaid pigs and poultry had roamed at their will since the time 'the memory of man runneth not back thereto,' and as there were neither coops nor pens, it was very clear that the

wholesome regulation could be but partially complied with. A stout mulatto behind the policemen carried a pig and several fowls, which had evidently met a recent and violent end; and we had strong misgivings as to the manner in which the various small porkers and chickens which we had encountered at the consul's table had been procured.

The wan policeman grew pathetic and was almost moved to tears when he said, that while in the performance of his duty he was assailed as we saw, and that all his explanations were unregarded, and he was disposed to do as his companions had done—run away, and leave the town to the dominion of the pigs and chickens.

The crowd, which had been comparatively quiet during this recital, now broke out in reply, and gathering countenance from the presence of the Americans, fairly hustled the policemen into the middle of the street, and might have treated them to a cold-bath in the harbor, had they not been recalled by the voice of the Viscomte, who mounted a block and declaimed furiously in mingled Spanish and French against the 'perfidious English,' and talked of natural and municipal rights in a strain quite edifying, and eminently French. But as the Viscomte had been instrumental in bringing the English there, he did not get much of our sympathy. He had lost a pet pig that morning, which gave pith to his speech; and we determined to pay our particular respects to it that evening at the consul's.

To the appeals made to us directly, we were, as became us, diplomatically evasive; but the people were easily satisfied, and late that night we were treated to a serenade, the pauses of which were filled in with, '*Viva los Americanos del Norte;*' and next day the news was current that six American vessels of war were on their way to San Juan to drive out the English, whose effective force consisted of the wan policeman and his equally wan companion! And the consul himself did us the honor to hope that we had said nothing to encourage the poor people in their perversity, for he almost despaired of making them respectable citizens! They could n't discern, he was sorry to say, their own best interests. We might have suggested to him that circumstances here were quite different from those which surrounded the little towns of Scotland, and that what might be 'good for the people' in one instance might be eminently out of place in another; but then it was none of our business, *at present*, whatever it might be afterward.

During the day we paid a visit to the other side of the harbor, where some Moscheto Indians, who came down the coast to strike turtle, had taken up their temporary residence. They were the most squalid wretches imaginable, and their huts consisted of a few poles set in a slanting direction, upon which were loosely thrown a quantity of palm leaves. The sides were open, and altogether the structure must have cost fifteen minutes' labor. Under this shelter crowded a variety of half-naked figures, begrimed with dirt, with faces void of expression, and altogether brutish. They stared at us vacantly, and then resumed their meal, which consisted of a portion of the flesh of the alligator and the manitus, chopped in large pieces and thrown into the fire until the outer portions were completely charred. These were devoured without salt, and with a wolfish greediness which was horrible to be-

hold. At a little distance, and away from the stench and filth, the huts and the groups beneath and around them were really picturesque objects.

One hut had been vacated for the moment; against it the fishing-rods and spears of its occupants were resting, and in front a canoe was drawn up; this attracted our particular notice, and M —— made a sketch of it on the spot. As we paddled along the shore, we saw many thatched huts in cool, leafy arbors, surrounded by spots of bare, hard ground, fleckered with sunlight, which danced in mazes as the wind waved the branches above. Around them were dark, naked figures, and before them were light canoes, drawn close to the bank, which filled out the fore-ground of pictures such as we had imagined in reading the quaint recitals of the early voyagers, and the effects of which were heightened by the parrots and macaws, which fluttered their bright wings on the roofs of the huts, and deafened the spectator with their shrill voices. Occasionally a tame-monkey was seen swinging by his tail from the branches of the trees, and making grimaces at us as we passed.

The habits of the natives were unchanged in the space of three hundred years; their dwellings were the same; the scenes we gazed upon were counterparts of those which the discoverers had witnessed. Eternal summer reigned above them; their wants were few and simple; and profuse nature supplied them in abundance with all the necessaries of existence. They little thought that the party of strangers gliding silently before them were there to prepare the way for the clanging steamer, and that the great world without was meditating the Titanic enterprize of laying open their primeval solitudes, grading down their hills, and opening from one great ocean to the other a gigantic canal, upon which the navies of the world might pass, laden with the treasures of two hemispheres!

LINES: FROM HAFIZ.

Ah! whence this balm? — these odors whence,
That charm and chain my ravished sense?
Thou stealest from my love, soft breeze;
Her locks alone bear sweets like these!
What flower could thus the bower adorn?
Say not the rose; it wears a thorn:
Narcissus? No: withdraw her veil,
Narcissus' self were cold and pale:
The basil sweet? Can it compare
In fragrance with her musky hair?
The lofty palm? My fairer flower
Would bear its honor from the bower;
Bigot and priest might not prefer
The Houries of their heaven to her,
And Hafiz — how shall Hafiz bear
The absence of a love so fair!

D.

LOVE.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

SWEET Tormentor! who can tell
How thy silken ties are wove?
Magic cestus, wondrous spell,
Winning, wildering, witching Love!

Hope and memory, fear and thought,
Joy and sorrow, care and pain,
All mysteriously inwrought,
Are the linklets of thy chain.

Strong as life, and strong as death,
Yet as fragile as a flower,
E'en a word, a look, a breath,
May forever break thy power!

Of thy presence none may know,
Till the flutter of thy wings
Wakens music, soft and low,
From the heart's most silent strings.

Syren fair, for thee, erewhile,
Deeds of valor have been done;
For the guerdon of thy smile
Empires have been lost and won.

Thralled by thee, the angels fell
From the bright Elysian bowers,
From the plains of heaven, to dwell
In this dreary world of ours.

With thy soul-enchanting arts
Thou dost lead us willing slaves;
Slaves, with fetters on our hearts,
From our cradles to our graves.

Slaves, that sigh not to be free—
Slaves, that pine when thou hast flown;
For this world, uncheered by thee,
Is a desert, dark and lone.

Sweet Tormentor! who can tell
How thy silken ties are wove?
Magic cestus, wondrous spell,
Winning, wildering, witching love!

Indianapolis, Feb. 6, 1850.

MUSINGS BY THE HEARTH.

BY A LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.

'AND as I mused, the fire burned.' — BIBLE.

YOU made no objection, dear KNICK., to my commencing a series of modest, unpretentious papers, with the above title; and as I have some leisure, I do not know why I should not attempt to amuse some of the readers of your Magazine. I am sure of doing *one* thing; of getting my wife to read over my manuscript, and then my daughter will listen to her mother when she reads to her some '*very* striking passage,' and I shall hear the musical plaudit of their voices; and then I shall have won a part of the reward of my labors.

Do you think the outside good folk will like my gossipy style; my rambling, slip-shod, hop-about and here-and-there-and-every-where style? I feel quite sure they will: dear KNICK., they *shall!*

'MUSINGS BY THE HEARTH!' — ah, there is a sensible title, and how conveniently comprehensive! 'Musings?' Yes; dear old thoughts and fancies tripping and floating, swarming and flying through one's brain on these autumn nights; and when the winter comes, shall I not trouble your printers? White old Winter; my friend — the children's friend; the season of skates and sleighs, and apple-jack and good blazing fires! 'Musings by the Hearth.' The dream of love, the tender tale of pity, the sudden overthrow of states; the romance in family marriages; the dark mysteries, so sad, so sorrowful, of family deaths; the spell of music, lingering along those keys, where but an instant since a wife's white finger, ringed with your golden vow, has passed in tender softness, or in wild grandeur; the book you have read in the day-light, mused over in the twilight by the sacred and peaceful hearth, where honor sits enshrined in love, and Love forever holds her uplifted hands to heaven to bless the inmates of your house! And then the memories of good honest fellows whom we have met in our walks in the day, and the warm pressure of their hands, and the hope of seeing them soon about us; *these* are some of the thoughts that come to us around our hearth; memories of love, music, poetry, art, books, friendship, and a thousand other things, that minister to the musing brain, that star-monarch of the social and moral empire.

There is no need of my confining myself to one theme. That would be impossible. Could you or any of your readers sit or walk, and have in your minds one solitary thought alone, around whose superior eminence would cluster the clouds of doubt, or the rays of hopeful speculation?

How the season has changed! Bless our stars, it is autumn! How dry the air — how bracing; how it kills off the dyspepsia and all gloomy thoughts; not sober or even melancholy thoughts, but gloomy, down-in-the-cellar thoughts! While I write, the sunshine of October is in

the air, and a veil is spread away out over the misty woods, and in the fore-ground, right by your feet, how comfortable the changing hues of the short grass; and then over the white flinty rocks the red vines have crept! Look once against that wall of forest-trees. There is a dark shadow sleeping on the unmoving tops of half the wood; the other half is all in sunlight: not a breath of air to break the shimmer of the gold, or ruffle the purple peace of that quiescent grove; and then see you not the nearer trees that cluster right before your eyes? How russety they are; no cabbagy green to give a mental cholic as you look; but up into the still air they raise their sober branches, covered with tints of respectable and genteel brown! Now and then a ray of light glances athwart the wealth of foliage, and powders a lump of leaves with gold and silver. Look lower down, just where that bit of blue distance rules a line directly beneath the lower branches, and see how the stem of the tree breaks like a stalk of silver, inlaid with rubies and garnets, and pearls, and emeralds, upon your enraptured vision! There is a broad surface of gray rock, just entering, as it were, beneath the shadow of the tree; and how glorious is its tone, sprinkled with chequered light and shade, with here and there a crisped leaf, lying all rolled up, like a withered love-letter, sent from the dancing upper bough to the cold flinty heart of the pure rock beneath! Now, on the left, turn to that gnarled and withered oak, the warrior-oak, whose knotted branches are flung against the sky; still beautiful in decay, still strong in the memory of many a battle with the storm. There are minor trees and spruce springing stems and boughs, interlacing here and there and every where, like lattice-work of nature, through which sylvan goddesses look out from the secret woods into the open fields beyond; these minor stems and sprays, and thick interweaving boughs, go to make up the hedge of nature, that screens us from the far-off pearly horizon on the left: but look away down there — yes, way out, just where my finger points, over the roof of that cottage, with the red chimney and the blue smoke, and see yonder net, a line of gleaming light — a light neither of heaven nor of earth! There is another something white, that even as I spoke arose upon that flickering line of light; see how it moves, and onward it comes; now it turns away from us, and spreads its broad wings, and seems to fly to yon blue scrap of swelling land, away off to the right! Why, KNICK., that gleam of light is the Atlantic Ocean; and that white moving thing a freighted vessel from an older world to this young world of ours. Is it not beautiful? — is it not all in perfect harmony with our thoughts, that dance not with too wild a pulse, nor move to too slow a measure; and over all this blue expanse of heaven, with here and there a cloud, fretted with tangled webs of shade! How close to our doors lies the simple scene that I have just described! Only two miles from Brooklyn, on the Flatbush road.

Dear people, it is no great thing to talk in this way about a little bit of road-side scenery. It is very common: every body who travels in the Flatbush omnibus can see it. It lies three hundred yards below the Mount Prospect Hotel, just at the bottom of the hill, a little before where you turn to go into the deep valley. I walked out there this

morning, and got my heart all warmed and soothed in looking out from the golden land to the silver sea.

I am not done yet with Autumn. I am going to talk about it as often as I can. Every body should love it, for it seems to love every body. This is the time my mouth begins to water for new cider, put up in half-pint bottles. Thirst is a blessing just when you are about putting your half-tired foot upon the front-porch of a country road-side inn.

How healthy, how *harvesty* all the landscape is about you! There are a few greenish-looking pippin apples, hanging like baby-heads from branches of orchard-trees. The other apples have spilt their cider weeks ago, and the fresh, dry, magic air (I do n't affect a breeze, except in deep summer-time) has braced you to ham-and-eggs and a bottle of the apple-cider. A piece of ice in the tumbler would be of no injury — it would do it no especial good, either. How it sparkles and foams and frets, and pumps at your nose to tickle you into a broad grin; and how it glides from its glass into your expectant mouth, and lo! all the inward man is blessed and refreshed: and then for the clean table-cover and the blue-edged country plates, with the home-made bread and the white salt, and the castors on the side-table; and then the good old-fashioned smell of ham-and-eggs; and how nicely the cook has pressed out the mealy potatoes, and how invitingly they cluster together, and beg you to 'fork them out!' All this must be enjoyed by a city wight, with a good eye for small drink and plain cheer; and he must seek it in the country, in the nut-brown country, in the golden season of the year.

Spring flowers and spring chickens delight me much in the season; but then there is a something about spring that strikes me with a prejudice. Spring seems to have been made for the benefit of young children; for the benefit of growing things; flowers, vegetables, calves, and bushy-tailed colts, and bleating lambs. There is a something so weak, so tottering in the legs, about spring, that it affects not my six-foot nature especially. I never warmed to spring, because it chilled me ever. Peach-blossoms are not as good as ripe peaches; and therefore, upon that broad principle, I do not so much love the baby's season, spring. Poets with weak nerves have sung and will sing about spring; fellows that can't go out of the house without getting a cold in the head, and who sneeze at the breeze made by the flight of a fly across the room. Spring always (it seemed so to me) trifled with my feelings.

But Autumn! — Heavens, what a time! Sing it, ye manly verse-makers; sing it, ye men of action, and ye women 'that *are* women!' Up with your broad sinewy hands, ye masculine soldiers of life, and pledge me in the autumn champaigne — 'THE AUTUMN OF THE YEAR!'

REFORMERS CONTRASTED.

CHRIST preached the world a kingdom yet to come,
And FOURIER a kingdom preached to France;
That was of love; the new millenium
Is of fat things to feed the stomach's wants:
The church a restaurant, where one and all
Eat a cheap dinner in a common hall.

L I N E S

ON RECEIVING SOME BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS OF SEA-WEED, COLLECTED AND PRESERVED BY A YOUNG LADY OF CONNECTICUT.

FAR away, where proud TAGHCONIC
Hails the morning's earliest greeting,
And the jocund HOUSATONIC
Singeth on from vale to vale,
Now o'er foaming rapids fleeting,
Now through level meads advancing,
Gracefully as Naiad dancing
Mazes in a flowery dale:

There how oft in dreamy childhood,
When my task was early ended,
Have I sought some leafy wildwood,
By that river's murmuring breast,
And, in Fancy's bark extended,
Down its silver lapses glidden,
Gay as guest by angels bidden
To a banquet of the blest!

O! the ever dear delusion
That could wake such glad emotion!
As in Berkshire's green seclusion
Heard I far the sound of oars,
Saw the boundless wastes of ocean,
Felt the storm-wind's rushing pinions,
And beheld his boisterous minions
Leaping on a thousand shores!

Then great navies loomed before me,
Terrible with volleyed thunder;
Or some white-winged galleon bore me
On from bloomy isle to isle,
O'er clear depths so rapt in wonder
Of the sea-king's priceless treasures,
And the mermaid's sinless pleasures,
That I scarcely breathed the while.

But were all that fancy ever
Pictured, lady! to my vision,
In her happiest endeavor
Ocean's marvels to unfold,
Grouped and graced with light elysian
Here beside these real daughters,
These sweet foundlings of the waters,
All were charmless, faint and cold.

Thanks be thine, then, fearless maiden!
Whose light shallop braves the ocean,
And at eve, with sea-flowers laden,
Homeward wafts its PROSERPINE:
Thanks of heart-felt, fond emotion,
For these forms, so bright and faëry,
Plucked from many a blooming prairie
Fathoms deep beneath the brine!

New-York, Oct., 1850.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A HISTORY OF ALL NATIONS, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time, or a Universal History, in which each Country is separately noticed. BY S. G. GOODRICH. Boston: WILKINS AND CARTER.

IT appears that Mr. GOODRICH, who is most known by his educational works, does not shrink from more formidable undertakings. A few years since he gave to the public a *Universal Geography*, containing one thousand pages of broad octavo; soon after, a popular series of twenty volumes, entitled the '*Cabinet Library*;' and now we have the first volume of a '*Universal History*,' which, when completed, will fill twelve hundred pages in double column royal octavo.

This latter work is likely to enhance the author's reputation, as it seems to us eminently successful in an attempt to present an historical view of the world, adapted at once to popular reading, and useful as a treasury of historical reference. Considering the ordinary mode of presenting general history in one consentaneous chronological view, as bewildering to most readers, and necessarily excluding that clearness and minuteness of detail, essential to the interest of a narrative, he gives a continuous and connected history of each country by itself. In cases which require, as when the history of one nation crosses that of another, or connects itself with the general affairs of the world, he introduces such views and sketches as are desired, in order to give the full scope of the subject in hand. In this way, almost every page of the work is invested with the attraction belonging to precise, detailed narrative. It greatly increases the value of the work that the geography, ancient and modern, of each country, is distinctly given with stylographic maps, as a preliminary to the history. Thus the reader sets out upon his historical studies with a clear idea of the position, shape, extent, population, climate and resources of every country to which they relate. The histories are brought down to the present time, and are closed by a sketch of the character and manners of the people. The work, therefore, may be regarded as an historical and geographical view of the world, embracing the present condition of each country, and the steps by which it has reached its actual condition. The first volume is now complete, and the second will be published in a few weeks.

The plan of the work, considered as a treatise for the million, appears to us most excellent, and the execution is in a high degree felicitous. It is marked by the clearness, vigor and simplicity of style, characteristic of the author. It is not a mere copy or servile compilation; many of the general views are original and striking, and are frequently presented with force and eloquence. The following passage from the

General View of Asia, will be interesting in itself, and afford a fair illustration of the author's style:

'But if such has been the history of Asia for the past, there is reason to believe that a change is not remote. Indeed, within the present century, great and significant changes have actually taken place in Asia. If we direct our attention to the west, we shall see that the Turkish power, which has been the impassable wall between Europe and Asia, seems gradually wasting away. Not long since, its territories were estimated at nearly one million of square miles; now they can hardly be rated above half a million. It has lost its possessions in Africa; Greece has been separated from its provinces in Europe; and Russia has taken portions of its Asiatic provinces. Of those which remain, some are independent in all but name, while the rest are divided by race and history, leaving only religion as the principle of cohesion and of fidelity to the government. The territory of Turkey has, therefore, been reduced one-half within the last fifty years, while its moral and political power, in view of the relative strength and intelligence of European nations, is reduced in an equal degree. It is clear that if it were to become the policy of any leading nation of Europe to crush the Ottoman empire, its fate would be inevitably sealed; and even if no such catastrophe should happen, the influence of intercourse with Christendom, which is already visible in Turkey, must, ere long, as effectually subdue the barbarism of the people, as if they were to pass under the yoke of foreign conquest.

'On the north, the entire continent is in possession of Russia; the great peninsula of the south is subject to Britain; and these two powers, advancing in their ambitious designs, have almost met, face to face, within the limits of the ancient empire of Persia. Neither of these energetic nations is likely to recede; on the contrary, their conquests will probably be indefinitely extended. On the east of Asia, a momentous change has recently taken place; the brazen gates of Chinese exclusion have been rudely broken open by the Samson of the sea, and 'the beginning of the end' seems already shadowed forth to the view.

'Thus, on all sides, the moral and religious barriers opposed to Asiatic civilization are giving way. Already one-th rd of its territory is in possession of the two leading European nations; and from the extension of our own frontiers to the Pacific — thus bringing us within five thousand miles of Asia — a new element is added upon which to found calculations of improvement. It has often been remarked, that the course of intellectual illumination among nations has been like that of the sun, carrying its light over the world from east to west. The poet, following this idea, and alluding to America, has said:

'Westward the star of empire takes its way,' etc.

'In view of recent events, we may go beyond this prophetic suggestion, and while we see our country reflecting back upon Europe the civilization it borrowed there, we may soon behold it following the course of nature and of history, and completing the cycle by carrying civilization to Asia, destined to result in its regeneration.'

The chapters on Tartary, which the author characterises as 'the great nursery of nations; the armory of Divine Providence, whence were drawn the weapons for the destruction of corrupt, worn-out or imbecile nations,' are exceedingly interesting, and present a page of historical wonders hitherto little regarded or appreciated. This part of the work is the result of great labor and research, and is a valuable contribution to history. An elaborate ethnographical table of the various tribes is given, which serves to divest the subject of that complication which has hitherto rendered it inaccessible to general reading.

We are happy to remark that in his sketches of personal and national character the author has not followed in the track of antiquated prejudice. He seems to have come to his task with liberal views and an impartial spirit, in the light of which many subjects wear a new and more truthful aspect. The Chinese national character and literature, a subject bythe way treated with a good deal of learning, are redeemed from the contempt so largely bestowed upon them by the writers of the last century. We might note many other instances of this kind. We have space only to add the following extract, closing our notice by remarking, that the work displays not only Mr. Goodrich's accustomed industry, good taste and talent for description, but a high degree of ability as a philosophical historian. The following passage is taken from an exceedingly interesting chapter on the character of the French nation:

'Here, then, is France; at once homogenous and fragmental, national and provincial. There is no land where the people are more universally devoted to the central idea of country than this. *La Belle France* is the object of general idolatry; yet, as we have said, the local peculiarities remain strongly marked. France is like a painting, having one grand design, yet showing the separate threads of the canvass behind, and beyond the colors which give unity to the surface. The solution of this phenomenon is found in the early history of France. The Celts — a noisy race, 'which over-

ran Europe sword in hand, from a vain and uneasy desire to see, know, and busy themselves with every thing' — were still a genial, social people. These formed the basis of the present population, and gave tone and color to the texture of society. They were broken into many bands and tribes, and settling in different parts of the country, perpetuated their peculiarities, often deriving from the soil and climate the instruments by which these were preserved, and perhaps exaggerated.

'Considering the Celtic stock as the basis of the modern Gallic nation, we must nevertheless remember the mixture of Grecian blood at Marseilles and the contiguous country; of Norman, in what still bears the name of Normandy; of Roman, infused during nearly five centuries of Roman dominion; and finally of German, in the migrations of the Burgundians, Visigoths, and Franks. This mixture of nations has been highly advantageous to France. It seems a general law that the simple, original races are rather designed to break the soil than reap the harvest of civilization. The pure Caucasian — if we take the people inhabiting the country which gives name to the race, as its example — has never advanced beyond barbarism; the Mongolian, in his native land, is little better than a savage; the Malay, the Negro, and the American Indian, have never, by themselves, shown a capacity for improvement beyond a very limited degree. The first nations, unmixed, always seem to remain children. With them the physical is predominant. The historian speaks of those which early peopled Europe, 'with large, fair, soft, succulent bodies,' as the infants of a nascent world. It is by grafting that the finest fruits are produced. The crab-apple will remain a crab forever if its sap be not mingled with that of other kinds. The pippin is the result of a long and careful crossing of varieties. Thus it is, among the mixed races of mankind, that we see the intellectual gaining an ascendancy over the material; it is among nations in whose veins is mingled the blood of various kindreds and tongues, that are found the highest examples of intellectual and moral endowment. What was even England, with its Anglo-Saxon race, till the infusion of French-Norman blood? Do not all the monuments of which she boasts take their date since the conquest? In early ages, war — the instinct of uncivilized man — effected the mixture which PROVIDENCE seems to have designed as the instrument of human improvement; in a more enlightened age, adopting the spirit of the gospel, which extends its blessings alike to Jew and Gentile, it should be the aim of every good man to soften the hostility of races, and promote the progress of society, by mingling all into one fraternity of states and nations.'

THE RELATIONS OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR TO HIS COUNTRY AND HIS TIMES: an Address delivered before the Associate Alumni of the University of Vermont and the Literary Societies of Brown University. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

WE have perused this address with a pleasure much beyond that which we have usually derived from reading similar collegiate performances, delivered on kindred occasions. It is written throughout in pure Saxon English, and is as remarkable for the force and condensation of its thoughts as for the felicity of their expression. It is a consideration of the relations which American scholars sustain to the country, and the age in which they live; of the peculiar duties which certain aspects of American society devolve upon them, and of the spirit and the temper in which those duties should be performed. We should be glad, had we the requisite space, to quote the writer's spirited consideration of 'protestant conservatism,' and the influence which it exerts in forming and swaying the minds and habits of thought of individuals and communities; but we must content ourselves with the subjoined passage, with which Mr. RAYMOND closes his able and eloquent address: 'Let us, when we go forth from these retired and serene heights, where the world's warfare reaches us only like the dim murmur of a far-off sea; when we descend into the dust, and the heat and the noise of its strife, let us go as to the spot where GOD has appointed our work. Let us remember that if this age, and this society, are not better for our existence; if our fellow men are not wiser and better and happier because we have lived and labored with them; if we do not infuse into the political and social activities of the time something of the healthful and the beneficent influence which our studies ought to have conferred upon us, we shall have been scholars in vain, and scholarship will bear the curse of our unfruitfulness. Ours is the task to raise what is low; to illumine what is dark; to guide the blind, to give strength to the weak, courage to the timid, hope and help to all men, as our endowments may enable us to do. Not for ourselves — not for our selfish purposes or equally selfish pleasures — not for scholarship or the pride of knowledge, have we received the culture and the discipline which make us

scholars. We must use the power thus acquired for the upbuilding and the improvement of the society in which our lot is cast. We must put our hands to the great work of social progress, and give all the aid of our utmost strength to the enlightenment and the advancement of our fellow men. Thus, and thus only, can we discharge the duties which every AMERICAN SCHOLAR owes to AMERICAN SOCIETY.'

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION: A Narrative of Recent Transactions, involving Inquiries in regard to the Principles of Honor, Truth and Justice, which obtain in a Distinguished American University. In one volume 12mo.

'*Audi alteram partem*' is a proper maxim to be borne in mind while we essay a brief notice of this recent work of Miss BEECHER. We intend our readers *shall* hear both sides, if the other side is as briefly stated as we shall state this. We ask the reader, therefore, to remember that the statements here made may be very much modified, perhaps, by counter-statements from the party implicated. We are only speaking and arguing 'from the record' in the volume before us; and shall not 'make up our mind' until we hear both sides. The history of this strange love affair, and its still stranger dénouement, must interest all who read it. We were inclined to view the matter rather lightly, as a tale of wounded love concocted by some old maids to avenge a fancied wrong; but this idea has been in a measure dispelled; and in its room has sprung up a feeling of sorrow at the thought that venerable men, fathers in the church, and occupying the most responsible stations in the land, could listen to such a tale as that told them by a young clergyman whom they have endeavored to shield from the public censure which his conduct would seem to deserve. It would appear that the 'acquaintance' between the parties began at the Tontine-Hotel, in New-Haven, where Miss D—— had rooms, by an invitation from the lady to the gentleman to meet her in her parlor. But we must not omit to state that this note of invitation was given *after* a request from Mr. A—— for an introduction. The acquaintance thus begun, advanced rapidly to such a degree of intimacy as to attract the attention and elicit the remarks of the boarders at the hotel, and others. There being a great disparity in the age of the parties, Mr. A—— being twenty-four and Miss D—— thirty-four, it was made obvious that this fact alone would prevent a union, with any prospect of happiness. This Miss D—— does not seem to have forgotten; and it was only after repeated and urgent solicitations, that she permitted the intimacy to be continued. After she had endeavored to break off the intimacy, she determined to go to a water-cure establishment for her health; and what does Mr. A.—— do, but break an existing engagement to preach for a brother, and almost per force, accompany Miss D—— to the watering-place; and after a hasty journey home, to make the necessary preparation, he returns *again*, and there during ten weeks he pays her the most assiduous and devoted attentions, literally monopolizing all the time in which she could be seen, and accompanying her in all her walks. The attention of the boarders at the establishment was attracted by all this; and the common opinion was, that they were engaged. About the time Miss D—— left the establishment, it was apparent that a change had taken place between the parties. After her return to New-Haven, the acquaintance was broken off; but the subject was not suffered to rest. It was too rich and precious a piece of scandal for the gossips of

Connecticut to 'willingly let die.' They must keep it circulating, and it would seem that, as usual, it lost nothing by being agitated. Miss D —— remained silent until *compelled* to speak, and then made it public that an engagement had existed, but had been broken off. The gentleman's version of the matter, as here stated, is, that the acquaintance was begun by her solicitation, was continued by her, and no less than five distinct proposals of marriage were made to him by her! Two of these proposals were made before the sojourn at the water-cure establishment. If such a statement had not been believed, and the propounders of it supported by the grave and reverend seniors of Yale College, one would think it need only be mentioned to satisfy the minds of every man and woman in the country. But the story *was* believed, and very extensively circulated in all New-England and elsewhere, before measures were taken to refute it. An examination of the affair was at length made, when Miss D —— 's account of the intimacy was given on oath, before an ecclesiastical committee, who, after a hearing of the evidence, made a report to their association; when that dignified body decided, that the only action it was necessary for them to take in the case, was to name a committee to reprimand Mr. A —— for his *imprudence!* We shall hear more of this anon.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW FOR THE OCTOBER QUARTER. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THIS is an excellent number of an excellent work. It opens with an able review of 'MAHOMET and his Successors,' by WASHINGTON IRVING, which evinces much research in oriental history. The work is warmly commended, as it well deserves to be. 'Mr. IRVING,' observes the reviewer, 'possesses the rare power — fruit of genial sympathy and most honest intent — of throwing his own mind into the mind he steadfastly contemplates, so as to see with its eyes, understand with its understanding, and feel with its passions; not as the Ghoul inhabits a forsaken form, making the vehicle hideous to those who loved it best in its true being, but rather as some friendly angel might, for a time, reanimate the earthly tenement of one departed, for the sake of explaining what had been unlovely in its past seeming, or of laying open the unsuspected or overlooked sources of its errors. The biographer of COLUMBUS, of GOLDSMITH, of MAHOMET — an immensely comprehensive triangle — possesses a magic equal to that of the 'wise CORNELIUS,' who, by 'gramarye,' could show in his 'mirror broad and high,' the absent and the dead, characteristically employed, and wearing the full appearance of life.' A paper on 'The Navigation of the Ancients' succeeds, which we have not found leisure as yet to peruse. It is a review of an English work entitled 'The Voyage and Shipwreck of Saint PAUL, with Dissertations on the Sources of the Writings of Saint LUKE, and the Ships and Navigation of the Ancients.' We passed also the article on 'Slavic Languages and Literature' that we might the sooner enjoy an admirable article on CUMMING'S 'Hunter's Life in South Africa,' which succeeds it, and which we read through to the end with unabated interest. It is one of the best papers in the number. 'The HOMERIC Question' and 'The Works of JOHN ADAMS' we are compelled to reserve for future perusal. Elaborate justice is rendered to Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, that accomplished writer and speaker, in an extended review of his 'Orations and Speeches on Various Occasions.' Among the remaining papers are reviews of 'FURNACE'S History of JESUS' and 'LAING'S Observations in

Europe.' In the briefer 'Critical Notices' we find a review of 'Frontenac,' by our friend and correspondent, ALFRED B. STREET. The work is cordially commended, although in some particulars it is pronounced defective. It is declared, however, to be a poem abounding 'in native beauties, both of thought and expression;' the 'story well constructed and vividly told.' But here is a little tap of disapprobation at which the poet himself will laugh as heartily as any other reader: 'There is a good deal of Indian lore scattered over this poem. Sometimes the display of it is pedantic. Onondaga phrascology should be as sparingly indulged in as Latin and Greek. A more temperate use of tomahawks would also have been commendable. One would suppose the normal condition and chief end of man was to scalp or be scalped, so horribly frequent is the whipping off of the top of the head throughout the poem. 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,' says the great poet; he might have added, with the favorite figure of *crasis*, had he been Mr. STREET or an Iroquois, 'still more uneasy lies the head *that does n't*.' But we are exceeding our space, and must take sudden leave of our old and favorite Quarterly.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF COUNTRY HOUSES: including Designs for Country Farm-Houses and Villas; with Remarks on Interiors, Furniture, and the Best Modes of Warming and Ventilating. By A. J. DOWNING, Esq. One volume. pp. 484. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

As the pioneer delineator of the beauties and advantages of cottage architecture in our country, Mr. DOWNING deserves the thanks of the American public. He has done much toward removing, or at least toward *preventing*, those square, unornamented, tasteless edifices which had so long disfigured even beautiful Nature itself; and he has driven out of fashion those eternal Grecian temples, with a great column of pine boards before every front window; and if, following an unformed taste, some ambitious persons have imbibed without understanding his reforming views, and erected dwellings in the 'P'inted *Ironic*' style of domestic architecture, it is *they* who are to be laughed at, and not Mr. DOWNING. In the volume before us, profusely explained by some three hundred and twenty illustrations, Mr. DOWNING has comprehended all the information and direction necessary to the establishment of a true taste among our country-builders, and the carrying out of that taste to practical results. Our author argues well upon the reasons why his countrymen should have good houses. The perception of proportion, symmetry, order and beauty increases interest in rural architecture, and has much to do with the progress of a country's civilization. The more pleasant, the more tasteful you make *a home*, the more strongly do you rivet the links of the affections; and what is true of an individual, is true of a nation made up of such. A love of home, therefore, is a love of country. The moral influence of a country home is well set forth by Mr. DOWNING: 'The mere sentiment of home,' he remarks in his preface, 'with its thousand associations, has, like a strong anchor, saved many a man from shipwreck in the storms of life.' How much the moral influence of that sentiment may be increased by making the home all that it should be, and how much an attachment may be strengthened by those external signs of beauty that awaken love in the young, the experience of all observant persons can attest. We commend this well-printed and beautifully-illustrated volume to all who are interested in the various important details whereof it treats.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES TO READ' is the title of a communication recently received from an anonymous correspondent, wherein the writer argues feelingly against the breach of confidence which a young lady commits, when she reveals the fact that a sighing swain has offered himself to her, and she has rejected him. Our readers shall hear him on this point: 'Among the rules or laws of intercourse between individuals, is a principle of trust, or, to be more exact, a '*Principle of Confidence*.' A breach of trust evinces a want of that common principle which keeps human society together; but a breach of confidence betrays a more than ordinary share of baseness and depravity. Matters reposed in the bosom of another in a confidential manner should never be brought to private or public notice, except for purposes of public justice. Thus in conversation one may say: 'This is told you in trust, not to be mentioned to any one.' Or if, communicating with another by epistle, and wishing his thoughts to be considered private, he will prefix to his letter the significant term 'confidential,' or terminate the same by saying 'confidentially yours,' etc. Now for one to reveal a subject thus entrusted, in the manner prescribed, would meet with the merited disapprobation and contempt of every person professing the principles of virtue and true nobleness of soul. For even in the pagan world a betrayer of secrets has been considered as only fit for the companionship of the vile and the abandoned. Among the ancient Egyptians, to bring to public notice any thing related in confidence, was considered a capital offence. But there are certain subjects or secrets which should *never* be divulged, even when these provisos are not made in epistles or conversation: from the very nature of the intercourse it should be held in sacred confidence. Yet in certain instances we have noticed a disregard to the law or general principles of confidence, as in the case of *a declined offer for matrimony by a gentlemen to a lady*. Is there not a great breach of confidence committed when a moral, high-minded young man offers his hand and heart to a professedly virtuous woman; and she, from considerations of vanity, or pride, or perhaps from no motive at all, reveals the same, either directly or indirectly? It is not to be questioned for a moment that the lady, after receiving a proposition for marriage, in her wisdom, after due consideration, may say 'Nay;' yet at the same time it may be asked whether, in nine cases out of ten, when matters of love go so far as to call for an open declaration, that she has not acted the part of a heartless jilt, who had given her lover every reason to *believe* that her affections were sincere and ardent? A popular writer, treating on the delicate subject of 'popping the question,' concludes his remarks by saying: 'As a general rule, a gentleman never need be refused.

Every woman, except a cold, heartless coquette, finds the means of discouraging the man whom she does not intend to marry, before the matter comes to the point of a declaration.' Permit me, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, to introduce here a part of a letter of 'SENEX' to a young lady who had betrayed the confidence reposed in her by a lover and a friend: 'But suppose, for a moment, that the term 'heartless coquette' may not be applied to you in the least degree, but that you received the visits and epistles of Mr. A —— in no other light than that of a virtuous friend. Yet from what principle of refined sensibility and noble action ought even this friend be allowed to be betrayed — one who has visited your home for months and for years? Perhaps you may say it was violated in a private manner to your brother and sister; at the same time you knew that they in turn would have their professed confidants; so that in a little period it would soon become public property. Or perhaps you may say that no request was made to keep the matter secret. Suppose this were the case? Such was the respect entertained for your moral worth, that your lover could not for a moment suppose that you would meanly betray the trust reposed in you. Was the proposal made in a public manner, that the town, or even your own family, might hear of it? Was it not done in private, when you were alone? Should it be the custom for the lady to make the proposition to the gentleman, would you, in the case of a refusal, like to have the same made public? Act then according to the golden rule: 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.' But perhaps you may say that no injury has been inflicted upon your friend by making known the fact that he had offered himself to you. But of this you are not so certain. If he is a man of a sensitive disposition and retiring manners, I have no doubt but that he is affected by the impropriety of your conduct; first in your refusal, and secondly in your revealing that which was really confidential, although no request was given not to divulge it,' etc.

'Thus far 'SENEX.' I would add, in conclusion, that all those ladies who betray in the slightest degree a confidence of this nature generally reap the reward of their own doings. The consequence is, that men are generally afraid of them. I once knew a young man of fortune, intelligence, and great moral worth, who rather fancied a beautiful lady, of agreeable manners and fascinating address. When some persons saw fit to recommend her, by saying that she had received some two or three offers, he replied: 'If she has deceived others, she shall not have the opportunity of acting so toward me. Beside, she cannot have a pure heart, or else she never would have told of it.' She lived and died a sour, disappointed old maid, notwithstanding her numerous 'offers.' Let the fair girls and their good mothers understand that there can be no greater breach of good manners, or a grosser violation of Christian principles, than to reveal that which has been placed in the secret keeping of one bosom.'

Well, we have heard 'SENEX' and 'VERITAS;' and now we wish to 'put in *our* oar' and 'propel' on the subject of coquettes. And we are not going to say any thing of the other sex; we shall speak of the *male coquette*, the meanest and most detestable of the whole tribe. A man, if such a creature can be called a man, enters a house, the abode of refinement, of tenderness, and of affection, and by assiduous attentions, by temporary devotion to one particular member of that happy family circle, succeeds in interesting, and finally in winning the affections, of a self-sacrificing, confiding girl, who has nothing to bestow but the wealth of a pure and innocent heart. *This* accomplished, the selfish destroyer of a fair girl's peace begins to bethink himself that he may have been a 'little too fast;' he should have *thought* of this, before he had

gone so far;' he must relieve himself of this difficulty, and take good care to be more guarded in future. And straitway he sets about contriving pretexts by which he may perfect his villany; and difficult as is the task, he achieves it, as such a man would; and leaves the victim of his heartless selfishness a prey to regretful thoughts, wounded sensibilities, and painful reminiscences. Whip us *such* villains, wherever they may be found! A female coquette is an angel in the comparison. She leaves her lover free; not so the other. She has trusted and been deceived. Her true *heart* had been given away, and she has no other heart to bestow. This is *our* 'say' on this subject.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON 'P'ISON SARPENTS.' — Every visitor at SHERRILL'S 'Lake House,' on Lake George, at least every one who has had the pleasure to make the acquaintance of either of the Brothers GALE, (*par nobile fratrum,*) the great 'ADMIRAL,' or 'LINUS the Skipper,' must have been shown, in the little billiard-room down by the green marge of the beautiful Horicon, a box containing '*Cix Livin' Live Ratel Snaix, from Tung Mounting.*' Fearful-looking 'p'ison sarpents' they are, too, with their forked tongues playing like a cold blue flame about their heads, flattened and probulgent with anger, at being 'punched up' for the company of by-standers. How they shook their rattles at us, and glared upon us with their chilling eyes! But we were n't 'afeared,' for they could n't get out, and we 'had the advantage of 'em.' We saw the old snake-catcher of that region, who told us that he 'sold eighty to the British, from Canada, in one summer.' To *him* they were as harmless as an angle-worm; 'cause,' said he, 'ef so be I *do* get bit, I kin cure it with rattle-snake weed in abeout tew hours.' But hear a correspondent touching this same matter of 'snaix:'

'I SEE you speak of Lake George ('Horicon' sounds much better) and intimate that you shall have something more to say about it in a future Editor's Table. I wish to suggest to you a topic upon which many anxious inquiries have been lately made through the newspapers. I mean, 'the best cure for the bite of a rattlesnake.' 'What will cure?' is the great question, and has lately excited as much interest as, 'Where 's BARNUM?' or 'The Gingerbread Man.' Being at Horicon this summer, I took a boat under Admiral LINUS, and along with a friend, proceeded up the lake as far as 'Fourteen Mile Island,' which is, as you know, in a rather narrow part of the lake, opposite Tongue Mountain, which is famous for the 'rattle-snaix' in the rocks and ravines on the top. In a two-roomed cabin reside Mr. TAYLOR, his wife and his wife 's sister: at least they abide here in summer, when there 's fishing for the Lake-House to occupy one. Here, too, resides Uncle HENRY HARRIS, who for sixty years has been familiar with these diggin's. Hanging from a tree was the skin of a huge snake, and hanging on the tree was the fat, which filled a good-sized bottle, and was placed there to be 'tried-out' in the sun. While we were seated at a table on the grass under these trees, discussing a dish of fish we had that day caught, two or three huntsmen, who were resting themselves on a log, enlightened us about the habits and uses of the 'p'ison sarpent.' You may walk the woods for years and never meet one. They must be sought for in the dens, where scores of them are sometimes killed in one day for their fat, which is considered a sovereign remedy for rheumatics and corns. As to their fangs, they do not strike through leather, and very rarely as high as the top of a boot, so that one who has 'Wellingtons' on may consider himself as tolerably safe. 'As to their bite, it can always be cured by the use of the rattlesnake-weed,' said they, and so all the people of that region say. Uncle HENRY told of numerous instances where the parties had been entirely cured by the use of this weed, as a poultice on the wound and a drink. It was growing around in great abundance, and is said to grow wherever the snakes are found. The story is, that it was discovered in consequence of an Indian's having seen two snakes fight, one of which, on being bitten, began to eat this weed. When the head of the cabin came home, I heard more cases of cures effected by this wonderful weed, and at last our curiosity was so much excited that we collected some of it to show to our me-

dical friends at home; I also bought the bottle of grease to cure a friend's corns. It seemed really wonderful that this magic weed was so little known among physicians. The case of Dr. WAINWRIGHT, in this city, a year or two ago, is fresh in the memory of your readers. The snake that bit him may be seen stuffed, in the barber's shop, at the corner of Nassau-street and Maiden-lane. He was a monster. Several years ago, a druggist, who had a particular fancy for playing with these reptiles, was killed by a bite. He lived in the neighborhood of Lake George, (at Saratoga,) and must have heard of this cure, if there is any virtue in it.

'Arrived at SHERRELL'S, again we heard more about it. The man who tends the bar had been twice bitten, and used no other remedy. Nothing seems to be better recommended by sovereign cures. Yet, since my return, my medical friends all pronounce it a humbug.

'Turning to the New-York Natural History, I find that this plant is botanically known as *Hieracium Venosum*. Dr. TORREY remarks: 'This is one of the numerous plants supposed to be antidotes to the bite of the rattlesnake; but its virtues are probably overrated, if not entirely imaginary.' Under the head of 'Copper-Head Snake,' Dr. DE KAY says: 'Many vegetable antidotes have been proposed against the bite of this and the rattlesnake, but they all seem to depend mainly upon their being infused in large quantities of fluid. Nothing is more effectual than scarifying extensively, and cupping the wound when the parts cannot be reached, after the application of a ligature; sucking the wound, if long continued, is commonly sufficient, together with copious draughts of oil, milk or even warm water.' He thinks the vegetable remedies can scarcely be depended upon without the aid of some other remedy, such as is suggested above.

'It appears that the age of the snake cannot be judged by the number of rattles, nor is it true that the bite does not kill a hog, unless perhaps where the fatty covering protects. They tried the experiment on a poor porker at Horicon, and he soon gave up the ghost.

'There, Sir, there 's my Lake George experience about bites. Yours is not a medical journal, but it is more read than such a journal would be, and it will be of interest to all your readers, that you put before them the best experience on this point:

'Now all ye youth a warning take,
And shun the p'ison of the snake!'

'FIGARO' DRAMATIC JOURNAL. — A very clever weekly journal has recently been commenced in this city, entitled '*Figaro, or Corbyn's Chronicle of Amusements.*' It is a weekly record of theatricals and music, with occasional comments on art and artists, and 'the chit-chat and gossip of the day about men, women and books.' Mr. CORBYN has associated with him Professor JOHN W. S. HOWS, late of the '*Albion*' weekly journal, who will devote his talents exclusively to the new publication. Why does he not copy an article written by himself for these pages, years ago, entitled '*September and Oysters?*' It would be timely, 'about these days.' A writer in '*Figaro*,' evidently familiar with his theme, is giving us some account of certain literary celebrities in London. We take the following from a paper on DOUGLAS JERROLD, the celebrated wit and dramatist:

'JERROLD's conversation is highly spiced with sarcasm. He delights in retorts, which are seldom courteous. Some of them are very characteristic. We remember one evening at a friend's house, he asked Mr. MACREADY if it was true that he had taken Drury Lane Theatre? Upon that actor's answering in the affirmative, and going on to state that he took it more for the benefit of the dramatic art than in the expectation of making any money himself, and that it would afford him very great pleasure to produce his plays, JERROLD broke out: 'Oh, come, Mr. MACREADY, none of your damned *grim* patronage for me, Sir!'

'Some of his remarks are even more indefensible. Dining at Sergeant TALFOURD's table one day, the guests were amusing themselves by propounding conundrums. JERROLD gave this: 'Why is our worthy host's face like a druggist's sign?' After several guesses, JERROLD gave his solution: 'Because it is generally red, and always lit up after dark.' This allusion to the sergeant's glowing countenance, after a few glasses of wine, was considered by those present to be in very bad taste, perhaps almost as bad as our repeating it. Some of JERROLD's retorts have, however, a poetical justice, which secures to them the sympathy of the company. We remember at the Museum Club he administered, in the sugared shape of a pretended apology, a gentle dose of physic to a most arrogant and conceited member, who had insulted many by his supercilious manners. JERROLD, one day, mistaking him for an acquaintance, (to whom he bore considerable resemblance,) patted him good-temperedly on the shoulder, saying, 'Well, my boy, how are you?' The dignity of this young

sprig was so much hurt, that he complained to several of Mr. JERROLD's unauthorized familiarity. This getting to the savage author's ears, the next time he met the 'offended dignity,' he took a public opportunity of apologizing in the following terms: 'I have to ask your pardon, Mr. SMITH, for my familiarity the other day; but I am somewhat near-sighted, and at the moment I mistook you for my friend BROWN, but a narrower inspection convinces me that you are a devilish deal uglier than he. I sincerely ask both your pardons for my mistake!'

'Upon another occasion, being introduced to Mr. WIRE, the Deputy Sheriff of London, who happens to be a very short, stout man, the caustic novelist said to the jolly little official: 'You say you are WIRE, Sir, but I swear you look more like an *inch of a crowbar!*' We do not give these instances as brilliant specimens of wit, but merely as a sample of his unfortunate fondness for sarcasm. We shall inflict only one more of these 'amiabilities' upon our readers. A young author, somewhat conceited on account of having persuaded one of those generous-hearted nondescripts called publishers to issue a religious work of his, entitled 'Schism and Repentance,' wrote to JERROLD, begging him to subscribe for a copy. The 'gentle JERROLD' wrote back that he might put him down for *Schism*, by all means, but he would advise him to keep *Repentance* for his publishers and readers!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — There is 'no mistake' about it; OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, of Boston, is more like THOMAS HOOD in the sententiousness and force of his language and the melody of his rhythm than any other writer now living. His writings constitute one of our literary *affections*. We never yet saw any thing from his pen which we did not read with pleasure. His strong common sense, his detestation of humbug, and his clear conceptions of truth and beauty, have made him a favorite in every part of the country; and may he long live to enjoy his well-deserved popularity! We have before us his last poem, '*Astræa, the Balance of Illusions*,' delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale-College in August last, and now published by request of that society. It is brimfull of the excellences peculiar to its author. Its satire is trenchant, its wit keen, its rhythm melodious, and its tendency good. We go directly 'in' for extracts, that being the best way in which HOLMES can be praised by any critic, howsoever astute and appreciative he may be. Observe this radiant picture of the coming on of Spring:

'WINTER is past; the heart of Nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green;
On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,
Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden, drift, or sky, or sun;
The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
The frozen trophy torn from winter's crest;
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.
Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky;
On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves;
The housefly, stealing from his narrow grave,
Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
Beats with faint wing against the sunny pane,
Or crawls, tenacious, o'er its lucid plain;
From shaded chinks of lichen-crusted walls,
In languid curves, the gliding serpent crawls;
The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep,
Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap;
On floating rails that face the softening noons
The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,
Or toiling, aimless, o'er the mellowing fields,
Trail through the grass their tessellated shields.

'At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Wooed by her playmate with the golden hair,
Chased to the margin of receding floods
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,
In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.'

We know of nothing more felicitous than the manner in which HOLMES conveys a faithful picture to his readers by means of one or two well-chosen simple vernacular expressions; such for example as the following:

'THE crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,
Poised on a bulrush *tipsy* with his weight.'

Look you here, also, how so simple a thing as the ringing of a church-bell can awaken in a true poet's mind images of forceful truth and beauty:

'WHEN o'er the street the morning peal is flung
From yon tall belfry with the brazen tongue,
Its wide vibrations, wafted by the gale,
To each far listener tell a different tale.
The sexton, stooping to the quivering floor
Till the great caldron spills its brassy roar,
Whirls the hot axle, counting, one by one,
Each dull concussion, till his task is done.
Toil's patient daughter, when the welcome note
Clangs through the silence from the steeple's throat,
Streams, a white unit, to the checkered street,
Demure, but guessing whom she soon shall meet;
The bell, responsive to her secret flame,
With every note repeats her lover's name.
The lover, tenant of the neighboring lane,
Sighing, and fearing lest he sigh in vain,
Hears the stern accents, as they come and go,
Their only burden one despairing No!
Ocean's rough child, whom many a shore has known
Ere homeward breezes swept him to his own,
Starts at the echo, as it circles round,
A thousand memories kindling with the sound;
The early favorite's unforgotten charms,
Whose blue initials stain his tawny arms;
His first farewell, the flapping canvas spread,
The seaward streamers crackling o'er his head,
His kind, pale mother, not ashamed to weep
Her first-born's bridal with the haggard deep,
While the brave father stood with fearless eye,
Smiling and choking with his last good-bye.

'T is but a wave, whose spreading circle beats,
With the same impulse, every nerve it meets,
Yet who shall count the varied shapes that ride
On the round surge of that aërial tide!'

Did you ever read any thing more finely sarcastic, more keenly trenchant, more admirably terse and graphic, than the following? Expect not:

'YON whey-faced brother, who delights to wear
A weedy flux of ill-conditioned hair,
Seems of the sort that in a crowded place
One elbows freely into smallest space;
A timid creature, lax of knee and hip,
Whom small disturbance whitens round the lip;
One of those harmless spectacled machines,
Ignored by waiters when they call for greens,
Whom schoolboys question if their walk transcends
The last advices of maternal friends,
Whom JOHN, obedient to his master's sign,
Conducts, laborious, up to ninety-nine,
While PETER, glistening with luxurious scorn,
Husks his white ivories like an ear of corn;
Dark in the brow and bilious in the cheek,
Whose yellowish linen flowers but once a week,
Conspicuous, annual, in their threadbare suits,
And the laced high-lows which they call their boots.
Well may'st thou *shun* that dingy front severe,
But him, O stranger, him thou can'st not *fear!*

'Be slow to judge, and slower to despise,
Man of broad shoulders and heroic size!
The tiger, writhing from the boa's rings,
Drops at the fountain where the cobra stings.

In that lean phantom, whose extended glove
Points to the text of universal love,
Behold the master that can tame thee down
To crouch, the vassal of his Sunday frown;
His velvet throat against thy corded wrist,
His loosened tongue against thy doubled fist!

'The Moral Bully, though he never swears,
Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs,
Though meekness plants his backward sloping hat,
And non-resistance ties his white cravat,
Though his black broadcloth glories to be seen
In the same plight with SHYLOCK'S gaberdine,
Hugs the same passion to his narrow breast
That heaves the cuirass on the trooper's chest,
Hears the same hell-hounds yelling in his rear
That chase from port the maddened buccaneer,
Feels the same comfort while his acrid words
Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds,
Or with grim logic prove, beyond debate,
That all we love is worthiest of our hate,
As the scarred ruffian of the pirate's deck,
When his long swivel rakes the staggering wreck!

'Heaven keeps us all! Is every rascal clown,
Whose arm is stronger, free to knock us down?
Has every scarecrow, whose cachetic soul
Seems fresh from Bedlam, airing on parole,
Who, though he carries but a doubtful trace
Of angel visits on his hungry face,
From lack of marrow or the coins to pay,
Has dodged some vices in a shabby way,
The right to stick us with his cut-throat terms,
And bait his homilies with his brother worms?'

Gotham comes in for a small share of our poet's satire; in that she is guilty of talking about Boston's being 'provincial,' etc.; but it is satire untinctured with bitterness, as witness the annexed lines:

'GOD bless Manhattan! Let her fairly claim,
With all the honors due her ancient name,
Worth, wisdom, wealth, abounding and to spare,
Rags, riots, rogues, at least her honest share;
But not presume, because, by sad mischance,
The mobs of Paris wring the neck of France,
Fortune has ordered she shall turn the poise
Of thirty empires with her Bowery boys!

'The poorest hamlet on the mountain's side
Looks on her glories with a sister's pride;
When the first babes her fruitful ship-yards wean,
Play round the breasts of Ocean's conquered queen,
The shout of millions, borne on every breeze,
Sweeps with EXCELSIOR o'er the enfranchised seas!

'Yet not too rashly let her think to bind
Beneath her circlet all the nation's mind;
Our star-crowned mother, whose informing soul
Clings to no fragments, but pervades the whole,
Views with a smile the clerk of Maiden Lane,
Who takes her ventral ganglion for her brain!
No fables tell us of MINERVAS born
From bags of cotton or from sacks of corn;
The halls of Leyden Science used to cram,
While dullness snored in purse-proud Amsterdam!'

Is not this a most happy illustration of that narrow-minded reasoning, whether false or true, which never goes out of its own small circle? — that horse-in-a-mill species of argument or belief, which seeks no added scope, but lives and dies unaided and choked?

'WHEN the first larvæ on the elm are seen,
The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are green;
Ere chill October shakes the latest down,
They, like the foliage, change their tint to brown;

On the blue flower a bluer flower you spy,
You stretch to pluck it — 't is a butterfly;
The flattened tree-toads so resemble bark,
They 're hard to find as Ethiops in the dark;
The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious mud,
Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for his blood:
So by long living on a single lie,
Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its dye;
Red, yellow, green, they take their subject's hue —
Except when squabbling turns them black and blue!'

Well, we must take a reluctant leave of this matter-full little book; commending it, meanwhile, to the perusal and admiration of our readers. It is from the press of our friends Messrs. TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, Boston. . . . IT is the author of 'HARRY FRANCO' who speaks on this wise: 'The great fault of the age is too much preaching, too little practising of religion; too much profession, too little possession of the spirit of christianity. There is too great a contradiction between men's tongues and hands. The whole atmosphere is filled with professions and ascriptions, while the poor, the hungry, the naked and utterly miserable, are moaning and dying at our doors. Society spends millions in building sumptuous churches, but seldom thinks of the horrible hovels within the sound of the music of Trinity bells, where Humanity reeks in wretchedness and dies in despair, except with a sort of pharasaical complacency, that 'we are not as other men are, especially these poor sinners.'' Now that bleak December's winds are coming, and poverty and sorrow will be doubly rife in the metropolis, would it not be well for many in our midst to ask themselves

'Whether or no
These things be so?'

'Do you know,' writes a friend at Easton, (Penn.,) 'the Dutch word for 'sausages?' It is '*wurs*,' or '*wurz*,' and is pronounced just like our word 'worse.' I do not know the exact spelling; perhaps some Dutch friend will give it to you; but I am going to tell you a story about it which I heard from the lips of a working-man in my father's employ, and will try to give as nearly as possible in his own words: 'There was a Yankee feller worked one year to WALDRON'S; they 're Dutch, you know, and they talk Dutch, and this feller he did n't know nothin' about Dutch. Wal, one mornin' they had sassengers for breakfast, and they had kinder kep 'em too long, and they was a little *changed*. Wal, this feller had eaten some of 'em, and the old man asked him if he would take some more *wurs*. 'No, by thunder!' says the feller, says he; 'if its *worse* than that, I can't stand it, no how!'' Let me tell you another anecdote, not because it at all resembles the foregoing, but because it seems to me too good to be lost. A certain wealthy and highly respectable gentleman, who kept his carriage, once on a time paid a visit at my father's house. He sported a splendid pair of horses, and my father, as he admired the fine animals, asked their owner if he had names for them. 'Yes,' said the classical student; 'I call them 'HECTOR' and 'CICERO' — two Roman generals!' he added, explanatively. Does it not amuse you highly, worthy KNICK., to hear illiterate people make use of words which they do not understand, and to which they attach an entirely different meaning? Mrs. PARTINGTON speaks of a man who died of a 'suggestion of the brain;' and a little boy once informed me that his father was sick with *inflation* of the lungs! A neighbor of ours remarked the other day that a *phrenologist* had been collecting 'specimens' among the rocks and hills in his vicinity; and another, seeing my brother trying the temperature of water with a thermometer, said: 'Ah, JOHN, are you trying an experiment with your *chronometer*?' Another spoke of a meeting being *rejourned*,

and a *detachment* laid on a person's property; but the most amusing blunder of the kind I have heard in a long time was that of another neighbor, a plain farmer, who, after listening for some time to a certain person's performance on the piano, gravely asked her if she could 'play on the *catarrh!*' . . . 'To-NIGHT,' writes a dear friend from the country, 'I am alone in my room. The fire is cheerful, and my wife is sleeping dreamlessly, with our dear little prodigies near her. I have finished the repast of your '*Editor's Table*,' and sit toasting my feet on the screen, digesting the genius of the great SIDNEY WEST. What a comet of literature he is! Apropos of 'poetry;' I have just been endeavoring to divert myself with a nursery sonnet, or ditty, or song, 'or what not,' which I venture to jot down for your private eye:

'OUR two little children
Are sleeping here snugly;
Neither is beautiful,
And neither is ugly.

'Yet we fancy sometimes,
When we gaze in their eyes,
They are two little angels
Sent down from the skies:

'To imbue us with love,
And to open our hearts
To every rich blessing
GOD's bounty imparts.

'And to make us more grateful
For all we receive,
To HIM who hath made us,
And in whom we all live.

'Do you think it is wicked
To look at them so?
Shall we disown the rash thought?
Our answer is, '*No!*'

'We 'll cherish the fancy
As we 'd treasure a gem,
Till we 've learned the good lesson,
And taught it to them.'

A CERTAIN acquaintance of ours, not unknown in Washington, nor altogether unacquainted in Gotham, said to a friend of his, who was imbibing a ''leven-o'clock' potation the other morning: 'CORNELIUS, my friend, you drink too much; you will eventually ruin your health; your wife and children will inevitably be brought to want; and you yourself may come to be a poor dissipated vagabond. Let me entreat you to pause 'before it is everlastingly too late!'' 'Why, you impudent old inebriate! — *you* lecture *me* on my drinking!' replied the other; '*you*, you old swipes! who have n't been to bed sober in six months!' 'Yes, I have,' responded the somewhat astonished lecturer. 'Well, I should like to know *when*. I do n't believe it.' 'It 's a fact, though. About four weeks ago I came home about ten o'clock, and went to bed. Pretty soon after I got in bed, my wife said, 'Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You act very strangely!' 'There 's nothing the matter with me,' said I, 'nothing at all.' 'I 'm sure there is,' said she; 'you do n't act natural, at all. Shan't I get up and get something for you?' And up she got, lighted a candle, and came to the bedside to look at me, shading the light with her hand. 'I *knew* there was something strange about you!' she said: 'why, *you are sober!*' Now this is a fact, and my wife will swear to it; so do n't you slander me any more by saying that I have n't been to bed sober in six months; 'cause I have!' . . . IT seems that it was *not* our friend Colonel GREENE, of that sparkling journal, the '*Boston Morning Post*,' who presented the sheet-iron tribute to the great tragedian SHALES; but it *was* a Bostonian who told us so, years ago. But he 'lied like a tomb-stone.' Kurnel GREENE, 'Yours!' . . . THACKERAY'S '*Pendennis*' is still being published in numbers by the HARPERS. It loses none of its interest as it advances. The author comes nearer DICKENS in naturalness and force of style than any modern author whom we have encountered. Observe, for example, this little episode of a sick chamber:

'IT is not only for the sick man, it is for the sick man's friends that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly. How we have all watched after him! what an emotion the thrill of his carriage-wheels in the street, and at length at the door, has made us feel! how we hang upon his words, and what a comfort we get from

a smile or two, if he can vouchsafe that sunshine to lighten our darkness! Who has n't seen the mother praying into his face, to know if there is hope for the sick infant that can not speak, and that lies yonder, its little frame battling with fever? Ah, how she looks into his eyes! What thanks if there is light there; what grief and pain if he casts them down, and dares not say 'hope!' Or it is the house-father who is stricken. The terrified wife looks on, while the physician feels his patient's wrist, smothering her agonies, as the children have been called upon to stay their plays and their talk. Over the patient in the fever, the wife expectant, the children unconscious, the doctor stands as if he were FATE, the dispenser of life and death: he *must* let the patient off this time; the woman prays so for his respite! One can fancy how awful the responsibility must be to a conscientious man: how cruel the feeling that he has given the wrong remedy, or that it might have been possible to do better: how harrassing the sympathy with survivors, if the case is unfortunate — how immense the delight of victory!"

A very touching picture is drawn of the death of PENDENNIS's loving mother. There had been some estrangement between them, then a reconciliation: 'Poor thing! was it not natural that she should love her ARTHUR? And again she kissed him, and she blessed him. As they were talking, the clock struck nine, and HELEN reminded him how, when he was a little boy, she used to go up to his bed-room at that hour, and hear him say Our FATHER. And once more, oh, once more, the young man fell down at his mother's sacred knees, and sobbed out the prayer which the DIVINE Tenderness uttered for us, and which has been echoed for twenty ages since by millions of sinful and humbled men. And as he spoke the last words of the supplication, the mother's head fell down on her boy's, and her arms closed round him, and together they repeated the words 'for ever and ever,' and 'Amen!' She was dead. . . . OBSERVE you how eloquently a cold icy letter has caused a young lady (a *pretty* young lady, we have not the slightest doubt) to address the EDITOR hereof. Our fair correspondent has our 'warm' sympathy: 'Did you ever 'hear tell' of the young lady who said *she* 'would n't never conceal *her* love, and let the worms eat her up, like SHAKESPEARE'S young woman?' *I* did, and I admired her frankness. I will follow her example, and tell you the geometrically exact truth touching my reasons for writing to you. I am 'blue;' I am the 'victim of circumstances;' I am suffering from a brace of misfortunes. You have a sympathising heart, and I wish to disclose to you my grievances. Read and compassionate. If there are any two subjects in the world on which I am enthusiastic, they are *Friendship* and *Moonlight*. Yesterday I received a frigid-zone letter, and took a severe cold from the perusal of it. *Such* a letter! It must have been written under the very shadow of the North Pole, on an iceburg for a writing-desk. As for a seal, any thing in that line would have been a waste, as the contents would have frozen the envelope securely enough. I would just like to know where the mercury stood in the thermometer of friendship when that epistle was indited! If it had been only a 'damper,' or a mere specimen of 'coolness,' the case would n't have been so bad; but it was a downright *congealer*. Could I help it, if my happiness for the day was destroyed? Did *you* ever receive such a missive? — the very recollection of which would give you a chill weeks afterward, and make you think of the comforts of furs? If *nay*, please do n't arrange your features into an 'incredulous smile' at my distress, for you can have no idea of the thing; if *yea*, call memory to your aid, and 'phanzy my pheelinks.' Thus was the day made cold and dreary; but at night the moon rose clear, and I promised myself an evening of enjoyment. Alas! as the moon rose in the sky, a thought rose in my mind, and I could not drive it away. Though an unwelcome guest, it *would* be there. Some one, in a letter to the '*Tribune*' not long ago, speaks of 'two hundred miles of moonlight.' Moonlight measured! Think of that! If 'that man' lives long, he will discover some process by which he can collect our beautiful silvery moon-shine, and sell it out at so much a bushel; or perhaps he will invent some im-

provement on the 'raw material,' and have it made to 'order.' 'Two hundred miles of moonlight!' I could n't get over it. I heaved one sigh, as I thought of the past; I dropped one tear, as I thought of the future; and went to sleep, and dreamed that the Spirit of Beauty had passed away from earth forever, and that moonlight was disposed of by the acre, and clouds sold at sixpence a-piece!' . . . We commend the following feeling lines to the many who have been called to lament the loss of near and dear friends. 'Poor despised old Lear,' looking at the dead body of his child Cordelia, said, 'The dog, the horse, the rat hath life, yet thou no breath at all!' But *his* complaining sorrow was not a chastened grief:

LINES OF CONSOLATION

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND INDULGING EXCESSIVE DESPONDENT SORROW FOR THE DEATH OF HIS TWIN-BROTHER.

Oh! let not grief beyond control
Rob life of ev'ry hope and charm;
Who pierc'd thy heart can make it whole:
Then lean upon His powerful arm!

'T is not His wrath that weighs thee down,
'T is not His sorest scourge you bear;
There 's nothing vengeful in His frown —
He has not doomed thee to despair:

Else Reason from her throne were torn,
Or, (Conscience dead to guilt and shame,)
The love of kindred turned to scorn —
Thy children taught to mock thy name.

Oh! then look up, with joy, and see
What earnest of His love was given,
That when compelled to chasten thee,
He only took thy friend to Heaven.

John Barber Burnet.

Syracuse, Sept. 29, 1850.

When a colt enters upon a race, he 'carries weight for age,' do n't he? Very well. In the same way, we do n't put a burthen upon a child's shoulders that a man would stagger under — do we? Very well, again. But we *do* put burthens upon children's *minds*, oftentimes, that they actually stagger under. Just now, when the first autumn evening-fire gleamed in the sanctum-grate, little Jose and 'Young Knick.,' associating at once fire-light with the soft deer-skin rug (hats off to the Mayor of Binghamton!) had that pleasant present brought out from its summer recess, and we all lay down upon the long fur, so often pressed by little feet in winter days gone by, and variously chatted together. Presently our little 'five-year-old' said: 'Father, I know what *sin* is; I learn't it at school. I do n't know only four of my letters; but I know what sin is: 'Sin is a want of co-formity to, or a transgression of, the law of God!' '*T is*, father,' said she, in answer to our silent laugh. Good gracious! — the old Westminster Catechism revived in our successors! That little girl will be able to give us what all the 'Petitions' teach, and to define 'Effectual Calling' before she gets down to 'ampersand' in her alphabet! However, we have come to the conclusion that she had better 'carry weight for age,' for the present at least, and enter upon the study of that comprehensive body of divinity, the 'Westminster Catechism,' at a little later period of her childhood, say 'somewhere along by-and-by.' . . . A very infelicitous phrase, or form of expression, that came to us, we believe, from some careless western writer, has obtained, we are sorry to see, in this meridian. For example, we find our plain English-speaking contempo-

raries of the '*Courier and Enquirer*' and '*Tribune*' daily journals beginning a paragraph or a sentence with: '*Said* CHITTY, in his 'First Eclogue on Oysters,' or '*Said* McGOOSELEY, in his elegant 'Tractate on the Origin and Progress of American Futty,' etc. We prefer, for our own part, *this* form: '*Says* CHITTY, says he,' or 'Says McGOOSELEY, says he,' etc. Next to 'gents' for gentlemen, and 'pants' for pantaloons, commend us to '*Said* GREELEY, in his varied and interesting columns,' or '*Said* RAYMOND, in his well-written journal,' etc., etc. . . . 'MOSES' sends us an '*Impromptu on seeing a Child's Cradle floating on Canandaigua Lake*,' which is very clever, save that it contains a sort of necessary assault and battery on old PRISCIAN in one or two places:

SAY, you juvenile affair,
What are you doing way out there,
Out of reach
Of any body on the beach?
Tell me, interesting cradle,
Didst thou on thy rockers wa-dle
To the spot where now you lay?
Hey?
Or has rude BOREAS, slyly creeping,
Come upon thee gently sleeping
On the shore,
Filling soft thy wooden sail,
Launching thee, a vessel frail,
To return no more?

Could you know the anxious fears
Of passers-by, perhaps the tears
By a mother shed,
You would n't quite so calmly stay
Where you so unconscious lay
On your perilous bed.

. . . . .

Perhaps now, in thy lap reposing,
A father's hope lies sweetly snoozing;
If so, and you should thoughtless be,
And stay away too long at sea,
Look out for squalls,
That 's all!

—

A WEALTHY but very penurious old gentleman got hold of a rather tough customer in the person of a Rochester rail-road and steam-boat runner the other day, whom he had offended by some act of meanness. 'Blast your stingy old skin!' said the runner to him, before a whole dépôt-full of by-standers; 'I knew you when you used to hire your children, for a penny, to go to bed without their supper, and after they got to sleep you 'd go up and steal their pennies to hire 'em with 'em ag'in next night!' This was a little too much; and the old miser 'sloped,' amidst the laughter of the assemblage. . . . '*A Fellow-Traveller in the World*,' under date of 'New-York, August 16,' has been correcting (postage unpaid) the editors of WILMER AND SMITH'S '*European Times*,' at Liverpool, in their orthography. The correction is rich, whether it be a hoax or not:

'DEAR SIR In Reading your paper Called WILLMER & SMITHS Times I notice your workmen make a great meny misstakes in spelling the way you spell Fillmore iss [Philmore] and in this last paper per Naggara you said that 21,000 Baskets of strawberry were rode on the New York and Eara Railrode insted of spelling Eara right you spell it [Earie] which is not right Your Truely

A SUBSCRIBERS.

P. S. Dear sir by looking into Things you will Conferred a great favor on most all your Americen subscribers. Yours Truly and sincere,' etc.

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WE derive the subjoined notice of the present exhibition of the *American Art-Union* from a correspondent who is himself an artist. We have not seen the collection to which he refers, but shall take an early occasion to do so. We would simply premise, that there are as 'many men of many minds' in regard to pictures as in relation to matters of opinion on other subjects; and that sometimes, even in art, 'what is one man's meat is another's poison.' We must be permitted to correct our correspondent, who writes with entire good nature, on *one* point. We have the assurance of the estimable PRESIDENT of the Art-Union, that every contributor to the collection, and the artists generally, were invited to be present on the day that M'lle LIND

visited the exhibition, although the *fact* that she was to be present was not stated in the note of invitation, which was in the usual printed form:

'THE galleries of the American Art-Union have been reöpened, after a vacation, and the people of Gotham are gathering and gossipping at that favorite place of resort. A great many people have opened their eyes upon a great many bad pictures, and upon some good ones. I will not here and now discuss the much-debated case of the American Art-Union, or dwell *in extenso* upon the principles, general and particular, of Art-Unions. This I may do upon a future occasion. I have been a close observer of the progress of the Art-Union in our midst, and I dare say it has its great and glaring faults; but at the same time it has its benefits. Where Art itself is not perfect, (and who will avow its arrival at perfection in this country?) can its aids and helps be perfect? I sincerely believe that, in the main, the desire of the managers of the Art-Unions throughout this country is to advance the interests of art. Would that I could say they have no other design; but of that hereafter. At present, I shall confine myself to the idea, that the whole evil lies in *the want of personal and artistical sympathy between the men who merely manage the money of, and the men who contribute the pictures to, the Art-Union.* Art-Unions contribute to keep Art before a talking, lounging, gossipping, rendezvous-ing public, at their rooms. They do not elevate Art itself, nor distribute its influence within the chambers of the great public. They prevent all private orders, as can be and will be demonstrated; nor do they elevate the students of Art, its professors, as most artists can testify, who have dealt with Art-Unions, here and elsewhere. THE ARTIST, who embodies Art, is the last person thought of. His pictures are looked upon as simply the representative of the subscribers' five dollars, as a prize to a five-dollar lottery. You can make nothing else of it; and he and his paintings tend to swell the importance of those who, 'clothed in purple and fine linen,' distribute the prizes to a large constituency. Do not let people, doing business in various honest branches of commerce, wholesale and retail, down in Wall and Pearl-streets, and elsewhere, and managing American Art, that delicate, that subtle and sublime principle, at their rooms in Broadway, suppose that I am altogether angry with *them*. Why, bless your good souls! I am thinking over a whole lot of Art-Unions, scattered hither and thither. Heaven forbid that I should quarrel with my own bread-and-butter, for I am an artist, and have gained a large living by the sale of my pictures to this Art-Union of Broadway. They buy of me liberally; and among the directors of that particular institution there are men who, although I have heard hard and ugly things said of them, have always treated my poor productions just as they should be treated, and purchased them for a ninety-thousand-dollar list of subscribers, at prices that almost paid the frame-maker, and paint-seller, and even myself. The great fault (if any?) lies in the want of sympathy between rich Wall-street and lonely garret-rooms, where painters most do congregate. I have at times been impious enough in my thoughts, when unemployed, to fancy, indeed, that there was no sympathy between the managers and the art of painting at all; but that must be a mistake.

'But I sat down, dear KNICK., to write you a few words about this our gallery in Broadway, as it stands filled with works that demonstrate to enlightened foreigners the 'progress most unexpected and wonderful of American genius.' You know that I am one of the most amiable of men, and am easily pleased; and you know that if I am forced to find fault, it is because the thing which is intended should please me has not sufficient merit to please me. It is not my fault. Well, I went into the Art-Union rooms the other day, (you know they have been made classic by a late circumstance, and are now to be considered as well devoted to music as to painting,) and I found the galleries crowded. Here and there were people who had read the morning papers, and knew the pictures that JENNY LIND had looked at and admired, and they were pointing them out to their friends as '*the pictures*.' I frankly confess I was grievously chagrined to find by the newspaper reports of her visit that my pictures had been overlooked by the fair critic. It seems that each bird upon each tree on which this warbler sits turns forthwith to gold; and wherever her bright orbs are turned, lo! there speedily comes the sweet reward of labor — immortality. I would that she had cast those ST. CECILIAN eyes of hers upon one of my poor efforts, which I cannot even praise myself, and in an instant I should have arisen, upon the gaze of my towns'-people, a famous and a noted man. Oh, favored academicians! whose glowing tints are so 'new and singular,' how do you feel now? oh, mellow and soft-dreaming D——! do you not like it? Outlining C——, with pencil dipped in saffron and in ink, indelible it may be, is it not good thus to be so quickly crowned with laurels? Oh, others of you great LIND-mentioned, tell us, poor dwellers in the gloom of our obscurity, how you feel upon your mountain-tops, and whether the sun is brighter in that other world of fame, into which you have been so wonderfully translated, than in this lower world of ours?

'But this is all envy. I said before, there was no sympathy between the managers and artists. I cannot be mistaken; for I heard that, while enlightened and distinguished frame-makers and print

sellers were invited to this 'feast of reason and flow of' art, there was but one kind and considerate bid given to the barbarian horde of artists to be present. Brother PAINT did not welcome Sister SONG, but Uncle CASH, that lives in Wall-street, and hangs about church-doors, was there to welcome to the temple of lottery-'design' the fair representative of Melody. Was it that the committee dreaded the shabby appearance of these badly-paid artists? Now the President of the American Art-Union is a nice, easy, gentlemanly person; and be it remembered that this feast was paid for 'in toto' out of his own liberal purse. He is a proper, companionable man, and one that has been a good friend to my framed efforts in art, and I hope he will ever be so. I shall try to deserve his good opinion, if I do n't get that of the public, and he must take a few little mosquito-bites in good part: he was worse bitten by the LIND mania. Oh! my countrymen — or other people's countrymen, living within our borders — when will you learn to take things quietly? I say — and be it understood — I say nothing against the World's Songstress on account of this foolish affair at the Art-Union. She is above my pen, as her plumed flight is above my imitation. She has won the verdict of the wise, the amiable of the world. I, who have some 'music in my soul,' would not ruffle one quaver of those celestial notes that, having entranced enlightened man, will find an audience hereafter where the music of her good deeds done in the body will be the melody that shall make the starry vault reëcho eternally in her praise.

'But now to business. Where is the catalogue?

'13. LANDSCAPE: COMPOSITION. By W. M. ODDIE. I quote this description from the catalogue: 'A piece of water, shut in by wooded hills. On the left, a point of land, with a large tree. Men are rowing a boat across the water.' The above is the description of the picture given by the editor of the 'Art-Union Bulletin.' Let me simply alter it, by saying that there are two men rowing a boat across a basin of skimmed milk. There may be water in the milk; that 's very probable.

'20. THE ARMORER. J. W. GLASS. Good in color — poor in conception. The Armorer looks like a sulky Five-Pointer, surprised in a fancy dress by his landlady.

'24. CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS, WEST POINT. By R. W. WEIR. It is understood that Mr. WEIR built this church with his own money. We mean no disparagement to this fine artist when we say that he does not excel in landscape. The free-masonry of his building is prettily colored, for it is his favorite gray; but his trees are not such trees as I should like to wave over me when I sleep beneath the mound of grass.

'25. MARINE VIEW. By T. BURCH. How well he paints water, good, old, and modest THOMAS BURCH! He ought to get KENSETT to paint his rocks; then his pictures would be gems.

'I find my digressions have occupied too much of your space, and with your permission I will keep back my views upon the 'views' of the gallery until the approaching month.'

—

EVERY body knows that there is often a 'descent' in poetry. There is a descent in prose too; although it would be difficult to see how there *could* be a 'descent' from any prose of PUFFER HOPKINS. But so it is, at least in theme. Think of the 'American DICKENS' coming down from 'Arcturus' on the back of a 'Behemoth,' and blowing a penny '*Whistle*' in the streets! But *that* music may have ceased before this squib is printed. Twenty unlucky 'literary' offspring of the same parent, 'gone before,' remind us that 'change' (we do n't mean 'small-change') is written on all that PUFFER HOPKINS writes. 'Passing away! passing away!' into the dull pool of Lethe! . . . THE superb edifice for the *Astor Library*, in Lafayette-Place, is fast approaching its external completion. It will be a living monument to the liberality and good sense of its founder, when the persons of himself and those who knew him shall have been covered with the dust of oblivion. The library itself is forming 'slowly' perhaps, but 'surely,' as regards the high character of the works which have been or are being secured. Mr. COGSWELL'S selections in Europe, consisting of some thirty thousand volumes, are of the very highest order of merit; and that full-minded and indefatigable officer is constantly engaged in his important labor (fortunately for himself, and for the library, a 'labor of love') toward enriching the institution with the best works on all subjects of learned research to be found in the world. . . . WE should like very much to know whether the writer of the paper on '*Games of Chance*'

inferred, from any thing that he had ever seen in these pages, that we should be led to *publish* his communication? It is a poorly-concealed '*Defence of Gaming*,' and should have been so entitled. It is not the innocent diversions of chess or whist that he commends; it is the 'right of a man to do what he will with his own; to risk his money wherever and whenever he pleases; and the right in another, and to an equal degree, to *take* that risk in exchange for his own. This is the 'argument;' urged on the ground that 'the same thing is done in Wall-street every day.' Our answer is short to our would-be-correspondent. In the language of the poet, (with a 'trifling variation,') we should

> —— 'rather be the wretch
> Who scrawls his ideot nonsense on the walls,
> His gallant bark of reason wrecked,
> A mere faint ray of intellect,
> Not quite a man, nor yet a brute,
> Than we would basely prostitute 'Old KNICK.,'
> To serve the cause of VICE!'

WE will try to get along as well as we can in this department without the editorial 'side-table' scraps sent us by an anonymous correspondent. We are not 'smart,' but we are industrious, and can fill our available space very comfortably. . . . THERE were a-many little folk in the parlors down-stairs last night, from the neighborhood round about, for the purpose of having what a friend of ours terms '*Tab Lewxes Wiwants*,' in which the young scions of the house of KNICK. were, with others, to take a part. Every now and then came up from below these words: '*Now* come down, father; we are all ready!—come *quick*, father!' And down did we go, a half-a-dozen times, suddenly dropping the adscititious pen, and leaving our long gossippy slips unstained with ink. In one of the tableaux there was a camp of gypsies, and little JOSE was one of the gipsy-children. Now while we were looking at the scene, with some little parental pride and gratification, a bright light increased before the red curtain, and in a moment we saw that our little lamb was all a-blaze. We rushed toward her, seized her in our arms, and hapily succeeded in smothering the flame before it had reached beyond the under-clothing. We mention this, not as an incident of any great interest or importance, but because we wish no parent to feel as we did when we saw that little girl on fire, nor to have such after dreams concerning the event as we had last night. The moral is: 'When your little folk have tableaux-vivants, pray see that the candles are not carelessly placed near their persons.' . . . A WRITER in the '*Church and State Gazette*' submits a choice specimen of the dialect as exhibited in the responses during the reading of the decalogue: 'What is there so solemn, in hearing a commandment of GOD, as to pray that HE will have mercy on us, and incline our hearts to keep His law? What more shocking than to hear the privileged leader of the congregation put up such solemn prayer after this desecrating fashion: 'Lawrummuzzy puns, 'nincline er rarts to keep's laws!'' . . . A FRIEND has sent us the following as a forcible illustration of the legal tautology that obtains in the law-papers of 'sharp-practitioners,' who charge by the folio for their 'words, words, words:'

'WHEREAS, by a certain instrument bearing date the —— day of —— eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, purporting to be an agreement between R—— B. F——, of the city of New-York, inspector-in-chief of the elections in the Ninth Ward of the said city, doctor of music, of the first part, and J—— S——, of the same city, doctor of medicine, of the second part, it was agreed and consented, by and between the aforesaid parties, that upon the fulfilling the said covenant and agreement, (reference being had to the aforesaid instrument, the nature of the said agreement and covenant will more fully appear,) the said party of the first part should be entitled to and receive from

the said party of the second part certain remunerations, benefits, emoluments and advantages, to be paid, given, rendered, yielded and presented by the said party of the second party unto the said party of the first part: and WHEREAS, upon the failing to perform the said covenant and agreement, (reference being had unto the said instrument, the nature of the agreement and penalty attached to the non-performance of the covenant and agreement, made, concluded, arranged, agreed upon, settled and consented to, will more fully, clearly, conspicuously and definitely appear,) the said party of the first part became bound and obligated in a certain penalty: AND WHEREAS, upon the due and faithful performance of the conditions of the aforesaid instrument of agreement, the said parties thereunto should, agreeably to the usages and customs of nations, be discharged from the penalty contained in the said agreement, and the said covenant and agreement be rendered and made really and absolutely and truly null, void and without effect, and the covenanting parties discharged and released from the penalties, pains, fines, dues, duties and obligations now or at any time heretofore incurred, due or liable to be incurred, or rendered due in consequence of the existence of the aforesaid instrument, covenant and agreement, and that the said instrument, covenant and agreement should be obliterated, cancelled and destroyed: THEREFORE, it is now hereby expressly and decisively agreed and understood by and between the parties to these presents, as well as by and between the said parties in the aforesaid instrument, covenant and agreement, named and mentioned: THAT the aforesaid instrument, covenant and agreement be and is hereby declared and pronounced to be utterly, truly, really and absolutely rendered and made null, void and without effect, and is totally, altogether and irrevocably obliterated, cancelled, destroyed and annihilated, as fully, completely and truly as if the aforesaid instrument, covenant and agreement had never had existence. In witness of the aforesaid total and irrevocable obliteration, cancellation, destruction and annihilation, the parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands and seals this thirty-first day of July, eighteen hundred and ——.'

We trust the '*New Code of Procedure*' in this state abolishes much of this tautological, adscititious, unnecessary, and supererogatory lingo! . . . THE wail of dying Summer is moaning in the trees before the sanctum to-night, and the rain patters plaintively against the windows. Let us, while we listen, read over again '*An Autumnal Leaf*,' just sent us by our fresh-hearted correspondent, the 'PEASANT BARD:'

WHEN withered leaves around my way
Drift in the fresh autumnal blast,
I view them, as they rustling play,
As Summer's phantoms flitting past.
In some still nook, or sheltering lee
Of roaring woods, they seem to me
When resting from their eddying flight,
To build departed Summer's urn;
Where PHŒBUS pours a saddened light
Like moonlight fanned to burn.
The rivulet lowers its babbling voice,
Past its brown banks runs dreamily;
It seems to take, as if from choice,
The melancholy minor key.
All nature's full of sympathy:
The winds and waters, woods and plains
Together blend their dirge-like strains;
The lonely bird forbears to sing;
Grief-stifled seems each tuneful throat;
E'en darker grows the raven's wings,
And desert-like his note.

The dying winds, as set the sun,
Usher the gloaming and expire;
The frosty stars gleam one by one,
Like ice reflecting distant fire.
The moon awaits her time to rise,
To bathe with her cold light the skies;
The frost-king creeps in stillness forth;
While shooting upward high and higher,
The unwarned wizard of the north
Kindles his ghostly fire.

The peasant, homeward hieing now,
Belated, turns his thoughtful gaze,
And sees on high the starry 'plough'
Pale through the evanescent blaze.
Thoughts, sad yet pleasing, crowd his mind;
Thoughts formless half, and half defined,
Such as the bard and painter feel,
But fail to picture or to sing;
Thoughts that of genius fix the seal,
And point her upward wing!
The hunter, camped beside the spring,
Where the red maple sheltering stands,
As low the welling waters sing,
And cheerful shine his blazing brands,
Moodily muses at his eye
Watches the flashing northern sky,
And dreams in ODIN'S distant hall
Hunters some kingly banquet share,
And he, one day, when DEATH shall call,
Shall mingle with them there.

When withered leaves around my way
Drift in the fresh autumnal blast,
I look upon them as they play,
As Summer's phantom's flitting past.
In stilly nook, or sheltering lee,
Of waving woods, they seem to me,
When gathering from their eddying flight,
To build departed Summer's urn
Where PHŒBUS pours a mellowed light,
Like moonlight fanned to burn!

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND STEVENS, opposite the Carlton-House, have made their superb establishment one of the *necessities* of the town. 'All things rich and rare'

are there congregated. Foremost, in all their stateliness, stand their great reflectors, shadowing *passing* events and facts, encircled by their graceful wreaths, not of fancy but of gilded ornament. Among some of the recently added novelties, may be noticed the engraving from LANDSEER's last and magnificent picture of '*The Drive*,' or '*Flight of Deer*,' the largest engraving ever put to press. The same house will soon announce his two great subjects: '*Peace*' and '*War*,' and a fine large print from a picture of the olden time, called '*An Old English Merry-Making*,' of which the etching has been received. They will also soon have from London, for exhibition, the original picture of this splendid subject. The great print of 'HARVEY demonstrating to CHARLES the First his theory of the Circulation of the Blood,' will soon be finished, as well as '*Waiting for the Countess*,' from LANDSEER. '*The Wounded Hound*,' from ANSDELL, are also, among the latest novelties. Their print department is very complete, embracing all the finest productions of the English, French and German schools. The artist's-materials department of the establishment will soon be complete for the supply of every thing English or French. Additions will be constantly made to their present very fine assortment of bronzes, papier-maché goods, and porcelains, the productions of the best artists and manufactories in Europe; and these, together with a choice new lot of the Bisqué, or Parian marble-ware and figures, which will be ready for exhibition in a few days, will contribute to make their store emphatically what they term it, the '*Art-Repository*.' . . . 'A RAT! a rat! dead for a ducat!' So we recently thought, with HAMLET; but there was a flaw in our speculations as there was in the mad prince's philosophy. We sat the other morning, in the mild October air, watching a corpulent rat come from a neighboring yard, cross the flower-bordered walks of our little garden, and half bury himself in a hole in the farthest corner. Knowing that in that position his 'ear was deaf that it could not hear,' we approached with noiseless, stealthy step, seized with vigorous grasp his caudal appendage close up to his person; and what do you think befel? Why this: he retired, leaving a 'balance in hand' of one rat-tail skin, bearing a strong resemblance to the 'file' of that name. That victim to 'prompt measures' may still occasionally be seen sneaking shame-facedly around his old places of resort; but in the main, he rather shuns society. . . . ONE of the most costly and elegant gift-books for the approaching holiday season is a work of large size, embellished with eighteen highly-finished engravings, designed expressly for the work, edited by Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT, and entitled '*Our Saviour, with Prophets and Apostles*.' The several descriptions are by different distinguished American divines, and are exceedingly well written. We predict for this splendid volume a wide popularity. . . . 'OLLAPOD' once very forcibly conveyed the distortion of words by fashionable vocalists in the lines of 'Black-Eyed SUSAN:'

'ODLE id'n the Dowd'nds thoi vlit was a-moor'd,
Thoi zdrimures wolving id'n the woind,'

and so forth; but we once heard a twanging-nosed Yankee vocalist beat this style out and out, in rendering a patriotic ditty 'of and concerning' the '*Death of General Wolfe*.' Two of the verses were as follow; but pen cannot describe the tones of the voice that wedded them to that '*immortal* music:'

'D'DNE-E d'lifted um'p d'his 'ead,
W'idle d'the cad'dnons din'd d'rattle,
Ad'nd tew his Ad'nedekemp he sai-n'd,
'D'now goes the bad'ntel?'

'D'n iz Ad'nedekemp d're'mplied,
'Tid'n'z id'n our fa-a-ver!'
'D'no thed'n bra'nve WOLFE d're'mplied,
'D'n-I-e die wid'th pled-zshure!'

We had the pleasure of an interview to-day with our long-time oriental correspondent and friend, John P. Brown, Esq., of Constantinople, whose contributions to these pages have proved so widely acceptable. He visits this country with Amin Bey, the distinguished ambassador from the sultan of Turkey, whom we also had the pleasure to meet; a fine specimen of his improved and improving race. Our readers will soon hear again from Mr. Brown. . . . A very rare and touching series of sketches is '*Ehringer's Etchings, suggested by Hood's* '*Bridge of Sighs*,' just issued by Putnam. They are *worthy* of Hood's noble poem, which is all that need be said touching their merit. . . . 'In conversation,' says Sidney Smith, 'any language almost will do; that is, great indulgence is extended to the language of *talkers*, because a talker is at hand to explain himself, and his looks and gestures are a sort of comment upon his words, and help to interpret them; but as a writer has no such auxiliary language to communicate his ideas, and no power of reëxplaining them when once clothed in language, he has nothing to depend upon but a careful use of terms. The use made of the great instrument of conversation is the display of superiority, not the gaining of those materials on which superiority may rightfully and justly be founded.' Smith himself, we are told, was a model talker. . . . Half past twelve o'clock at night, and a stormy morning has begun. We have gossipped till 'our eyelids can no longer wag,' so we will 'to couch.' Looking in the fire, and thinking of the rosy slumbers, for hours, of the little people, while we have been scribbling, we have meditated upon their innocence; upon our own childhood, passed forever away; of the thick-coming years; of the reposeful spirit to which we would attain; of the 'higher life' to which *every* man must at some period or other of the day or night aspire; and of the rest which a 'conscience void of offence toward God and toward man' gives to the weary spirit. Who does not *sometimes* say to himself, at the close of the busy day, or in the night-watches:

> 'Rest for my Soul I long to find!
> Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
> Give a meek, a lowly mind,
> And write Thy image on my heart!'

When 'the years of old,' reader, shall 'stand in the sun, and murmur of childhood and the dead,' you will 'think on these things.' . . . We would invite the reader's attention to the series of articles upon '*Physical Geography*,' which have lately led the van in our Magazine. They are written with great spirit, and are the result of much study and research. A stupid typographical blunder disfigures the last line of the first paragraph in the opening article of the present number, but the intelligent reader will readily correct it. The next number of the series is upon '*Comparative Physiology*,' and will reward perusal. . . . The crop of new towns that is springing up all over the country, impresses us with a belief that in the next half century we shall have some serious philological disturbances in our language. For how are we to designate the inhabitants when they have a 'local habitation' but no 'name?' What can be done, for example, with such appellations as San Franciscans, Monterey-jans, Chicagonians, Detroiters, Buffalonians, Oswegians, West-Pointers, Tillietud-lemites, Rahwayians, Poughkeepsians, Peekskillers, Sing-Singers, Green-Pointers, Ryeiters, Weekawkers, Key-Porters, Communipawians, Lansingburghians, Skeneate-lians, Old Point-Comfortonians, Fishkillers, Neversinkers, Ramaponians, Painted-Posters, Chemungians, Pleasant Villains, Catskillers, Hyde-Parkers, Depositers, Esopusers, and after all these what on earth is to be done with the people born in

Cocksackie? . . . THERE is great melody, as well as tender feeling, in the subjoined beautiful 'Serenade.' It breathes the very soul of passion; yet it is soft and flowing as a murmuring rivulet. We commend it to the sweet music of our friend DEMPSTER:

TWILIGHT dews are weeping,
Silent stars are peeping
Forth from thrones of love on high;
Meekly flowers are bending,
Evening songs ascending,
Peaceful glides the streamlet by.

Vesper bells are tolling,
Echoes lightly rolling,
O'er the mountain, vale and moor;
Music softly stealing,
Purest thoughts revealing,
Now the toils of day are o'er.

Happy hearts are beating,
Lovers' vows repeating,
Swiftly haste the hours along;
Founts of love are swelling,
Joyous hearts are telling
Dreams of sunny days in song.

With the changing measure,
Comes to me no pleasure,
Heedless flies the sunset hour;
Music sorrow bringing,
Mem'ry sadness winging
To my heart's once happy bower.

Round me joy is teeming,
I am only dreaming
Of *her* smile I can't forget;
From delusion waking,
Heart deceived is breaking:
Love's bright star for me is set!

—

WE never saw a more forcible exemplification of the 'sublime and ridiculous' than we witnessed to-day, while standing on the rail-road bridge at Yorkville, watching the approach of a train from the city. Onward came the fiery-dragon of steam, with snort, and rumble, and roar, while a country dog, on a bank near by, was watching it with a dilating eye. As it neared, he gave a short quick bark, and 'went forth to meet the foe.' He rushed down the bank, and, as if he were merely seizing a vagrant pig, was about to take the locomotive by the ear, when we heard a single scream, like the top-note of a fiddle, and then all was still. The train swept on, and while we were thinking, 'Supposing it had been a man!' there came limping slowly up the bank our four-footed 'brave.' When he reached the bridge, he looked after the train, flitting into distance, shook his ears, and said, in as plain English as ever a dog spoke in the world, 'I am afraid I made a *little mistake* in challenging that fellow. I did n't exactly know his breed.' And after licking his fore-foot, he limped away, a 'sadder and a wiser' dog. . . . WE see that GRANT THORBURN, who ca'nt write a line without misspelling every other word, and whose hand-writing is the scrawl of a spider escaped from an ink-bottle, is giving certain old '*Reminiscences of New-York*' in one or two of our journals. Will he not, on some future occasion, favor us with some account of a little incident that occurred in a cider-cellar in Liberty-street many years ago? It excited a good deal of interest in the public mind at the time, and the papers of the day, we find, considered it a 'great moral lesson;' as forcible, indeed, as any of Mr. THORBORN'S written homilies at the present time. Mr. 'LAURIE

Todd,' having enjoyed long enough the notoriety given him by Galt, in his work of that name, has now a chance to give us something original — something which he can make his own 'by appropriation,' a process with which he is not unfamiliar. . . . We can't say that we think a vast deal of '*The Modern Cork Leg.*' It is personal, in the first place, and in the second place, it is very clumsily written. It is n't half as good as a parody which some poetical wag in Philadelphia once wrote upon some law-case heard before our old friend Judge Conrad:

'And then they said that it was too bad,
And that a new trial there must be had,
And they brought him up before Judge Con-rad:
Ri-tu-din-nu-den-a!

'And Mr. Hirst, the lawyer, was there,
With a pretty good head, but not very much hair,
So little, in fact, that a wig he must wear:
Ri-tu-din-nu-den-a!'

This, when sung, was irresistibly comic, we well remember; but 'it 's a good while ago now.' . . . We are sorry to remark, in the pages of the *American Whig Review*,' a savage attack upon G. P. R. James, Esquire, the distinguished English novelist. Mr. James is a gentleman of as little national prejudice as any of his countrymen whom we have ever encountered; and his bearing in this country has made him warm friends wherever he has sojourned. After all, *the heart* is your true cosmopolite: the social, genial affections are citizens of every zone, whatever may have been their natal sky. The *quo animo* of the attack to which we refer it is difficult to trace or to fancy. . . . A friend of ours mentions a laughable anecdote which he heard not long ago in Rotter d —— m. It seems that on one occasion one of our national vessels, exchanging salutes with a Dutch vessel, accidentally fired a shotted gun. No sooner did the ball strike the Dutch ship, than up ran a defiant flag, the firing ceased, and two officers came in the captain's gig to announce that a man had been killed, and to ask redress. The American commander instantly ordered his barge, and in fifteen minutes was on board the Dutch vessel, explaining the accident; adding, as he concluded: 'And the man whose carelessness has occasioned this sad disaster shall be hung at the yard-arm to-morrow morning, if I succeed in discovering him.' 'No, *no*, no!' exclaimed the Dutch commander; 'it ish enoff now; de abology ish enoff — blaänty: let de poor devil go; dere ish blaänty more Dootchmens in Holland — blaänty!' The same friend who tells us the foregoing, says that he saw this inscription on a little German Rhine-steamer: 'All gownverzations mid ovecers und bilot is dezired to be voreborne!' . . . Certainly the most magnificent and superbly gorgeous apartments in all our metropolis at this moment are the rooms of the *New-York Athenæum*, Number 661 Broadway. We mention this establishment now, simply to call the attention of our readers especially to its attractions. Touching those attractions, numerous and rare as they are, we shall have somewhat to say hereafter. Meantime, in rooms of more than palatial magnificence, whoso would enjoy chess, a cigar, the amplest news and literatures of all countries, *may* enjoy them. . . . We do n't affect *mere* description; otherwise we should have published the '*Autumn Trip down Lake Champlain.*' This lake rather disappointed our expectations. It always seemed to us too small to have been the scene of any great naval movement. Its mountain-setting, however, is grand; but as you get along down toward Whitehall the lake degenerates into a muddy, slimy-looking creek, and 'nothing else.' And, shade of Hendrick Hudson! what

navigation! Half the time you think you are presently to go through a passage where it only looks a little 'moist;' and then, you stop once or twice, and the captain sends a little boat ashore, containing a man with a line, who fastens it to a post, and so you are slowly warped around the sinuosities of the ridiculous 'lake.' How unlike the Hudson! Would n't you 'admire' to see a man sent ashore at Jersey City with a line from one of our steamers, so that they might be 'screwed' into the Gotham docks! . . . 'THE lines which ensue might almost have been written with a raven's quill, under a cypress-tree.' So writes one who affects a kind of verse that we do not. But '*chacun à son goût*' should perhaps be the motto of an independent editor:

SMALL is the worth of life thus pained and wasted,
And slight its joy:
Hope pours in vain fresh draughts, which, drained or tasted,
Exhale or cloy:
'T is but a narrow strait, awhile dividing
The past and future shore;
Clouds hover over one, its outline hiding,
And one looms dim before:
Suns now are gilding, tempests now are tossing
Its calm or angry tides:
Be not then passive sport, but dare the crossing,
With Faith and Truth for guides.

A CLEVER example of 'making the best of a bad job' was mentioned to us this evening by a friend. One of our young metropolitan philosophers, after a little table-indulgence at the Astor-House, was taking a drive with a boon-companion in a light vehicle, and was having a deal of what seemed to him 'fun' in seeing how near he could approach to, and clip the wheels of, larger carriages. The fun waxed 'fast and furious,' while his escape from accident stimulated him to higher game. So he undertook to make one of our big lumbering omnibuses 'give him room,' as he called it. The meeting was sudden, the crash very decided and decisive. Rising from the ruins of his little vehicle, he shook his fist at the omnibus - 'cad,' and with an actual grin of triumph, exclaimed: 'Why did n't you *get o' the way, then?* S'arved you right! L'arn you to *look out* next time!' . . . '*The New-Yorker*' is the excellent name of a new daily morning journal, published at a penny, and edited with great industry and ability by Mr. C. D. STUART, who has abundant newspaper experience, and of whose merits as an agreeable writer our readers are not ignorant. We wish him entire success in his new enterprise. . . . WE see, and are right glad to see, that JAMES GRANT, formerly of New-York, has been elected to aldermanic honors at San Francisco. We have known Mr. GRANT for many years, as a citizen of industry, integrity, and enterprise; and we can predict that he will discharge his new functions with credit to himself and to the new city of his adoption. . . . WE have been sitting for something more than a half-hour in our proof-reading chair, here in the printing-office, fronting the City-Hall and Park, waiting for our final proof-sheet for this our November number. And really, it is somewhat sad — though it has seldom seemed so before to us — it *is* sad, *now*, to look from this familiar window upon the faded autumn leaves bestrewing the damp park-walks; upon the branches of trees, almost leafless, where they are exposed at the top to the 'upper-winds;' at the faces of hastening lawyers, answering the violent gesticulations and rapid queries of anxious, heated clients, hurrying to the courts, or to 'chambers;' all these things look sadly *now*. 'And why?' some reader will ask; and we can better answer the querist, if he be a metropolitan. Our departed friend OSBORN, the long, *long*-time printer hereof, who has so often sat, in days gone by, in this very

chair, looking upon the same scene, surveying the same things, talking of the same things, as we are; *he* has passed away, and these places that knew him *once* can know him no more forever! But 'we *all* do fade as a leaf:' and almost every man, seeing how *many* are going hence to a better country — to the 'beautiful land,' so touchingly described by the author of that thoughtful and spiritual poem, 'The Morning Watch' — almost every man, we say, seeing and feeling this great truth, may apply to himself, when Summer is dying before his eyes, the prophetic words of one of our own poets:

'NATURE, in simple beauty dress,
Still dances round the restless year,
And gazing on her yellow vest,
I sometimes think *my* change is near:
Not that my hair with age is gray,
Not that my heart hath yet grown cold,
But that remembered friendships say,
DEATH loves not best the infirm and old;
As many a bosom knows and feels,
Left, in the flower of life, alone,
And many an epitaph reveals,
On the cold monumental stone!'

Howbeit, it is not meet to despond; it is not well to doubt; it is not good to despair. We are in the hands of ONE who holds the seasons in his hand; who sendeth the green leaf, the tender herb, the blooming flower; who taketh them away in his own good time, and in their place, 'sendeth snow like wool, and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes:'

'WHILE the changed streams are silent as the ground,
As DEATH had numbed them with his icy hand.'

There is a *moral* in Autumn, or so it has always seemed to us, more forcible and more impressive, than that of any other season. In the beautiful words of the German poet UHLAND:

'A DEEP and crimson streak
The dying leaves disclose,
As on consumption's waning cheek
In ruin blooms the rose.

'The scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay,
Of fair and early fading things,
Too exquisite to stay:

'Of friends that are no more,
Of flowers whose bloom is fled,
Of farewells wept upon the shore,
Of friends estranged or dead:

'Of *all* that now may seem,
To Memory's tearful eye,
The vanished rapture of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh.'

But the proof is ready, and our local autumn-reverie is broken. . . . WE were about to apologise to our friends the publishers, and certain of our correspondents, for non-respondence to their several favors; but the following passage from '*Ka Elele Hawaii*,' of '*Okatoba*' the sixth, of last year, so perfectly expresses what we *should* say, that we adopt it once:

'E PONO e hookomo mua i ka pa, a e hana hoi e like me kela i olelo ia ae nei maluna, a'aila, hiki ke lawe ia ma kahi e na bipi. Ke kanoha aku nei au i na makai, a me ka LUNAKANAWAI olaila, e hopu, a e HOOKOLOKOLO i ka poe e pale ana i keia mau olelo maluna; a i maopopo ke kuni kolohe o kekahi i ka hai holoholona, a lawe kolohe paha; e hoopai aku e like me ka olelo ma ke Kanawai no ka hewa.'

If our friends, 'those interested,' are not satisfied with an apology like this, we should despair of moving them by any thing that *we* could say. '*E pono e Hookomo mua! — ika!*' expresses the whole thing.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXVI. DECEMBER, 1850. No. 6.

ON WIT AND HUMOR.

BY RICHARD HAYWARD.

IN attempting to define wit and humor, we must premise by observing that we shall consider them as active and independent faculties of the mind, and not as abstract qualities, such as may be comprehended in a bon-mot, or an epigram. For if we consider wit and humor in this latter position, (more especially wit,) we can scarcely hope to arrive at a just conclusion, the forms of either being as various as the changes of Proteus, and not more reliable than the vagaries of a will-o'-the-wisp. What we shall attempt to arrive at, is a *generic* definition of wit, and in like manner, a *generic* definition of humor; so that however variously presented, we can identify Wit by one property common to all its species, and Humor by one property common to all its varieties.

We may also observe here, in order to fore-warn the reader, that although the subject may seem suggestive of mirth, yet he will find it a very serious matter before he gets through with it. We once knew a gentleman who wrote an essay on happiness, and it made him miserable; and therefore we have taken care, by this timely caution, to suggest, that in our analysis of wit it must not be looked upon as necessary in the writer to give any proofs of possessing such a faculty himself.

With these brief remarks, we will proceed to a consideration of the subject. The term 'wit,' then, in its eldest signification, implied generally '*rationality*,' and so we still understand it in its derivations, 'to wit,' (to know,) 'half-witted,' 'witless,' 'witling,' etc., etc. In the time of Dryden it expressed fancy, genius, aptitude. Thus the famous couplet

> 'GREAT wits to madness surely are allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide,'

is almost an amplification of that 'fine frenzy' which Shakespeare has

delineated, and 'wit' in this sense is merely a synonym of 'imagination.' Locke, who was cotemporary with Dryden, defines 'wit' as lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. This definition of wit he places in opposition to judgment, which he says 'lies quite on the other side,' in separating carefully one from another ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. Addison quotes this passage in the Spectator, and says: 'This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not what we call wit, unless it be such an one that gives *delight* and *surprise* to the reader. These two last properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them.' To come down still later, Dugald Stewart endorses Locke, with this addition, ('rather,' as he says, 'by way of explanation than amendment,') that wit implies a power of calling up at pleasure the ideas which it combines; and Lord Kames denominates wit a quality of *certain* thoughts and expressions, and adds: 'The term is never applied to an action or passion, and as little to an external object.'

From the preceding illustrations we may gather that the term wit was not formerly used in its present limited sense: in fact, Addison gives us a list of different species of wit, such as 'metaphors, similitudes, allegories, enigmas, parables, fables, dreams, visions, *dramatic writings*, burlesque, and all methods of illusion,' from which we may gather that in his time wit was an expression of considerable latitude, embracing all ideas of a fanciful or whimsical nature. Dr. Johnson describes wit 'as a kind of *concordia discours;* a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike;' which Leigh Hunt, in his essay on Wit and Humor, amplifies into 'the arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar ideas, for some lively purpose of assimilation, or contrast, or generally of both.' Why this would not apply as well to humor as to wit is not so apparent. We more than suspect that Mr. Hunt did not quite understand the distinction between them himself.

We could, in addition to those already named, quote many other authorities, but they would bring us no nearer to the points in question. The gist of all that has been said concerning the subject-matter is contained in the definitions already given. We must refer here, however, to one book, which is so admirable in its way, so full of the witty and humorous, so acute in detecting the errors of all other writers upon the subject, and so far from being right in its own solution of the question, that the perusal of it produces the very effect which its author claims to be the end of all wit, namely, '*surprise!*' We allude to 'Lectures on Moral Philosophy,' by the Reverend Sydney Smith. As an exemplar of wit it has no superior in our language; but when he tells us that 'whenever there is a superior act of intelligence in dis-

covering a relation between ideas, which relation excites surprise, and no other high emotion, the mind will have a feeling of wit,' we must beg leave to differ from the conclusion; for wit sometimes excites admiration, which may be considered a high emotion; and we have known instances where it has produced a feeling of implacable revenge. In the example which he gives immediately after, he says: 'Why is it witty, in one of Addison's plays, when the undertaker reproves one of his mourners for laughing at a funeral, and says to him: 'You rascal, *you!* I have been raising your wages for these two years upon condition that you should appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive, the happier you look!' Here is a relation between ideas, the discovery of which implies superior intelligence, and excites no other emotion than '*surprise*.' Now the incongruousness of ideas here is calculated to raise an emotion of *mirth* as well as surprise, and we are pleased, not because it is witty, but because the *accidental* ambiguity of the words turns the reproof into a jest. True wit is never *accidental*, but always intentional. Compare this with the following, which would be humorous if it were not very witty: 'A gentleman owned four lots adjoining a Jewish burying-ground, in the upper part of the city. The owners of the cemetery wanted to purchase these lots, but as the price they offered was no equivalent for their value, the gentleman refused to accept it. At last the Jew trustees hit upon what they considered a master-stroke of policy, and meeting Mr. V—— a few days afterward, said: 'Ah, Sir, we tink you will not get any body now to live on your property up dere. We have buyed lots on de odder side, and behint it, and it is Jews' burying-ground all around it.' 'Very well,' replied Mr. V——, 'I shall begin to build to-morrow.' 'Build!' echoed the trustees, taken aback by the cool manner in which this was said, 'why, now,' with a cunning smile, 'what *can* you put up dere, mit a Jews' burying-ground all around?' '*A surgeon's hall!*' said Mr. V——. 'You have made my property the most eligible in the city. Good morning!' The reader may imagine that Mr. V—— received his own price for the lots, which were speedily converted into a Golgotha, and the principal trustee now lies buried in the midst of them, with a white marble monument protruding out of his bosom, large enough to make a resurrection-man commit suicide.

In his definition of humor the Rev. Sydney Smith says: 'So then, this turns out to be the nature of humor; that it is incongruity which creates surprise, and only *surprise*. Try the most notorious and classical instances of humor by this rule, and you will find it succeed.' If this be the nature of humor, namely, 'that it is any incongruity which creates surprise,' we will try the rule, and see how it agrees with the assertion. In the tragedy of King Lear, when Kent is discovered in the stocks by his old master, the first emotion of Lear is surprise. He says:

'—— Ha!
Mak'st thou this sport thy pastime?'

And this exclamation is caused by incongruity, for he finds that Kent has been treated in a manner directly opposite to what he expected, and the sudden clash of the two contending ideas produces surprise.

Let us take another example: Macbeth is assured in the witches' cavern that 'none of woman born shall harm Macbeth!' and again:

> 'MACBETH shall never vanquished be, until
> Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
> Shall come against him.'

Yet when Birnam wood does come to Dunsinane, in a most unaccountable manner, and afterward he hears that Macduff had entered the world by the Cæsarean operation, he does not seem particularly struck with the humor of the thing, nor is he giving way to a burst of hilarity at the unexpected relation of ideas, when he utters:

> 'ACCURSED be the tongue that tells me so,
> For it hath cowed my better part of man;
> And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
> That palter with us *in a double sense;*
> *That keep the word of promise to our ear,*
> *And break it to our hope.*'

The truth is, that surprise is sometimes the *effect* of wit or humor, and nothing more; and we cannot predicate of wit that it is surprise, any more than we can predicate of a triangle that it is equilateral.

We have now endeavored to clear the ground for our definition, which is this: 'Wit is an operation of the mind, directing the action of the ludicrous for the attainment of some specific object.' We will select Hudibras as an example. This unrivalled poem abounds in passages of exquisite wit and humor. The description of the knight himself is perhaps the most felicitous mingling of both that can be found in the whole range of English literature. We might glean from it a golden sheaf of quotations, simply illustration of the humorous, although Hudibras is generally considered 'pure wit.' And so it is, *as a whole.* When we take in view the *object* for which it was written, every absurdity brightens into points of the keenest satire, the pages fairly blaze with wit, and its burning ridicule is almost appalling.

Pope's Dunciad, Dryden's Mac Flecnoe, and Byron's English Bards and Scottish Reviewers, are the only compositions in our language that deserve to be classed with Hudibras. They belong to the heroic school of wit; epics, composed with every thing else of a similar nature; and as holding the highest rank, we can safely estimate by each and every one of them the value of our proposition.

As in the physical world we find connecting links between the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, so there are compositions which combine wit, and fancy, and imagination. The definition given above may be taken as a generic rule for *pure* wit, and not applicable to such combinations of wit and fancy as Don Juan, or the Rape of the Lock. For example, in the following epigram:

> 'Bright as the Sun, and, as the Morning, fair;
> Such CLOE is — but common as the Air!'

The direct compliment in the first line, so strikingly reversed by the satire of the second, would be ludicrous but for the fanciful elegance of the whole.

We must now consider the second part of our subject. Like Wit, the meaning of the term Humor, has changed, and we seek in vain for any correspondence between its present and former significance. Thus Ben Jonson's 'Every man in his Humor,' is equivalent to every one to his taste, '*chacun a' son gout*,' it implied whimsies, fancies, conceits, (such as we find in Corporal Nym,) temper, turn of mind, petulence, etc., etc. By Addison it was used as a synonyme of wit, but rarely, and it is only within a few years that the word humor has been considered as a generic term of a peculiar class of ideas. We have already given the Reverend Sydney Smith's definition, and we shall add here, that of Leigh Hunt, which certainly is a very different thing from wit, as we understand it.

'*Humor*, considered as the object treated of by the humorous writer, and not as the power of treating it, derives its name from the prevailing quality of *moisture* in the bodily temperament; and is *a tendency of the mind to run in particular directions of thought or feeling more amusing than accountable*, at least in the opinion of society.'

We opine that nothing short of a patent digester can make any thing of this definition. With all the love we bear to the author of 'Rimini' we are compelled to say, that we believe he has no more idea of humor than a Bush boy has of clairvoyance. Taking out 'the quality of moisture in the bodily temperament,' which is slightly irrelevant, and straightening the involution of the sentence, it stands thus: 'Humor, considered as the object treated of, is a tendency of the mind to run in particular directions of thought or feeling more amusing than accountable.' If this be not the very idea of humor which the Philistines had when they called for Samson to make them sport, then we are much, very much mistaken. For when we cease to consider humor as an *active principle*, and only discover it in the weakness of an individual who may be making that sport for us, which is death to him, we must reflect that it is the ludicrous association of ideas in our own minds which produces the effect. Thus, although the antics of a monkey, contrasted with the remarkable gravity of his physiognomy, may make us laugh, we can scarcely accuse him of being a humorist; but if a man have a monkey running loose in his mind, and imitate him, then we may safely set him down as one.

In the Westminster Review for October, 1847, we find a criticism upon this very essay from which we take the following: 'Humor is felt to be a higher, finer and more genial thing than Wit, or the mere ludicrous; but the exact definition of it has occasioned some difficulty. It is the combination of the laughable with an element of love, tenderness, sympathy, warm-heartedness, or affection. Wit, sweetened by a kind, loving expression, becomes Humor. Men who have little love to their fellows, or whose language and manner are destitute of affectionateness and soft, tender feeling, cannot be humorists, however witty they may be. There is no humor in Butler, Pope, Swift, Dryden, Ben Jonson, or Voltaire.'

In our estimate of Humor, we shall admit this passage, but with some grains of allowance; upon the whole it is ingenious and elegant,

and as a description of Humor, we have found nothing to compare with it.

We should define Humor to be, 'An operation of the mind directing the action of the ludicrous to the *production of mirth*,' and herein it differs from Wit, which always has an ultimate object beyond the mere mirth which it creates. Thus, Wit is antagonistic — Humor, genial. Wit is concentrated, sharp, rapier-like; Humor, prodigal, diffuse; in fact the very wantonness of mirth. Wit converges to a focus, like a lens. Humor, distorts, multiplies, and grotesquely colors like a prism. Wit is always perceptive; Humor may be conscious or unconscious; a man is very much in earnest with himself, and yet we see his words or actions in a humorous light, like the odd reflections made in an imperfect mirror. Such men are unconscious humorists; what seems ludicrous to us, is very sad reality to them; and sometimes, when we get a glimpse of their inner nature, even while the smile is yet upon our lips, we feel a touch of pity too deep for tears.

Thus Humor and Pathos are often twin-born, but who ever saw an instance of *pathetic wit*. Holme's '*Last Leaf*' is so finely illustrative of the subject, that we cannot forbear copying it entire:

'I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

'They say that in his prime,
Ere the pursuing knife of Time
Cut him down.
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

'But now he walks the streets,
And he looks on all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone.'

'*The mossy marbles rest*
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

'My grandmamma has said,
Poor old lady she is dead
Long ago,
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

'But now his nose is thin
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff.
And a crook in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

'I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But his old three-cornered hat,
And his breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

'And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree.
In the spring.
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough,
Where I cling.'

Mr. Richard Swiveller, wending his way home after 'a night' with Mr. Quilp and the case-bottle, may be taken as a fair specimen of an unconscious humorist.

'Left by my parents at an early age,' said Mr. Swiveller, bewailing his hard lot, 'cast upon the world in my tenderest period, and thrown upon the mercies of a deluding dwarf, who can wonder at my weakness!' 'Here 's a miserable orphan for you. Here,' said Mr. Swiveller raising his voice to a light pitch and looking sleepily round, 'is a miserable orphan.'

Now an actor to represent this, or an author to delineate it, would be a conscious humorist.

There is a kind of exquisite humor which is in fact the divine philophy of a sensitive heart; such as Jean Paul has delineated in his 'Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.'

'Siebenkas was all day long a harlequin.' She (his wife) often said to him, 'The people will think you are not in your right senses;' to which he would answer, 'And am I?' He disguised his beautiful heart beneath the grotesque comic mask, and concealed his height by the trodden-down sock; turning the short game of his life into a farce and comic epic poem. He was fond of grotesque comic actions from higher motives than mere variety. In the first place, he delighted in the sense of freedom experienced by a soul unshackled by the trammels of circumstance; and secondly, he enjoyed the satirical consci ousness of caricaturing rather than imitating the follies of humanity. While acting he had a two-fold consciousness; that of the comic actor and of the spectator. A humorist in action is but a satirical *improvisatore*. Every male reader understands this; but no female reader.

I have often wished to give a woman, who beheld the white sunbeam of wisdom decomposed, chequered, and colored from behind the prism of humor, a well ground-glass which would *burn* this variegated row of colors *white* again; but it would not answer. The woman's delicate sense of the becoming is scratched and wounded, so to say, by every thing angular and unpolished. These souls bound up to the pole of conventional propriety, cannot comprehend a soul which opposes itself to these relations; and therefore in the hereditary realms of women — the courts, and in their kingdom of shadows — France, there are seldom any humorists to be found, either of the pen or in real life.'

But of all creations of Humor, there is nothing to compare with the hero of Cervantes. Don Quixotte may move us to mirth by his guileless simplicity, but there is a nobleness in his nature beyond any artifice of mere wit. For the spring of all his actions is what we most admire in humanity — valor, the love of justice, patience and fortitude; and even his *want* of prudence is almost a virtue. Strange that it should excite our laughter to behold the aberrations of an enthusiast, who believed himself to be 'the defender of the innocent, the protector of helpless damsels, the shield of the defenceless, and the avenger of the oppressed.'

'What story is so pleasing and so sad.'

Truly there is a touch of something in this madness which is nearer heaven than much of worldly wisdom.

But in our admiration of this last relic of the chivalric life, we must not forget thee, thou modestest of men, 'My Uncle Toby!' What is more admirable than thy goodness of heart, thy tenderness, thy patience of injuries, thy peaceful, placid nature, 'no jarring element in it, which was mixed up so kindly within thee; thou had'st scarcely a heart to retaliate upon a fly!'

'I'll not hurt thee,' says my Uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand; 'I'll not hurt a hair of thy head. Go,' says he, lifting up the sash and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape; 'go poor devil! get thee gone, why should I hurt thee? this world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me.'

In direct opposition to this stands the character of the burly Falstaff. No one would lay a straw in the way of Uncle Toby, but how we relish 'the buck-basket,' 'the cudgel of Ford,' and the castigation at 'Gadshill;' nay, if we bear in mind how exquisitely selfish Falstaff is, we can even admire the reply of King Harry, beginning with:

> 'I KNOW thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers.
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.'

Such is the nature of wit. We love Charles Lamb, Goldsmith, Irving, Fielding, Dickens, (except when he tried to be *witty* in his 'American Notes') and glorious old Chaucer; while we have no such feeling toward Pope, Swift, Dryden, Chesterfield, or the author of 'Vanity Fair.'

Dante at times is witty, but his wit is tremendous! In his journey through hell he meets the shade of a friar, who tells him, that the soul of a living man, one 'Branca Doria, who murdered his father-in-law, Zanche,' is there.

'Nay,' replies Dante, 'you do not tell the truth. Branca Doria is on earth; eats, walks and sleeps like any other man'

'Nevertheless,' returns the friar, 'his soul has been many years here in hell, and in place of it a devil inhabits his body.'

This is something like Coleridge's remarks, written on the cover of Charles Lamb's copy of Donne's Satires; which we give briefly thus: 'The irregular measure of this verse is only convertible into harmony by the feeling of the reader. I would like to hear a Scotchman read Donne. If he read it as it should be read, I would think either that he was not in reality a Scotchman, or that his soul had been geographically slandered by his body.'

These are fair specimens of satirical wit: We have selected them because they are in direct contrast to Humor, which is always mirthful and companionable; but we cannot imagine that Branca Doria's *surprise* at reading Dante, was what might be termed an agreeable one; nor that Coleridge's remarks on Scottish Melody, were exactly calculated to raise a *guffaw* in the land of burns.

It must not be supposed however, that we considered this caustic quality as inseparable from Wit. True, in all the forms of inuendo, satire, irony, and epigram, we may discover it; but happily, there is a species of wit as innocent as it is delightful. Perhaps there is nothing more agreeable than being in company with a person who possesses this faculty, with sufficient amiability and good sense to keep it in subjection; for the perfection of strength is in the reserve of power; and he is an exquisite swordsman who can disarm, without wounding, his adversary.

Thus when the Spanish ambassador was shocked at the familiarity of certain officers, who were pressing around Henry of Navarre, the King said, 'You see nothing here; you should see how close they press upon me in the day of battle.' And what can be finer than the compliment paid to one of his generals when he presented him to some foreign ambassadors? 'Gentlemen, this is the Marechal De Biron, whom I present equally to my friends and enemies.'

Pope, in a couplet, has left us an elegant form of wit. It will be remembered that one day when epigrams and impromptu's were being discussed at table, he borrowed Lord Chesterfield's diamond and wrote on a wine-glass:

'Accept a miracle instead of wit;
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.'

We may also instance Lord Dorset's generous wit, who, when several celebrated men were debating about harmony of numbers, beauties of invention, etc., proposed to make a trial of skill, of which Dryden was to be the judge. Lord Dorset's composition obtained the preference. It was as follows:

'I promise to pay John Dryden, Esq., or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.
'Dorset.'

There is a kind of legal wit, too, in Blackstone, which deserves to be noticed, such as his definition of special bailiffs, 'who,' he says, 'are usually bound in a bond for the due execution of their office, and thence are called *bound bailiffs;* which the common people have corrupted into a much more homely appellation.' Certainly a pleasant evasion of an unsavory phrase.

Dorset's laconic composition is in happy opposition to one written by Frederic the Great. A Jew banker, who, fearful of subsidies and loans, sent a letter, petitioning the King, 'to allow him to travel for the benefit of his health,' received in answer:

'Dear Ephraim, nothing but *death* shall part us, Frederic.'

A reply pregnant with terrible meaning to the poor Israelite.

If, in this essay we have touched but lightly upon the innocency of Wit, which certainly is its most charming attribute, it is because instances are

'Like angel-visits, few and far between.'

And we should be chary in commending too much a faculty, which sometimes has the power to turn even

'—— a mother's pains and benefits,
To laughter and contempt.'

Thus while we enjoy

'—— converse calm, with wit shafts sprinkled round,
Like beams from gems, too light and fine to wound.'

We still must make a reservation in favor of a more genial quality; not that we love wit less, but that we love humor more: for, humor is of nature, and wit is of artifice.

The limits of a magazine will not permit any further consideration of this fruitful subject, else we might name one whose wit is such that 'it is a common opinion that all men love him.' We trust

'That last half stanza — it has dashed
From my warm lip the sparkling cup;
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world — is gone,'

is not prophetic; for in the whole wide world there is not one possessed

of such powers of wit, humor and fancy, as he, nor is there any one to whom his own lines will apply better:

'None knew thee, but to love thee,
None named thee, but to praise.'

STANZAS:

WRITTEN ON ARRIVING AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

To-day I 'm twenty-one!
On what swift pinions have the moments fled —
How soon those years have gone!
How like a dream has vanished youth's bright dawn,
With all the glorious hopes it nourishèd!

II.

It seems but yesterday
When I was but a joyous, thoughtless child —
Thoughtless of all but play;
When life seemed like one long bright summer day,
And earth around, and heaven above me, smiled.

III.

Oh! happy days were those,
Whose memories ever throng our after years;
Amid life's various woes
An oäsis wherein there doth repose
All that to man the barren past endears.

IV.

Weak though it seem, and vain,
Thus to recall those scenes which never more
Can visit us again,
And vex the heart with unavailing pain,
And grieve for that which Time can ne'er restore:

V.

It is but fit that we
Should pause awhile amid life's jostling maze,
And give a thought to thee,
Thou fairest season man is doomed to see,
And bask a time in thy transmitted rays.

VI.

Oh life! thy flowing tide
Has almost reached its highest point, and soon
Its waters must subside,
And ebb to flow no more, though in thy pride,
Above me thou dost soar, O maiden moon!

VII.

And this frail form must be
Restored unto its native earth once more,
And bear her company
In her grand journeying through immensity,
Forgetful of the spirit once it bore.

VIII.

I look with vain regret
Into the vanished Past, and there behold
That which no mortal yet
Has failed to see, when youth's bright sun has set,
Follies, and wasted time whose worth can ne'er be told.

IX.

Yet, oh! thou sinking heart
Cheer up! — the Future lies before thee spread:
Ye vain regrets depart;
Ye boding fears and weak despairings, start!
And thou, bright-wingèd Hope! come in their stead.

X.

And THOU, most HOLY ONE!
Oh! keep this heart from sin and folly free,
And there erect a throne,
Where kingly virtue shall preside alone,
And hate be felt for nought save wrong and tyranny.

XI.

Oh! teach me to throw by
All narrow thoughts of self, all sordid aims,
And fill my soul with high
And holy love for Truth and Liberty —
That liberty which Virtue only frames.

XII.

Impress me with a sense,
A proper sense, of mine own littleness;
Amid THY works immense
A speck which, from its insignificance,
THOU, All-pervading ONE, alone would'st miss.

XIII.

And with THINE arm of might
Sustain me o'er life's toilsome, thorny way;
And when my soul takes flight,
Oh! may it not be as in utter night,
But lightened by a glimpse of heavenly day!

E. B.

Sheboygan Falls, (Wis.,) August 19th.

COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY.

From the vast and mysterious records of nature, upon which the wonders of unnumbered ages have been written, we pass, with increasing reverence, to the wide-spread field of organic matter. And here, surrounded by the living witnesses of Creative Power and Goodness, we learn facts of deeper interest and more startling significance. Beneath us we see the various fruits of past centuries; the indispensible materials of the present; which internal convulsions and external violence; which life and death, lengthened prosperity, and sudden extinction, have deposited in this mighty store-house of generations. But over all these successive changes of matter, animate and inanimate, an Infinite Wisdom presided; and out of their ruins a more perfect edifice has been constructed for man.

We still have the humble tenant of an hour, whose progenitors lived and sung before man was; still the varied forms, organs, and remarkable adaptations of each, which enable us to distinguish the exhumed denizens of the earliest periods. Between the multitudinous forms various resemblances exist, but they result from the necessity which similar constructions and instincts create. There is a universal harmony in the discordant members. As music is composed of different sounds, so God, in his wisdom, has created a perfect whole out of innumerable and apparently contradictory parts. The earth is diversified with frowning mountains and smiling plains; with barren and with fertile spots; with arid deserts and ocean depths: it is clothed with the lichen and the oak, and tenanted with different species, classes and departments of the animal kingdom, each of which performs a distinct office. The mountains feed the springs and rivers, which supply the intervening valleys. The inequalities of the surface serve to relieve it from a superabundance of water, and the depths of the ocean receive it. And although the desert appears useless to man, it may not be less important in the economy of nature, than the ocean by which it is surrounded.

The various organic parts are so intimately connected, that a certain school of philosophers considers them to be the offspring of each other. Not separate and distinct creations, but the legitimate results of progressive life. That through an instinctive longing for improvement, the inferior has gradually but steadily risen to the superior. If this is true, the changes must have been uniform, and the superior and inferior composed of the same constituent elements. It is our purpose, however, to show that this is not the case. To do this, we will attempt to draw the line of distinction between the various forms and divisions of the vegetable world, and successively point out the differences which exist between the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

It becomes necessary in the development hypothesis, to establish the existence of some connecting link between the grand divisions of organic matter. If no such connexion exist, the possibility of a change of character or transmutation cannot be sustained. Commencing with

the embryo, we find that each division has its peculiar form. 'The monocotyledonous embryo is of an ovoid form, or like a cylinder rounded at its extremities. The dicotyledonous embryos are sometimes similar in form, but are always distinguished from the monocotyledonous by the division of the cotyledonous extremity into two lobes. The gemmule in the monocotyledonous embryo is situated near the surface, and communicates with the exterior by means of a small slit, while the gemmule of the dicotyledonous embryo occupies a cavity in the inside, and differs in the elongation of the axis.' The embryos are dissimilar, and this difference finally decides the character of the plant. The elementary particles are not the same. The functions performed by the one, are beyond the power of the other. The great variety depends on something more than the difference in the constituent materials. 'Vegetable substances, apparently identical, not only present themselves under entirely different forms, but they also produce (in the poppy, for instance) certain bodies, which are entirely different from those produced either in the aconite or in the oak tree; nay, in different organs of the same plant they give rise to entirely different products, and perform entirely different functions.' The constituent materials are different, which produces a difference in form, and this results in a difference in product. The whole depends, therefore, on the combination of the constituent elements. The same elements differently combined take dissimilar forms, and perform entirely different functions. The first visible form of the plant, therefore, must result from and be in accordance with the arrangement and combination of the elementary particles.

The incalculable variety in the organic kingdom results not so much from the variety of the inorganic materials, as on the infinitely variable admixture of them. It is not the peculiarities, or dynamic difference of matter itself, which determine the form and functions, but the POWER which secures the various combinations of the constituent elements. This POWER must be without and above the plant itself, giving it its fruit in the season, and withering its leaves and branches at a word, whenever exhibitions of INFINITE POWER are necessary to instruct or admonish those whom kindness cannot reach. The elements absorbed by plants, or upon which they feed, are few and simple, yet from these they generate a great variety of substances. This variety depends on the different elementary combinations, but is effected through the action of differently-constructed organs. Plants containing alkalis possess organs fitted to produce them. Those abounding in acids have organs peculiarly adapted to their production. These various substances are elaborated out of the same soil. The most dissimilar plants flourish in the same garden. The *antiaris toxicaria*, one of the most poisonous plants, may be found by the side of the most innocent and useful. This diversity results from the essential difference in the construction of the plants.

Having noticed the elementary materials and the force of different combinations, we may now proceed to the growth of the embryo, which is peculiar in each of the grand divisions. The monocotyledonous seeds are generally provided with a perisperm, and in such cases the

cotyledon is not disengaged from the seed. It forms either an elongation on the outside, by which it is attached to the axis, or remains sessile on the axis. When there is no perisperm the cotyledon is separated from its integument, and raised vertically with the gemmule. The germination of the dicotyledonous embryo is entirely different. The gemmule comes out of the interval of the cotyledons at their base, and not out of the interior of a sheath. The gemmule is freely lengthened in its direction, while the exorhizal radicle pursues an independent course. Acotyledonous plants are destitute of the organs we have just described. They contain nothing but a small homogeneous mass, without distinction of parts. These *spores* are disconnected from the cavity which encloses them, and do not open to give passage to any interior formation, but germinate by an elongation of themselves. They are the simplest form of the reproductive organ, having little or no resemblance to the complicated structure of the ovules of the phanerogamous plants.

Following the growth of the plants, we arrive at the bud, in which we find, in addition to the difference which determines its character, certain adaptations to location, climate and circumstances, alike interesting and beautiful. In warm climates, where there is no danger to be apprehended from the temperature of the atmosphere, the first leaves are as complete as the subsequent ones. But in northern latitudes, and on the mountains of the south, the first and outer leaves serve as envelopes for the rest. They are adapted to the nature of the plant and the character of the climate. Some of them are hard and dry, like the envelope of a pear; others are impregnated with insolvable matter, and are bad conductors of heat, while others are covered with a thick down. In these arrangements we see the first marked evidence of providential care.

The growth of the dicotyledonous bud differs materially from that of the monocotyledonous. In the former, the bud developes itself, and then stops and prepares a bud for the following year. The stem, therefore, is composed of branches, placed end to end, and exhibits the number of ligneous layers from the base to the top. In the latter, the stem is simple, and there are no lateral ramifications. The bundles or fascicles, composed of small vessels, are scattered in the monocotyledonous stem, without any apparent order; while those of the dicotyledonous stem are arranged regularly in a circle, and approaching, touch each other, thus forming a ligneous ring. The fasciles of the dicotyledonous are uniform in their structure; those of the monocotyledonous are irregular in thickness and composition. The dicotyledonous fascicle is divided, after a certain period, but not so with the other class. We thus discover the reason why we never find concentric ligneous zones, or leaves of liber in the monocotyledonous plant. These peculiarities induced Desfontaines to divide the vegetable kingdom into two great classes:

'First. The Monocotyledonous, or those which have no distinct concentric layers; whose solidity *decreases* from the *circumference* toward the *centre;* and in which the pith is interposed between the fibrous fascicles, without medullary elongations, into diverging rays.

'Second. THE DICOTYLEDONOUS, or those which have distinct concentric layers; whose solidity *decreases* from the *centre* to the *circumference;* and in which the pith is inclosed in a longitudinal canal, with medullary elongations, into diverging rays.'

The form and constituent particles of the embryo determine the manner of growth, and this fixes the character of the vegetable. The trunk of monocotyledonous plants is formed by the addition of fresh fascicles from the centre. As these push themselves up, the outside ones are compressed, and therefore become harder than the internal. This manner of growth is directly inverse to that of the dicotyledonous, in which the new layers are outermost. This unequal and scattered distribution of fascicles in the one case, and regular arrangement in the other, and the very dissimilar form and structure of these fascicles, enable us to determine the class to which the various stems belong.

These are the leading distinctions in the growth of the two divisions. But according to Professor Schleiden, the difference exists in the earliest stages of the cellular tissues. When the gummy solution is taken up, it is thickened into a jelly, which is soon changed into *citoblasts*, or germs. These are in the form of rounded lenticular bodies in the dicotyledonous plants. In the monocotyledonous they are more oval, and much larger.

This distinction in form corresponds with the difference in the form of the globules of the blood of herbeverous and carniverous animals. If the same experiment could be made on their vital forces, we think they also would be found as essentially different. The blood is a transparent fluid, full of small globules. These globules differ in number and form, according to the character of the animal. In man, they are small, and nearly circular. In fishes and birds, they are larger, and of an oblong spheroidal form. They are larger in reptiles, and of a distinct form. The vital energy depends on the number and character of these globules. If an animal is bled to syncope, and the blood is permitted to flow on, death will speedily ensue. But if blood of a similar character, with globules of the same size and form, be injected into the veins, before the animal be entirely dead, it will recover. This operation was frequently resorted to in the seventeenth century, under the name of Transfusion. During the experiments, it was ascertained, that the vital principle contained in the globules depended on their size and form, and that the blood of the herbiverous would not answer for injection into the carniverous animal. If blood with circular globules be transfused into the veins of an animal, whose blood contains eleptical globules, or *vice versa*, the animal will not recover. It has the power to rouse the animal for a time, but does not restore it.

The distinction in the size and form of these globules is wholly arbitrary, yet we see that life itself depends on it. If life is every where the same, and all animals are connected to, and spring form, each other, how came this difference in the blood? There appears to be no reason for it. Certainly, if the blood were transmitted from one animal to the other, in a natural descent, it would maintain its primary character. Admitting all that the advocates of the development hypothesis desire, that the natural longings of the animal, and the circumstances surround-

ing it, might change the length, location, and even the character of the limbs and organs generally, yet these circumstances could not change the globules of the blood; nor is there any perceivable reason for a change in their character. These peculiarities in the blood exist under similar circumstances, and depend not on external relations, but on internal necessity. The globules of one bird differ from those of another, although they inhabit the same locality.

Returning to the vegetable cells, or utricles, we find the same diversity of forms, as in the globules of the blood. Some of these cells are round; others are oval; others lengthened and sharpened at the ends; others assume the shape of long tubes. These forms are modified by growth and pressure, becoming spheres, ellipsoides, polyhedrons, cubes or dies, prisms, dodecahedrons, etc. The question may be asked, as in the case of the globules, what law regulates these forms? To what power, other than the great CREATING POWER, can we ascribe these elementary peculiarities? We know that the various families are composed of utricles, fibres, or vessels, peculiar to themselves, and that the flowers of each family have the same number of whorls and similar leaves, and that the fruit of each partake of similar properties; beyond this, it is impossible to go. It has been said that the organs are the same, which, in a series of transformations, have assumed the different modifications we have seen. 'Observation,' says M. Jussieu, 'which proves the truth of theories, determines the contrary. On watching the development of a vessel we do not find any one which in its different phases would have represented all the other kinds of vessels; and the same thing may be said of cells. Remark moreover: first, that in each part of a plant such and such modifications of cells, of fibres, of vessels, are found. We have, for instance, in certain places unrollable trachæ, though in others we never meet with them. Second, that in spite of the similarity of the chemical composition of the walls, that of their contents is quite different, and like the shape, constant in appearance, and agreeing with the place which the cavity occupies in the vegetable. Thus, therefore, if all the elementary organs of vegetables commence their growth as utricles, among which we cannot discover any appreciable difference, except in their form, it is no less true that each utricle is destined from the beginning to assume in its ulterior development such a form, and no other; to contain or to elaborate such a substance, and no other. It is not, therefore, always the same organ.'

We have seen that the vegetable embryo, or germ, is different in the various classes, and that each has its own peculiar mode of germination. Animal embryos are also distinct in character, for however close the resemblance, there is a distinction, which, if beyond our optical power at first, soon manifests itself in their growth. There must be something in the embryo which gives direction to the individual growth, or there is an INFINITE POWER presiding over the development and growth of each one. This last position proves the immediate interposition, as well as the omnipresence, of the SUPREME CAUSE; and the former establishes the distinct and unchangeable character of each class. One of these positions must be correct, and as both of them contradict the

idea of transmutation, either of them answers our purpose. 'We know that one sort of an egg will only give rise to one sort of an animal,' says the learned Agassiz. 'Therefore we must admit, that as an egg of one kind gives rise only to one sort of an animal, there must be an immaterial principle presiding over these changes, which is invariable in its nature, and is properly the cause of the whole process.' The embryos of different animals are developed in their own peculiar mode. In some of them the yolk of the egg is divided and subdivided into innumerable little masses; in others the division is only partial; while in others the germ is elongated, and not divided at all. This division is effected differently in different animals; thus in fishes, the yolk is first depressed, then divided into halfs, and then divided again at right angles; in other animals, the yolk is divided into four equal parts, and these subdivided into small yolklets. Indeed every species, as with vegetables, has its own peculiar mode of division, elongation and growth. The germs of some animals are surrounded by two or more envelopes; in others there is one only, as in fishes. In reptiles and mammalia there are two. These envelopes are differently formed, and arise from different portions of the yolk. Thus the radiata begin their growth by the formation of a distinct layer round the yolk, in the form of a spherical crust; while the alimentary cavity is formed in the lower part of the yolk. In the articulata the germ is formed in the lower part of the yolk, presenting a reversed position. Thus we see the first stages of growth are peculiar in each class. But if all these germs were developed in the same manner; if the same division took place, and a similar growth observed, the fact of an essential difference in its germinative principles could still be maintained. Vegetables standing side by side, drawing nourishment from the same soil, are different in their form and chemical properties; and animals living on the same kind of food have different organs; and similar organs with diversified powers and properties. The primordial elements are separated by the action of the digestive organs, and new combinations are formed by the assimilative powers of the animal system. In this formation some law must be observed, which is either stamped on the germ itself, or is obedient to the will of the POWER from which the germ originated.

The bark of the vegetable kingdom is also marked by certain peculiarities. The bark of the dicotyledonous plants is composed of several parts; the epidermis, the cortical layer, the cellular layer, and the cortical fibres or liber. The suberous and cellular layers found in the dicotyledonous division, are never distinctly developed in the monocotyledonous, nor is the liber found in the latter. There are shades of difference in all these parts, too fine to be easily detected; indeed, they are frequently known by the influence only which they exert on the plant.

In passing from the bark to the leaves we are met with differences equally marked. The leaf is either palmate, or pinnate, according as the petiolary fascicle is divided into divergent ones, or continued in the median line. The dicotyledonous have articulated leaves, with dentate and crenate outlines, and are divided into lobes by angles. They

either radiate like spokes of a wheel, or follow the plane of the petiole. The leaf of the monocotyledons is more uniform and simple, and is not marked by that net-work of nerves which we find in the dicotyledons. These nerves are most generally parallel from the bottom to the top: in some cases there is a slight divergence, but they uniformily converge again as they approach the summit. The three great classes have nearly the same combination in the spiral arrangement of their leaves. The principal difference is found in the angles of divergence. The monocotyledons have generally three leaves to the whorl, while this arrangement is scarcely ever found in dicotyledons. Leaves which live under water differ very much in their construction from aeriel ones. They have no epidermis, and consequently no stomata. Lengthened cells take the place of the fibro-vascular skeleton, which we find in aeriel leaves. The parenchyma alone composes the leaf. Its cells are closely united together, but frequently present enlarged lacunæ, which are regular in form and arrangement, and are completely enclosed by the surrounding cells. These lacunæ are adapted and appear destined to diminish the specific gravity of the leaf, thus performing functions analogous to those performed by the bladders of fishes. The character and arrangement of the cells of the epidermus regulate the number, position, and form of the exhaling or cortical pores. These pores are known by the name of stomata, the number and arrangement of which are different in each of the great divisions.

The flowers of monocotyledons have five whorls, each of three parts; while the dicotyledons have four whorls, each having five parts. This is the marked difference between the two classes; but there are numerous variations which distinguish the minor divisions. These variations, however, never become parallel to each other. The fundamental distinctions are maintained in all the divisions and subdivisions. The multiplicity of forms and colors, each with a peculiar fragrance, and the great variety of pistils, petals, stamens, and stigma, are sufficiently marked to impress the most careless observer. They are so inseparably connected with every idea of delicacy and beauty; such fit emblems of elegance and purity, that he is unfortunate indeed who does not understand their language, and the lessons they are perpetually repeating.

The roots of the different classes have less to gratify the senses, but quite as much to convince the judgment in an inquiry like this. In the Acotyledons there is no distinction of parts in the embryo; the roots, therefore, are the tubular elongation only of the cells touching the soil. But in the monocotyledons and dicotyledons the radicles are distinct in the embryo, yet they are developed differently in each. In the first, the embryo is pierced to allow the radicle to pass, and is covered by a superficial layer, which forms a sheath for the root. In the latter, the radicular extremity of the axis is lengthened into what is called the tap-root, which throws off other roots sufficient to support the tree. The monocotyledonous roots are generally compound, but do not throw off so many branches as the dicotyledonous roots. The arrangement and development of the vessels differ materially from that observed in the stems. As the radicle is not found in the Acotyledons, there is

no analogy between their growth and that of the other classes. These cells are lengthened analogous to the epidermus, and accomplish their destiny by throwing off adventitious roots.

The respiratory organ differs in the different classes of vegetables, as in animals of different grades. The air enters through the stomata on the leaf, and penetrates the parenchyma and other layers before it reaches the cavities of the trachæ; but the trachæ is not the only respiratory membrane. Some plants, (the ferns, for instance,) have no true trachæ, yet their respiration is perfect. But these organs are not able to effect the chemical changes which take place without light. The plant, in respiring, decomposes the carbonic acid gas, and retains the carbon and a small portion of oxygen; but light is necessary for this labor. When plants are kept in the dark they lose their color and solidity, showing a loss of carbon, on which the solidity depends. During respiration vegetables throw off oxygen, and take up carbon; but at night, when respiration ceases, they throw off carbonic acid gas. The decomposition and consolodation of the elementary substances is effected by the action of the sun and water; while the color of the plant, and the growth of the woody parts, depend more directly on the elements of the solar rays, and the composition of the atmosphere.

As it is our object to show the distinctions between the various divisions, as evidence of their independent and distinct creation, and the fallacy of the transmutation hypothesis, we will be excused for noticing the harmony which exists between the vegetable kingdom and the laws of heat and light, and the revolutions of the earth. It has been ascertained that a ray of solar light contains several distinct principles: one portion represents color, another affects the temperature, while a third contains the chemical principle, which is invisible, and has no influence on the thermometer. Vegetation is regulated by the seasons; but what agency does light, and especially the harmonious action of these distinct principles, perform? This question was before the British Association last year, and was submitted to Mr. Hunt. From his report, it appears that light transmitted through yellow glass has little or no influence on the germination of seeds, from the fact that the chemical portion of the ray will not pass through that color. Every vegetable requires a certain portion of all these principles, and will not survive without them. And it is upon the changes in the proportion of them, that germination, growth, and fructification depend. These changes are in harmony with the seasons, and may result from them. 'It is now an ascertained fact,' says Mr. Hunt, 'that the solar beam during spring contains a large amount of the actinic principle, so necessary at that season for the germination of seeds and the development of buds. In summer there is a large proportion of the light-giving principle, necessary to the formation of the woody parts of the plant. As autumn approaches, the colorific or heat-giving principles of the solar rays increase. This is necessary to harden the woody parts, and prepare them for the approaching winter. It is thus that the proportions of the different principles are changed with the seasons; and thus that vegetation is germinated, grown, and hardened by them.'

We know not how these facts may act on the minds of others, but

in the axis of the earth, so arbitrary yet so essential; in the distinct principles of solar light, so mysterious, yet so powerful and important in their action on vegetable life; and in the adaptation in the proportion of these principles to the seasons and necessities of the kingdom, we recognize the strongest evidence of the existence of an INFINITE WISDOM and an ever-active GOODNESS.

The growth of the wood is also different. We have referred to the internal and external modes of growth. In connexion with this, we should notice the differences which exist between the trachæ, cells, lactiferous vessels, and fascicles. The elements of the fascicles of the dicotyledonous plant are divided after the first year; one remaining as the ligneous, the other becoming the cortical system. This division never takes places in the monocotyledonous plant. The distribution and arrangement of the fascicles are entirely different in the acotyledons. They have no unrollable trachæ; indeed, in every particular they differ from the other divisions. The stems of acotyledons grow at their summit, by the lengthening of the fascicles already formed. This differs wholly from the mode observed in the case of the dicotyledons and monocotyledons.

It is truly wonderful to contemplate the multiplicity of forms found in the vegetable kingdom; but this astonishment is increased when we think of the different powers which these various forms possess. The perfect adaptation of their organs to the offices they perform, and the infinite chemical combinations elaborated by them, force us to recognize them as separate and distinct creations. In this review of the different parts of the grand divisions of the kingdom, we have seen some of the leading distinctions between them. We find there is no point in the different plants, nor period in their growth, in which the distinct features are lost. They are stamped on the elementary parts; continued in the various stages of their growth and decay; never represent each other; never run into each other, but are always distinct.

The question now presents itself; is it probable or even possible, that these differently constituted plants, sprung from the same parent stock? Their constituent elements are differently combined, their forms are dissimilar; and their organs are not only unlike in themselves, but elaborate various substances, and form different compounds, out of the same soil. If any such transmutation took place in the early ages of the world; would we not know something of the fact, through the pages of Botanic history. But when did it occur? The seeds taken from the monuments of Egypt, produced plants precisely like those of the present day; yet they must have been locked up for centuries. During this period, time does not appear to have produced any change in the vegetable creation. A few plants have been slightly changed in their external appearance by cultivation and change of locality; but their chemical properties are essentially the same.

If in addition to the distinctions which we have seen, there appears to be an important end obtained by them; it will be impossible to resist the conclusion to which they point. We cannot contemplate the great variety and beauty of the vegetable creation, and enjoy the fragrance of our gardens and prairies, without feeling grateful to the AUTHOR of

their existence. Yet these are subordinate offices only, compared with the more important parts they perform in the economy of nature. It is their adaptation to the performance of these offices; their distribution over the continents; their chemical and medicinal properties, and their general usefulness to man, which most clearly prove them the offspring of an intelligent and kind CREATOR. It has been said, that it was quite as important to provide for the wants of man as to create him. But the great question involved is, how was he created? By what direct and intelligent POWER, if by any? Did the same wisdom provide for his wants that gave him life? or did these supplies result fortuitously from the operations of the forces which elaborated the human soul? In the distribution of vegetables, we find much that is interesting and instructing. In the vegetable creation, as in every thing else, a general compensation takes place between the different portions of the globe we inhabit. An examination of the geography of vegetables, will show us that the *cereals*, the most useful class, are successfully cultivated as far north as seventy degrees. But this depends on the modifications of the climate; for they are not generally found north of the polar circle. The line varies between fifty-one and seventy degrees north latitude. Barley, rye and oats are cultivated in Sweden and Norway; and as far as the fifty-seventh degree in Russian America. Wheat is produced in Scotland, England, France, Germany, Hungary, Central Asia, North America, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Chili, at the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, and New Holland. In Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, and South America, maize and rice take the place of wheat. Rice supplies its place in China and Japan; but it is not confined to those countries; it is successfully cultivated in both divisions of the western world. Rye and barley are scattered from the seventieth degree north latitude, as far south as Van Dieman's Island. Thus it is seen, that these, the most useful of all plants, are adapted to almost every climate on earth.

The potatoe has spread into every cultivated country. In the low countries between the tropics, other vegetable products are provided to supply the wants of man. The banana, date, cocoa-nut, yam, and bread-fruit, are scattered over the whole intertropical zone. They commence where the cereals stop; and appear to be better adapted to the inhabitants of those countries. These grains and plants are adapted to a great variety of climate and soil; much more so, than any other class. The loss of one is compensated by the spontaneous growth of another, answering the same purposes. This power of accommodation, and ability to mature under so great a variety of climate, is not given to any other division of the vegetable kingdom. Many of the largest, and apparently the hardiest plants and trees, are confined to very limited zones, and soon wither and die if removed beyond them.

Next in importance to these edible plants, we may notice those valuable for chemical and medicinal purposes. This field is so large, that we can select a few only of the principal ones. In this we will discover the results of the different organs heretofore referred to. In one family, we find the *Euphorbia, Ipecacuanha, Castor-oil plant, Tiglium*

Janipha, Manchineel, etc. These are found together, yet how different in character. From the first, second and third, some of our best, and mildest, as well as our most active purgatives are derived. The janipha supplies food for a large part of the population of South America; while the poisonous shade of the manchineel verifies the extravagant stories about the deadly *upas*. In another family, we find the hop, hemp, mulberry, fig, Indian-rubber, bread-fruit-tree, and *antiaries toxicaria*. Here is a most remarkable combination of dissimilar properties in the same family. The bread-fruit-tree, so indispensably necessary to the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. The hemp, invaluable in commerce; the hop, in cooking; and the Indian-rubber for apparel. The fig supplies us with a most valuable fruit; while the *Anticaris Toxicaria*, yields strychnine, an alcaloid very useful in chemistry and medicine.

Again, we have the rhubarb, *Mirabilis, Jalapa, Cistis Creticus*, mustard, poppy, kalumba, cassia senna, capaifera, etc., all esteemed for their medicinal properties. It has been said, and we think with much truth, that every country and climate, produces in the form of vegetable and mineral compounds, all the remedies that the diseases of each locality require. That nature, like a vast chemical laboratory, is constantly preparing and storing up all that we need, as astringents, febrifuges, oils, acids, cathartics, tonics, emetics, etc.; and that all the deficiencies result from our ignorance of the medicinal properties of the indigenous plants. In this class, the last mentioned, we find our most active cathartics, tonics, etc., while another supplies our balsams and gums. It is by these, we are armed with remedies for the disorders and derangements of the human system. But the goodness of the CREATOR stops not here. Every where in nature, from the fragrant flower of the desert, to the indescribable display of power above our heads; beauty is inwrought with the useful.

Abundant provision is also made to gratify the various tastes, which seem to result from the variety in nature. The *Rese da lutcola, Logwood, Indigofera, Anchusa tinctoria*, supply the materials for coloring and enriching the plain fabric, which the cotton plant and mulberry leaf, enable us to construct. We refer to the peculiar properties of the mulberry; not forgetting the fact, that man with all his boasted superiority, is a dependent on the worm, too frequently crushed beneath his feet. The silk-worm cannot accomplish the object of its creation without the mulberry leaf; the substance upon which it feeds; and GOD, as if to ensure the continuation of this useful species, has so ordained it, that no other insect will partake of the same food; thus ensuring a certain supply for the little spinster. This appears to be a small matter; but it as clearly exhibits design and goodness in the creative POWER, as the laws which hold the bodies of our astral and stellar systems together.

Other vegetables furnish genius the means of perpetuating the features of the departed; and of transferring to canvass all that is sublime and beautiful in natural scenery. To these beautiful provisions for supplying our wants, and securing our happiness, a great variety of fruits have been added, which, if not necessary, appear almost indis-

pensable. Throughout the whole vegetable kingdom, this adaptation to the wants and happiness of man has been observed. Numerous as are the tastes, and desires of the human family, they are all supplied from nature's inexhaustible store-house. All around us minister to our good. Every noble sentiment of the heart finds something without to purify and increase it. Thus all our longings for the undefined, are insensibly fixed on the future; and the higher faculties of the soul, fitted for the enjoyment of the unknown treasures of the INFINITE and ETERNAL.

We have seen the relation the vegetable kingdom sustains to man, in supplying his wants and gratifying his desires. We have now to notice the adaptation of the members to their location; and the general and very important office which they perform in the economy of nature. And first their adaptation. Plants indigenous to mountains and dry wastes, have gutters in their leaf-stems by which the moisture they collect on their leaves is conveyed to the roots. They are also distinguished by a power they possess of attracting water from the vapor in the air. The *parietaria* possesses this power in a remarkable degree. We are assured by travellers, that there is a tree in the mountains of Ferro, which furnishes the inhabitants large quantities of water by distilling it from the clouds which it attracts, and depositing it in reservoirs around the tree; from which it is drawn by the inhabitants. Many of the plants of low grounds have their first leaves in the form of furrows or little spoons; as those of the violet and the different species of grain and grass. In the spring you may see turfts of young leaves raising themselves toward heaven like paws to catch the falling drops; but most of these leaves lose their gutter form as they grow older. It is perminent only in mountain plants, where it is always necessary. In these, says Saint Pierre, it continues to conduct the rain water into the tree from the leaf of the branch. The branch, by the obliquity of its position, conveys it to the trunk, from thence it descends to the roots. The bark is also adapted to the same purpose, being always cleft lengthwise and never across. The coralla of flowers is formed in relation to the heat of the sun, and their duration is regulated by the quantity of heat they are intended to collect. Some are protected by their form from the rays of the sun; others are adapted to sustain the full effulgence of his rays without injury. Some are provided with dusky reflectors; others have the power of closing as occasion may require; others are provided with parasols by which they are protected; like the crown imperial, whose flowers are shaded by a plume of green leaves. Some have curves, by which they collect the heat at the centre; in others, the curves are so arranged that they are able to dissipate the heat. Notwithstanding the large size and whiteness of the cup of the lily, the more it expands the more it disperses the heat; and thus at noon-day in midsummer, when all other flowers are exhausted, it is enabled to raise itself above its drooping associates. Other flowers have parts to protect them from the cold; others are adapted to bloom on the surface of the water; such as the flowers of the *Ugurphoea*, which float on the margin of lakes, and accommodate themselves to the motion of the waves without having their centers wet by them, by

means of long pliant stems. The *Valesneria* are remarkable examples of this class. They grow abundantly on the Rhine, and would be exposed to frequent inundations by the sudden overflows of that river, had they not been provided with stems formed like cork-screws, which easily stretch out to the length of three or four feet, and when the water subsides, settle back again like an elastic spring; in this way keeping their blossoms always on the surface of the water. The buds of flowers are protected even from their own stems. While very small and tender they are wrapped in a tough integument, called *calix.* The more rough and branching the plant is, the thicker is the calix. This calix is sometimes in the form of a cap, and armed with bristles, as may be seen in the rose. These protections are not found on flowers that grow on stems without branches. The holly shows that they are not only provided with means to protect themselves from dangers within, but from external attacks. The edges of the leaves are provided with long sharp spines, up as high as cattle can reach; as they are safe above that point, and the protecting spines no longer necessary, they are found to be perfectly smooth. Southey says:

'Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.'

In our previous article, we referred to the adaptation of the algæ or sea-weed, to the office they perform, and the arrangement of the pores and respiratory system of mountain plants, adapting them to the increased rarity of the atmosphere; which are beautiful adaptations.

We have thus briefly and imperfectly, noticed the distinctions in the vegetable kingdom; their adaptation to the various localities; and to the wants of man. We proceed to trace the fundamental distinctions existing between the two kingdoms. The phenomenon of life, their structure, and the chemical composition of the constituent substances, are essentially different. Vegetables have the power merely of supporting themselves, and of reproducing their species; while animals have the faculty of determinate motion; and of receiving and perceiving external impressions. Animals are endowed with a greater number of faculties, and are therefore necessarily supplied with more complicated organs. The differences, however, are not confined to the organs; the structure of the constituent tissues is very dissimilar. The tissues of vegetables are composed of cells or utricles, furnished with walls, hollow in the centre. In animals, the tissues are composed of filaments or laminæ, which intercross each other; forming membranes more or less spongy; but not divided into cells as in vegetables. These cells are sometimes found in animals; but they are not permanent, merely transitory. We adhere to the opinion generally entertained before the investigations of Professor Schwann. His conclusions have not received the unqualified approbation of our most distinguished physiologists. Professor Agassiz, speaks of the results of Professor Schwann's investigations, approvingly; but thinks they will be somewhat modified. Previous, and we may add, subsequent inves-

tigations, are against the Professor; nor has he or any person else been able to explain the peculiar stages of development in animal tissues, by the cell theory. The chemical composition of these cells is peculiar, not only in each of the kingdoms, but in the grand divisions of both. Cellulose — composed of nearly equal parts of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen — forms the principal part of the cellular mass in plants; while gelatine — composed of unequal parts of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen — is the primary material in animals. To this rule, Professor Mulder says, no exception has ever been discovered. The skeleton of the tissues of vegetables are composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen only; while azote or nitrogen is united with them in the tissues of animals. Azotised matter is sometimes found in vegetables, but does not appear necessary or natural to them. When vegetable and animal membranes are decomposed, the differences in the products are easily distinguished.

Another fundamental difference between the two kingdoms exists in the manner of their growth. Vegetables absorb in organic particles by the extremity of their roots; while animals feed upon organic particles, and absorb their nutriment by the ramifications of the nervous and lymphatic vessels in the intestinal tube. Tbe food of animals is previously prepared by digestion, accomplished by organs peculiar to them. In this process of digestion, the animal destroys the organic substances and then throws off, by respiration, excretions, etc., the rude substances upon which vegetables subsist.

Again, their respiration is entirely different. Animal respiration is performed without intermission during life; while light is indispensibly necessary to the respiration of plants. If this fact had received the attention to which it is entitled, much of the difficulty attending the examination of the Fovilla, Chara, and other plants which appeared to exhibit signs of animal life, would have been avoided; and the boundary between the two kingdoms settled much earlier. The small moveable chemical compound found in these vegetables, resembles the *Infusorial animalculæ;* but it has been ascertained that their motion is regulated by light, and is wholly dependent on it; and that when it is withdrawn they become stationary, thus assuming their vegetable character. This motion appears to be the act merely of germination; effected under the influence of light; as the germs never exhibit the phenomenon the second time.

The respiratory organ is different in each of the divisions of the vegetable kingdom, as well as in the different grades of animal life; and in each case, admirably adapted to the condition and wants of the organism. In man it is so constructed, that beside ministering to the oxygenation of the blood, its primary office in the economy of life; it becomes the instrument of voice and expression, two properties which have relation to his intellectual nature. The apparatus required for adapting the organ of breathing to these superadded endowments, is altogether different from that which is found in the lower animals; where the organ is subservient only to the purification of the blood. As a correspondence must exist between the structure of the different moving parts of the frame, and the nervous system which regulates

the action of the body, the change in the construction of the organ is accompanied with a change in the arrangement of the nerves. Accordingly a distinct class of nerves is appropriated in the human frame to the organ of respiration, called the respiratory nerves.

Sir Charles Bell, made a very careful examination of the nerves arising from the *medulla oblongata*, and found that they were all distributed to those parts, which together, form the organ of respiration. The *portiodura* is sent to the nostrils and mouth; and to the exterior orifices of the tube which leads to the lungs. The *glosso-pharyngeal*, goes to the posterior openings of the nostrils, and to the upper part of the windpipe. The superior and inferior laryngeal nerves, branches of the Par vagum, supply the larynx, which is the organ of voice. The Par vagum then descends into the chest, and is distributed chiefly to the windpipe and lungs; but branches of it extend to the heart. The spinal accessory nerve is sent to the muscles of the shoulders and neck, which combine with those of the chest, in dilating the lungs. This mechanism is very different from that found in lower animals: and the reason is obvious. In the lower classes of animals, the organ is limited to one function, that of oxygenating the blood; while in man, it becomes the organ of voice and the instrument of articulate language.

To regulate the action of the superadded mechanism, a new and distinct class of nerves become necessary. Something certainly, which must have been provided and adapted to their office, by a wisdom above the animal organism. By studying the nature of the respiratory organ it will be seen that these new and distinct nerves are indispensible to man; but that they are not necessary in the organization of the lower animals. The first essential thing is, says Mr. Shaw, that the air for oxygenating the blood be received into a closed cavity, communicating with the external atmosphere by a single tube; the second is, that this cavity be capable of contracting on the volume of air within, so as to expel it along the tube with sufficient force to produce sound. But this formation is not found in animals. No traces of a true chest and windpipe are found below the class vertabrata. In the lower animals, there is neither circulating system or distinct respiratory organ. The first or lowest animal respiratory organ is merely a few prolongations of the integument of the animal in the shape of turfts or fringes, which float in the water, and thus expose the blood to the oxygen contained in that element. The Polype, is an example of this organism. The next formation of this organ is in the shape of small sacs within the animal, in which the integument is folded inward upon itself. The apparatus in many insects is a modification of this structure. Ranged regularly along the sides of their bodies, there is a succession of holes which are the openings of a series of small tubes which extend through their interior, by which means the air communicates with the blood. The next organization is that of the branchial or gills found in fish. In fish, we first find the mouth connected with the respiratory organ. This connection requires a new organization to expand and compress the chest, that the air may be received into and expelled from the chest.

As we advance in the scale of organisms we find, as in the mammalia, a new apparatus; the diaphragm, a partition between the abdominal and thoracic cavities, stretching across from the lower border of the ribs on one side to the other. The diaphragm circumscribes the space for containing the lungs, and thereby gives greater force to the expansion and contraction of those organs; and acts as a powerful muscle of respiration in dilating the area of the chest. It is thus by the combined and harmonious action of these new and distinct nerves and organs, that man is enabled to produce vocal sounds and articulate language The respiratory mechanism of man corresponds with his superior endowments; supplying him as it does, with an organ adapted to the great purposes of communicating thought and evolving the powers of his mind; the attribute by which he holds his exalted position in creation.

According to Plato, in his Protagoras, the ignorance of Epimetheus would have left man 'naked and unshod, unbedded and unarmed,' had it not been for the kindness of Prometheus, who stole the artificial wisdom of Vulcan and Minerva for him, which, together with fire, gave him a divine condition; and enabled him to protect himself from the severity of the seasons and the ferocity of beasts. But he was not entirely superior, until he had learned to articulate sounds and words, and had received the gifts of 'Shame and Justice,' from Hermes, the authorized agent of Jupiter.

Having been led in our view of the respiratory organ, to notice the adaptations of the nerves, we will be excused for devoting a moment more to that subject. The circulating system is affected also, by the superadded mechanism of the higher animals. As the respiratory organ approaches the perfection which it attains in man, the blood vessels are divided into two distinct systems; the one for purifying the blood, and the other for distributing it over the body. Some of the most beautiful adaptations in the human system, are connected with the circulation of the blood. As the act of respiration, momentarily obstructs the flow of blood into the veins, if it be strong, regurgitation may be the result. It is obvious from this, that the veins may become congested; and be in great danger of serious injury. The veins of the head leading to the brain and eyes, are protected from these dangers, by an arrangement of the muscles of the neck, which cover and protect them. These muscles combine in sympathy with the movements of the chest, so as to compress the veins where there is a tendency to regurgitation; and to remove the pressure where the chest is expanded. The *orbicularis*, which covers the eye, is a part of the same provision. It compresses the eye-ball when the chest is violently contracted; by which means the veins at the back of the orbit are closed, preventing engorgement of the fine branches which ramify on the delicate coats within. This is a distinct provision to protect the eye from danger of engorgement by violent respiration; for this muscle is not found in animals, where the respiratory organ acts feebly. There is a second beautiful arrangement to protect this delicate organ from engorgement or violent circulation. The veins which ramify in

the interior of the organ, between the delicate membranes that support the retina, make a circular sweep previous to entering its principal vein. This is an admirable structure for breaking the force of a retrograde current of blood, and gradually diffusing it over the membrane.

But we return to the differences in the respiration of the two kingdoms, which appear more distinctly in the action and result than in the formation of the organ itself. In our paper on 'Physical Geography' we referred to the various agents employed in the economy of nature in supplying the constant demand for carbonic acid; among which we spoke of the office performed by the animal kingdom. We therefore refer to that article for facts which we will not repeat. Animals are constantly throwing off carbonic acid, indispensibly necessary to vegetables; while the vegetable kingdom supplies animals with oxygen, alike important to their existence, thus making an exchange, and contributing to the life and growth of each other.

There appears little or no analogy between the two kingdoms in the actions of nutrition and respiration, and certainly none can be found in the organic apparatus which performs these functions. As we have just seen, the different products which result from their action are so combined, that they make continual interchanges, by which they secure a counterbalance and maintain an admirable equilibrium in the midst of the disorder, which seems inevitable, but which is never permitted in the harmonious actions of nature.

This is one instance only of the many to which we might refer, proving the adaptation of the various parts of Nature's complex machinery. Reciprocity, mutual exchange between the various members, is one of the first laws of life, written upon matter by the stern hand of Necessity. But in its operation we find all that is beautiful to the eye and dear to the heart. This connecting link, running through the whole of created matter, binding each separate organism and all the primordial elements in relations of dependency, is not only the triple tie of nature, but the beginning and source of innumerable blessings. Through it strength becomes the protection of weakness; age of infancy; and wisdom and purity are driven to the rescue of ignorance and corruption. The beautiful and tender relations of the domestic circle, and all the ties and obligations of society, depend upon and result from this law. So in nature, the mountain uses its elevation in collecting the moisture from the clouds, to pour it down upon the valleys, in the form of rain. The distant portions of the earth are forced into exchange by the diversity of climate; while the oceans, by which they are separated, furnish the best means for knitting them together by the ties of commercial reciprocity.

While the various organisms do not spring from each other, they are bound to each other in the most intimate relations, by an unalterable law, which is both the means of their continued existence and the foundation of their happiness. He only who is unable to discover the grandeur and beauty of the relation, and the wisdom of the great PRIMARY CAUSE, is without the mighty circle, cheered by the presence

and warmed by the goodness of the CREATOR, and is not likely to share its ultimate blessings.

'O NATURE! all-sufficient over all,
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works;
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scattered o'er the void immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
Thrust blooming thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and, higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick, compounded thought.'

TO THE GIRL OF 'OUR CHOIR.'

BY H. W. ROCKWELL

I.

SWEET girl! whose lips in language move
That hardly seems their own:
As if the music of a bird
Dwelt in thy heart's pure tone:

II.

If I had vowed to love no more,
Vowed, though no word were spoken,
What e'er my fate through life might be,
That vow might now be broken!

III.

By every stolen rose the mind
Hath hidden in thy cheek,
By every starlight gleam that makes
Thine eye's sweet darkness meek:

IV.

I claim thee now, though far apart
We roam Life's wintry sea;
Friendship has stole Love's brightest dart
For star-eyed Memory!

V.

By those have I been conquered; yet
Dearer than aught I claim,
Is that pure heart, amid whose thoughts
Love writes *another* name.

Utica, Oct., 1850.

THE LAST NIGHT.

He lay at midnight on a bed
That rested not his weary head,
And watched the flickering lamp-light fall
In shadows on the chamber-wall.

Without, November's sullen blast
Went moaning by,
As if the voice of wailing filled
The darkened sky:
No other sound the stillness broke,
Till one, that paced along,
Half hummed, half sang, the fragment of
An old familiar song:
It was a song of midnight mirth,
And quick before his gaze
Arose the many festal scenes
That crowned his early days.

Old school-companions, dead in youth,
About his pillow came;
Looked on him with familiar eyes,
And called him by his name:
Some had perished in their strength
Upon the distant sea,
And some had withered in their homes
Like blossoms from the tree:
His heart in shuddering silence heard
The sound of hollow mirth,
From lips long hidden in the deep,
Or in the crumbling earth.

The chamber, too, wherein he lay,
Had been the scene of boyish play;
He raised his eyes, and through his tears
Looked backward in the vale of years:
The night was dark, the lamp was dim,
But darkness nothing hid from him.

He saw his mother, young and fair,
A sickly infant tending there;
She watched her charge by night and day,
Without an aid,
Save such as holy angels sent
Her when she prayed.

The child she tended grew in strength,
But never knew
How much of wo that fainting heart
Had struggled through:
In later years he went alone
Where she was laid,
And kneeling by the time-worn stone,
In sorrow prayed:
The waving grass, the hillock green,
The old neglected flowers,
A fleeting shadow cast upon
His young and happy hours:

But soon the sunshine came again,
And never more he trod
The ground where she that nurtured him
Had mingled with the clod.

The hillock green, the sunken stone,
Her last and maiden name,
The solemn text of scripture there
Before his vision came:
'The golden bowl,' the sentence ran,
His own was shattered now,
And Faith had set no seal upon
His dark and wasted brow.

More wanderers trod the silent street,
The sound of laughter came;
He thought he heard familiar lips
Grow busy with his name:
The bell was muffled, and his friends,
With whom in days before
He laughed away his hopes of heaven,
Were pausing at the door.

They knew the signs of sad disease,
Perhaps of coming death,
And as they passed, their whispered tones
Were partly under breath:
His eye grew brighter, but again,
Ere yet the last was by,
Some merry joke the echoes woke,
And laughter sounded high.

'Nay, *one* will weep when I am gone!'
O happy are our eyes,
That only see the little space
That round about us lies!
She wept, indeed, when mourners bore
Their burden past her mother's door;
But not such tears as women shed,
Whose hearts are buried with the dead.

The early dawn came peeping through
The curtain's heavy fold;
The watcher, waking from his sleep,
And half benumbed with cold,
Awoke, and went with haggard pace
To look upon the sleeper's face.

Before the night had passed away
The creature had returned to clay.

'He died in sleep,' the watcher said;
'In peace; for see, he smiled.'
God only knows what later thought
His passing breath beguiled!
Perhaps his mother's prayers were heard,
And angel voices came
To call him to her breast again,
By his familiar name:
I cannot tell; but from the clay
The happy smile passed not away.

INGLESIDE REMINISCENCES.

BY BACHELOR BEAUCLERC.

ROSALIE D'ELAMERE.

THREE miles from Havre, in a fertile hollow, lies the sleepy little hamlet of Royés. To this place I was advised to proceed by the excellent hostess to whom I have alluded, for, as she assured me, it had many antidotes to ennui; a complaint made known to the French by English travellers, and regarded with unimaginable disgust by that volatile people.

The country looked much better after its washing, and I entered the merry little inn with better spirits than I supposed possible after my late harrowing of nerves. I say merry little inn, not that there was a group of rubicund fellows at the door, whiling away time with stale jests and drunken laughter, as is often seen in England; the merriment of this was of a quiet kind. The house was constructed of rough beams, of divers shapes, such as the tree wore before it groaned and fell. The interstices were filled with clay, roughly plastered, and tinted with a lively color. The house was one of many such throughout the land. A gourd-vine had climbed to the eaves, and was peeping down the chimney, the large leaves being fresher and larger than those below; and well they might, feeding as they did daily on the savory steam that ascended like incense from the kitchen altar. The gourds were rapidly hastening to maturity, assisted by the warm sun, and no less warm chimney. A kitten was catching flies in the window, and a dog was dancing erect on the door-step to the music of a flageolet, played by a cherry-cheeked youngster, who kept time with his wooden shoes, producing a noise similar to the castanet. A pot of mignonette in the window-sill filled the air with fragrance, and a clock tolling the hour, with a most musical voice, completed this combination of attractions. As I dismounted, the garçon came to our assistance, and after many directions from Francoise, led away the horses, whistling a lively tune as he went.

The entrance-room was neatly sanded, and papered with the history of Paul and Virginia, in tableaux. The pendulum of a Swiss clock frisked to and fro across the wall, now springing into Paul's face, then threatening to disappear in the branches of a stunted palm-tree beside Virginia. A lively parrot was perched near the window, with a chain attached to its leg, and fastened to a hook in the wall. A huge lemon-tree stood in the centre of the floor, and brushed the ceiling with its glossy leaves. After this description, you will think the term 'merry' no misnomer. I awaited the host or hostess, half reclined on a comfortable settee, and noting the above-mentioned pendants to the whole picture. A door opposite to me I had decided upon as the entrance-porte of the owners of the inn, inasmuch as there was but one other,

which opened on the street. I turned quickly as the lock clicked the approach of some one, and there stood — the landlady. There stood a young being, irresolute whether to enter or retreat, with a straw hat slung on her arm, and the head — it were a shame to conceal by its broad rim — half bent in salutation, and a serio-comic smile, curling the rosiest lips, dimpling the plumpest cheeks, and brightening the brightest eyes I had looked upon for many a day. I arose, bowed politely as possible, and the form (a very fine one, too) advanced into the room, bowed again slightly, and vanished through the other door. I was just wondering rather suspiciously whether there was but one egress from the house, when a tall, pale gentlemen entered, and welcomed me to his hotel. After many apologies for his delay, I was ushered through *the* door into an entry, and across that to a pleasant little room, with one window, which was shaded by a luxuriant multiflora. Before entering this room, however, I convinced myself by a rapid glance that there *was* another egress from the house, and that it lay at the end of the entry. Mentally accusing the fair vision of coquetry, and all its attendant frailties, I put François on the scent to discover who and what she might be. In the meanwhile, lulled by the drowsy influences of the room, I fell asleep, and dreamed of the vision. When I awoke, François was arranging my toilet.

'Well, François?' said I, yawning with feigned nonchalence.

'It is Mademoiselle D'Elamere. She is a pensioner with her grandparents, and her brother, too.' Here François shruggled his shoulders expressively.

'This brother is a Turk, then?'

'No, Monsieur, not exactly that.'

'A roué, then — I have it.'

'Not exactly that either, Monsieur. He is — what do you call him?' François tipped the water-bottle to his mouth, with an expressive look.

'Ah, a drunkard! — fie, who could be such a brute with such a sister? We shall see them at the table d'hôte — will we not, François?'

'Yes, Monsieur, shortly.'

I was the first one seated, anxious to meet the pretty coquette. A fine-looking old gentleman, and a withered little lady, half hid beneath the bows of her cap, entered soon after myself, followed by a very pale youth and the rosy sister, the latter taking aim at me, with numerous darts concealed around her eyes and lips. I had prepared myself for a skirmish of light artillery, and was too gallant not to be mortally wounded after a short resistance. I had leisure, however, to notice the unsteady hand of the sullen brother, and to wonder that it was possible for his relatives to indulge themselves, even temperately, with the fatal liquor that was hurrying him to such beastly degradation. It was sad to see Rosalie (for thus they named her) drinking the health of her acquaintance with merry laughter, while her brother quaffed deeply in the same manner.

The old lady was evidently a retired veteran, and watched her Rosalie with keen delight. The old man was very sad, without vivacity, and evidently pressed with anxiety. We sat until a late hour, and I

noticed that the youth walked steadily out of the room. Rosalie wore a full bloomed rose: as she was leaving, I begged for it. She extended it playfully, but I shrank as I bent to kiss her hand, for her breath, as it issued through her roguish smile, was tainted with wine. How *could she* indulge in it! At midnight I was aroused by a loud howl. At first I thought it came from a dog, but after listening sometime, became convinced of its human origin. It was soon followed by scuffling. After a while the noise ceased. François made his appearance.

'Do n't be alarmed, Monsieur, it is only M. D'Elamére in a fit of liquor.'

'Shocking! does he always howl when he is tipsy?'

'He is one brute, Monsieur, and the young lady ——.'

'Proceed.'

'Is a little, a little — ah ——.'

'Yes, a little tipsy sometimes.'

'Oui, Monsieur, so they tell me below. Three of them have died that way.'

'Any female among them?'

'One sister, Monsieur.'

'Horrible! You may go, François. Three of the family, and yet the old people *can* abide the presence of liquor — ay, and drink it in their presence. What a world this is!'

I could sleep no more, but arose early, and strolled out to an old tower near by; it was a remnant of Roman power. As I leaned against a tree, comparing the sprightly, sensual Rosalie with the spiritual, exalted Anna, a light laugh above startled me from my reverie. It was Rosalie; she was looking down upon me through a loop-hole in the tower. Her brother stood beside her, gloomy and pale. I bowed coldly. She perceived my coolness, and gliding down the ruined staircase, came to my side. Placing her hand on my arm, she whispered:

'I must beg you to forgive us for the noise that disturbed you last night. My brother is subject to cataleptic fits, but he is better than formerly; much better since we came here. We are from Bordeaux; but grandpa came here hoping to benefit Felix.'

She paused for a reply.

'I was at first startled,' said I, 'but was not much disturbed. I sincerely hope your brother will recover. His disorder is not contagious, I trust; it would be grievous for you to be similarly affected.'

'Not at all, Monsieur,' she unhesitatingly replied, 'my health is admirable. Felix, Felix, do not stand so near the edge!'— she darted from me to her brother, who proved intractable. I hurried to her aid. Felix was beside himself again. Catalepsy affected him in an unusual manner; he capered, screamed, and howled. In one hand he held a quart bottle of alcohol, which he had smuggled in his pocket. I was obliged to call for help. A couple of peasants came to the rescue. The bottle was wrested from him, and he borne howling home. That night he died a raving maniac, with the vulture Alcohol tearing his vitals. He was buried. His sister put on mourning, which became her well, looked very serious a couple of days, but on the third forgot all propriety, and was carried intoxicated to bed.

I had stepped up to François's room, which happened to adjoin hers. As I was leaving it, imagine my amazement at meeting a group bearing in their midst the senseless form of Rosalie.

'She has fainted,' whispered the wrinkled old dame to me.

'Catalepsy?' asked I, utterly disgusted. She bowed assent, and I waited until they had entered the room; but before I reached mine, a deep grunt saluted my ears. François came with lights, dried fruits, and wine.

'Take it away,' I cried, pointing to the latter. 'Poor, wretched Rosalie — lost, doomed!'

The next morning, as I descended to breakfast, I met the old man. He looked at me, bowed sadly, and was passing on. I followed, wishing to draw him into conversation. He placed his arm in mine, and we sallied out. For some moments he was silent; tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks.

'Ah, dear Sir,' said he, 'it is sad to see the young cut off in so foul a way. My poor Felix had fine abilities once, but liquor destroyed every vestige of himself before you saw him.'

I listened attentively. One of this family was truthful; I respected him. He perceived it, and continued:

'The same fatal taste pursues Rosalie. Her good constitution buoys her up, but it will soon break. Ah, me!'

'It were better for her to die,' said I.

'Far better; but I have a project in view to save her. I shall try to get her into an insane hospital. There is one near here. If I could ask your assistance.'

'Certainly,' I replied, 'I will aid you in any way.'

Before we parted, all was arranged for the consummation of his plan. Sympathy had caused me to forget every selfish consideration. Upon reflection, I almost regretted my precipitation. It was too late to retract. The next day Rosalie met me with smiles. I invited her to take a jaunt. With delight the young inebriate acquiesced. My horses were fleet, and the good grandpa grateful. The old lady, evidently indignant at not being invited, endeavored to prevent Rosalie from going, but the beauty was resolute. We rode through a charming country, and stopped at the gate of a charming chateau.

'Superb!' cried Rosalie.

'Prepare for a surprise,' said I.

We alighted and entered. A man conducted us to a gallery filled with paintings and statuary; from thence a female invited her to a chamber to prepare for dinner. She kissed her hand to us as the door was closing behind her. I never saw her again. We returned to the dame, who was informed of all. Her rage at first was great, but at length she yielded to necessity. The old man returned to Bordeaux, to settle his affairs. In his absence the wife died suddenly. I afterward received a letter from him, informing me of his second marriage, and of Rosalie's improvement. I kept trace of them several years, and one bright day received a letter of thanks, in a female hand, and signed by the now free and permanently reformed Rosalie.

She remained three years in the asylum, then returned to her grand

parent, married well, and by her deportment testified the gratitude she so warmly felt. She often wrote to me. Once I should have thought death a mercy to her, but it was not without deep regret and many tears that I read the obituary of Rosalie D'Elamére.

A SKETCH.

BY DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON.

'T was a soft morn of Italy; the sky
Vied with the blue that charms in Beauty's eye;
And the light rack, if seen a moment there,
Mocked you again, and melted into air;
The hill, the vale, the wood and woodless place,
Laughed in the mirror of CELENO's face;
And the young trees that overhung the rocks
Flung to the amorous air their summer locks;
And to his mate the wild bird sung his song,
And the deer gambolled as he passed along,
And gayest insects hummed away the hours,
And roved and revelled in the sweetest flowers;
Nature looked sweet, for naught was wanting there
To give completeness to a scene so fair.
Say, whose the outstretched form that calmly slept
By the rude water?
That water, falling, dashed its silver sheet
With fearful noise a road's length from his feet;
And yet he slept, or seemed to sleep, as sound
As if soft music lulled him all around.
His was a splendid figure; until now
I had not seen so very pale a brow:
And you would say, if in the gazer's room,
'T was like the marble on a monarch's tomb:
With its pale hue his hair contrasting well
In dark, but not unlovely tresses fell:
The sunbeam partly on his visage flashed,
And showed his mouth, half open, and moustached,
But on his sleepy lids obtruded not,
To break the charm that chained him to the spot.
A female — 't was his mistress — watched above,
And smoothed the dark locks of her bandit love:
One while she eyed him with a glance, wherein
Softness and sweetness might have pled for sin;
Now would she raise it, lightening into flame
To where the bleating of the chamois came.
But see, he wakes, and leaning on her arm,
Repays her burning lip with lip as warm;
Presses her young and passionate breast to his,
And for a time forgets what now he is.
Who of the many that have seen and praised
The rocks and crags SALVATOR's pencil raised,
Know not that even in manhood he who drew
Linked the sworn brother of a bandit crew:

Herded with those who to the bread of toil
Preferred to live by rapine and by spoil.
Now at a distance from the savage haunt
Of men whose bravest deeds he scarce can vaunt,
He, all enamored of a peasant's charms,
Forgets his degradation in her arms.
Say, does THERESA, while she smooths his hair,
Know that a bandit's tresses are her care?
Ah, no! One evening, near the crystal flood,
When with her pitcher in her hand she stood,
ROSA beheld her, and in hunter's guise
Wooed her with honied tongue and speaking eyes;
And though they often since that hour have met,
She only knows him as a hunter yet.

COMMENCEMENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

THE annual commencement of Columbia College was celebrated this year under the influence of the bracing atmosphere and cheerful sun of a bright October day; and such days as our October owns are no where else known. The ceremonial was all the more striking and effective by reason of the beauty of the season; the hot and sultry month of July has usually been the period of this commencement. The change is decidedly a good one.

The Church of the MEDIATOR in Eighth-street was the place of the exhibition; and although the hour of ten was that fixed for the beginning of the exercises, there was a press for admission before nine o'clock.

The students, trustees, and faculty of the college assembled with their invited guests at the Sunday-school building attached to the Church of the MEDIATOR in the Fourth-Avenue, and walked thence in procession to the church, the students in advance. Arrived at the church, these faced inward, and the faculty, trustees and guests passed through the ranks, which then closed, and entered the church. When all were seated, the platform showed an array, larger than has been usual, of eminent men, assembled to testify their interest in the celebration. The Governor of the State, Hamilton Fish, an *alumnus* of the college, had come from Albany in order to be present. Mr. Bancroft, distinguished as a historian and diplomatist, and not less as a school-master, was there, and beside him several other school-masters, a class whom it is the interest, as we know it is the particular aim, of the President of the college to honor; for they are the men whose influence upon youth is greatest, and who, therefore, are especially entitled to prëeminence on all occasions, where the honors acquired by scholarship and conduct are to be awarded. Among the school-masters on the platform we noticed the Nestor of them all, the Rev. Edmund H. Barry, D. D., who for nearly half a century has been training youth in classical studies: Marlborough Churchill, of Mount Pleasant Academy, Sing-Sing; Mr. Onderdonk, of the Academy at Jamaica, Long-Island, and Mr. Sherwood of this city. The Professors of the University were there, the

Presidents of the different medical colleges, the President of the Historical Society, Brigadier-General Whiting, Quarter-Master of the United States Army who adorns arms by the cultivation of letters; Honorable J. A. King, member of congress for the first district, state of New-York; Honorable J. G. King, member of congress from the fifth district, New-Jersey, and a large number of the clergy of all denominations. Not less flattering to the students and their instructors was the array in the church, filled as it was to the utmost capacity with an audience of both sexes, earnest, intelligent and attentive.

Upon an invitation from the President, appropriate prayers were said by the Rev. Dr. Haight, and then the speeches of the graduating class were delivered in the following order:

First. Greek Salutatory Poem,	George F. Seymour.
Music. March from Oberon.	Weber.
Second. Latin Salutatory Address.	George G. Byron.
Music. Evening Star Waltz.	Lanner.
Third. English Salutatory Address.	John S. B. Hodges.
Music. Airs from Lucia.	Donizetti.
Fourth. An Oration, 'Quid ad te pertinet?'	Edwin W. Edwards.
Music. Good Night.	Gung'l.
Fifth. An Essay on 'The want of Veneration in American Character.'	Walter R. T. Jones.
Music. Flute Solo.	F. Rietzel.
Sixth. An Oration on 'The Philanthropists of the Nineteenth Century.'	Frederic R. Coudert.
Music. Elesire d' Amore.	Donizetti.
Seventh. An Oration. 'The Bible in our Free Schools.'	J. F. Delaplaine Cornell.
Music. Marche Sentimentale.	Leach.
Eighth. A German Oration. 'Uber den Einfluss der Offentlichen Meinung.'	A. F. Cushman.
Music. Stradella Polka.	Herzog.
Ninth. An Oration on 'Fanaticism.'	Charles A. Silliman.
Music. La Venetiana.	Julien.
Tenth. An Essay on 'Misunderstood National Characteristics.'	Adolphe Le Moyne, Jr.
Music. Falstaff.	Negri.
Eleventh. An Oration on 'Dependence of the American Character.'	William H. Terry.
Music. Pot Pourri, (*Fille du Régiment.*)	Perrot.
Twelfth. An Oration on 'The Century's Thinking.'	Erskine M. Rodman
Music. L' Ambassadrice.	Auber.
Thirteenth. An Oration. 'The World's True Rulers.'	Malcolm Campbell.
Music. Cornet Solo. (*Il Pirata.*)	Aupick.

These compositions were, generally speaking, free in a great degree from the exaggeration of language and sentiment which are almost proverbially the characteristics of commencement speeches; and some of them denoted maturity of thought above the years of the speakers. They were, too, well delivered.

The Greek and the Latin oration, the former a poem in Iambics, the latter in prose, were exceedingly creditable to the scholarship of Messrs. Seymour and Byron; and the German speech of Mr. Cushman came trippingly off from the tongue, as though he were using his native language.

The music, under the charge of M. Aupick, was well chosen and well executed, though perhaps somewhat too loud for the building, which is not a large one.

At the close of the speeches, the testimonials to the more distinguished students of each class were declared and delivered.

The President, Charles King, LL. D., who, in his academic gown, and wearing the academic cap, occupied a sofa in the centre of the platform; rising from his seat, thus addressed the audience in explanation of the ceremonial:

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Before proceeding to the next step in our order of the day, it may not be uninteresting to explain the regulations of the college, in compliance with which this step is to be taken.

'Our statutes require a semi-annual examination of all the classes in order to ascertain the proficiency and the relative merits of the students. The intermediate examination is made in the month of February, the concluding examination in the month of July, and terminates the academic year.

'In order at once to promote a generous emulation among the students, and to furnish to those who excel in conduct and in study some outward and enduring manifestation of the approbation of their instructors, the statutes have wisely ordered that 'at the close of each examination, *a Testimonial of Merit*, decorated with the seal of the college, and with suitable devices, shall be awarded in each class to the student who shall be considered by the Board of the College as of the best general standing.' There *can* only be *four* of these, and they, in right of this testimonial, become the heads of their respective classes.

'In addition to the four general testimonials, the statutes further require that there should be awarded by the President and the Professor of each respective department, a *special testimonial* to the student of the best standing in each particular department of study, exclusive of the student receiving the general testimonial.

'The examination, which determines the award of these testimonials, is rigid, impartial and comprehensive. It is public, moreover, and open to all who may desire to attend, as they are invited to do; the decision arrived at therefore, is formed under the supervision as it were of the public eye.

'In order to enlarge the sphere of competition, and thereby encourage a greater number of generous emulations, two testimonials, a first and second, are issued in each branch of each department, so that a considerable number of students is comprehended among those who win and wear the honors of the college.

'These laurelled scholars it will now be my gratifying duty to call up and present to you in succession, after delivering to each his allotted testimonial. First, we shall have the four captains of classes; and then, by classes, the bearers of special testimonials; all deserving your approval, as they have secured that of their instructors.'

The President then called up to the platform *George F. Seymour*, head of the senior or graduating class, and consequently head of the college. *John De Ruyter, Jr.*, head of the Junior; *Washington R. Nicholls*, head of the Sophomore, and *William Emerson, Jr.*, head of the Freshman; and having delivered to each of these the *Testimonial of Merit* in his class, thus addressed them, rising from his seat and uncovering:

'YOUNG GENTLEMEN: I have great pleasure in again presenting to you, in the name and with the unanimous approval of the Faculty, *the Testimonial of Merit* as the students of best general standing in your respective classes. I emphasize the word *again*, to the end that it may be understood, that you have each and all, from your entrance into college so distinguished yourselves by diligence and good conduct, as to gain, at successive semi-annual examinations, *The Testimonial of Merit*. Such uniform success, in classes numbering many very clever, very orderly, and very earnest competitors, could only be achieved by uniform, unwavering and exemplary diligence and deportment. With these, now become habits for you, it may be assumed that the future will not falsify the past, and that those who, amid the temptations and improvidence of early youth, have been so true to duty, will not disappoint the anticipations reasonably formed of their manhood, and that upon the foundations here deeply and carefully laid, of sound learning, scientific instruction and literary accomplishments, all controlled, enlightened and warmed by an educated, moral sense; they will, in due season, go forth into the world, to adorn whatever career they may pursue; for 'distinction in college,' as it has been well said by one* who thoroughly understood the business of education and the duties of life, 'is a passport with which a young man enters life with advantage.'

'To you, Mr. SEYMOUR, who are about to be graduated, we bid 'GOD Speed,' with the assurance that your *Alma-Mater*, which cherishes you, in sending you forth into the world fully armed and equipped for any fortune it may have in store for you, will not lose sight of you, nor forego its interest in you, and with the trust, that on your side there will be an enduring and affectionate memory of the classic shades where you were trained for the duties and trials of life, and where you won early and unfading honors.

'To you, DE RUYTER, NICHOLLS and EMERSON, whose course is yet to be finished, we renew our voices of approbation and encouragement. You have done well in the past. Persevere! persevere! persevere!

'Invia virtuti nulla est via.'

'Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, to you, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, I present GEORGE F. SEYMOUR, JOHN DE RUYTER, Jr., WASHINGTON R. NICHOLLS and WILLIAM EMERSON, Jr., as captains of their classes, the Four whom the college delights to honor.'

* Doctor ARNOLD.

The President, having resumed his seat now called up those of the Senior Class to whom *Special Testimonials* were awarded as follows:

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR McVICKAR.

IN THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

First Testimonial to	J. S. B. Hodges.
Second Testimonial to	Charles A. Silliman.

IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

First Testimonial to	Thomas L. Harison.
Second Testimonial to	Charles A. Silliman.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR ANTHON.

IN THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to	George G. Byron.
Second Testimonial to	Charles A. Silliman.

IN THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to	Adolphe Le Moyne, Jr.
Second Testimonial to	Frederic R. Coudert.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR RENWICK.

IN THEORETIC MECHANICS.

First Testimonial to	Thomas L. Harison.
Second Testimonial to	Charles A. Silliman.

IN PRACTICAL MECHANICS.

First Testimonial to	J. S. B. Hodges.
Second Testimonial to	J. Delaplaine Cornell.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR HACKLEY.

IN THE INTEGRAL CALCULUS.

First Testimonial to	Thomas L. Harison.
Second Testimonial to	Archibald F. Cushman.

IN PHYSICAL ASTRONOMY.

First Testimonial to	J. S. B. Hodges.
Second Testimonial to	Walter R. T. Jones.

After delivering to each student, as his name was called, his allotted testimonial, the President, again rising, thus addressed them:

'Young Gentlemen: I congratulate you, that at the moment of separating yourselves from the scenes, the pursuits, and the associations which for four years have constituted your daily life, you are to do so under circumstances which cannot be other than gratifying to your parents and friends, as they are honorable to yourselves and grateful to us.

'Here to-day, in this presence, graced by a large assemblage of men eminent in all the walks of life, and of women, meet help-mates of such men; graced, too, by the young and the beautiful, earnest to prove their sympathies with intellectual culture and triumphs, and their appreciation of high moral bearing; here, in such a presence, you have received from the hands of those competent to judge, and having no motive to err, the testimonial, each in his special sphere, that your studies have been diligent, your attainments superior, your conduct exemplary. I congratulate you, my young friends, cordially upon such success; but as becomes my office and my years, I must be permitted to mingle caution with congratulation, and to admonish while I approve.

'Life you have read, and are soon to find, for you now stand upon its threshold — life is a perpetual conflict, where he who having made one effort and succeeded, flatters himself that he may repose upon his laurels, is sure soon to be outstripped, laid aside and forgotten. In the triumphs of this hour, therefore, you must see, not apologies for sloth or neglect, but on the contrary, admonitions, friendly, flattering, but full of incitement, to increased efforts, and yet more strenuous labors.

'This hour, with the honors which it so deservedly brings to you, has stamped you with a value which you may not suffer to depreciate. You will be measured by a higher standard than other youths, for you will carry hence evidence of a beginning too brilliant to permit the thought of any

falling off in after life. *Qualis ab incepto* will, as regards you, be the just expectation of the public, and your own aim must be to go on as you began. *Sic itur ad astra.*

'Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, to you, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, I present the decorated students of the graduating class.'

These students having left the platform, those of the Junior Class were next called up, and to each his testimonial was presented, as follows:

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR McVICKAR.

IN LOGIC AND THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

First Testimonial to	JOHN H. ANTHON.
Second Testimonial to	J. WALTER WOOD.

IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

First Testimonial to	LEGH R. DICKINSON.
Second Testimonial to	WILLIAM H. DRAPER.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR ANTHON.

IN THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to	JOHN H. ANTHON.
Second Testimonial to	WILLIAM J. CORNELL.

IN THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to	J. WALTER WOOD.
Second Testimonial to	CHARLES H. WARD.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR RENWICK.

CHEMISTRY APPLIED TO THE ARTS.

First Testimonial to	WILLIAM G. WARD.
Second Testimonial to	M. H. WELLMAN.

IN MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY.

First Testimonial to	LEGH R. DICKINSON.
Second Testimonial to	WILLIAM R. SMITH.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR HACKLEY.

IN THEORETICAL ASTRONOMY.

First Testimonial to	J. WALTER WOOD.
Second Testimonial to	JOHN G. McNARY.

IN ASTRONOMICAL PROBLEMS.

First Testimonial to	STEWART H. BROWN.
Second Testimonial to	JOHN H. ANTHON.

The President, after having completed the delivery of the testimonials, thus spoke:

'YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE JUNIOR CLASS: I greet you with all pleasure as the actual heads of the college, for though now addressed as juniors, in which class you won your testimonials, you are to become '*seniors*' to-day, and are to be, for the ensuing year, your last in college, the standard bearers not of your own class merely, but of the whole body of the students.

'The influence of such a number of studious and orderly youths, seniors in station as in years, upon their younger and more unreflecting associates cannot be without great advantage to the government of the college in the fulfilment of its duties. I look to you as my aids and assistants in this behalf, and shall feel myself stronger in your cheerful and intelligent coöperation and support.

'Your course henceforward is open, and comparatively free from difficulties; these you have mainly overcome in placing yourselves where you are. But it behooves you to be on the alert, and to show your estimate of the trophies you have won by unremitting zeal, to preserve, and, if it may be, to add to them. You must not deem lightly of these trophies; they are realities; realities for you, realities for your parents and friends, realities for the world. The good name established here is to go with you through life; to stand you in stead, it may be, of friends and of fortune; to adorn prosperity; to assuage adversity; to have always and every where for yourself and others an intrinsic virtue.

'The goal for you is now almost attained. When the bright sun, that now looks down so cheerily upon us, shall have run through his twelve houses, and again from Scorpion light up the earth, you will for the last time be standing on this platform, to take leave of college life. See you well to it, that the intermediate and fleeting hours be diligently and profitably employed. So shall an honored end crown a hopeful beginning.

'Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, and ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the decorated students of the Junior Class.'

These students having retired, were succeeded by those of the Sophomore Class, to whom testimonials were thus awarded.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR McVICKAR.

MODERN HISTORY.

First Testimonial to	HENRY A. TAILER.
Second Testimonial to	RICHARD STEVENS.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

First Testimonial to	R. H. TUCKER.
Second Testimonial to	R. M. HARISON.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR ANTHON.

GREEK LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to	HENRY A. TAILER.
Second Testimonial to	JOHN TRENOR, JR.

THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to	EUSTACE TRENOR.
Second Testimonial to	ANTHONY B. McDONALD.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR RENWICK.

PHYSICS.

First Testimonial to	EUSTACE TRENOR.
Second Testimonial to	LEA LUQUER.

CHEMISTRY.

First Testimonial to	R. H. TUCKER.
Second Testimonial to	RICHARD M. HARISON.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR HACKLEY.

DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY.

First Testimonial to	EUSTACE TRENOR.
Second Testimonial to	LEA LUQUER.

PERSPECTIVE AND STONE-CUTTING.

First Testimonial to	SAMUEL A. MITCHILL.
Second Testimonial to	HENRY A. TAILER.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR SCHMIDT.

THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

First Testimonial to	HENRY A. TAILER.
Second Testimonial to	EUSTACE TRENOR.

The delivery of the testimonials being over, the President said:

'YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS: You have now reached and passed the middle term of your collegiate course. With increase of years and advance in your classes, come at once more work, and more capacity for work. I willingly assume, too, more disposition to work. Of you who have borne away the honors, this may be safely assumed, I trust, with no less confidence in the disposition of your companions; and while admonishing *you* that you neglect not the means whereby you have risen to distinction, I exhort those of your generous competitors, who have only

not succeeded, to persevere in their labors, and then, if they do not take your places, their efforts to do so will not be barren of advantage to themselves or to you.

'It is no vain ceremony this, which certifies before GOD and your fellows that you have been found faithful, able, and well-deserving. The memory and the encouragement of this hour will abide with you; and there are hearts here or at home, of parents and kindred, which under its influence will beat higher.

'Let your early success, accomplished by labor, perseverance, and good conduct, admonish you of the value of those qualities, and then the future shall be to you as the present — full of joy from the consciousness of duty fulfilled.

'Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, and ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the decorated students of the Sophomore Class.'

Next came the turn of the Freshmen. Those entitled to testimonials were called up, and to each was delivered that awarded to him.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR HACKLEY.

GEOMETRY.

First Testimonial to	J. A. KERNOCHAN.
Second Testimonial to	ALBERT W. HALE.

GEOMETRICAL EXERCISES.

First Testimonial to	THOMAS MCCARTY.
Second Testimonial to	EDWARD MAYO.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR DRESSLER.

GREEK.

First Testimonial to	J. A. KERNOCHAN.
Second Testimonial to	DANIEL EMBURY.

LATIN.

First Testimonial to	EDWARD W. LAIGHT, JR.
Second Testimonial to	A. GRACIE LAWRENCE.

ANTIQUITIES.

First Testimonial to	WM. G. FARRINGTON.
Second Testimonial to	FREDERIC A. HACKLEY.

ANTIENT GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

First Testimonial to	W. IRVING CLARK.
Second Testimonial to	EDWARD MAYO.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROFESSOR SCHMIDT.

COMPOSITION

First Testimonial to	J. A. KERNOCHAN.
Second Testimonial to	A. S. VANDUZER.

GERMAN.

First Testimonial to	WM. G. FARRINGTON.
Second Testimonial to	J. A. KERNOCHAN.

After which, they were thus addressed by the President:

'YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS: For the first time you stand here at commencement, to receive the honors of your class. It is a good beginning, and it will be your fault, if it be not again and again followed by like success. Young in years and full of Hope as of Promise, you will go on as you have set out; fulfilling your own high aims; rejoicing the hearts of your parents, and smoothing and gladdening for your instructors the difficulties of a toilsome career. You will go on, because it belongs to the ingenuousness of youth to prize the applause of those who themselves have won applause, and to its earnestness to pursue triumph, and to press onward and upward in the paths of honorable competiton.

'Emulation thus acting upon generous natures, is a power which may be well enlisted in the cause of education. The evil and the good are indeed so mingled in our nature, that it is not easy to stimulate the nobler and higher faculties, without danger of developing some of the more vile and earthly elements which combine in the marvel and mystery of creation called man. Yet it is in the early dawn of youth, when the roseate hue yet lingers around it, and envy and hatred and malice and all uncharitableness are yet strangers, or all but strangers to its bosom — surely it is with

such that the desire to excel may be encouraged; that competition may be friendly, though earnest, and rivalry exist without rancor. I cannot mistake, when I assume that it would be alike a wrong to you who bear the palm; and to your competitors, who have striven for it magnanimously, though this time unsuccessfully; to ascribe unworthy emotions of triumph to you, or more unworthy motives of envy or jealousy to them. I think I shall not err in saying the wearing your honors meekly, you wear them with the full and ungrudging approval and concurrence of your classmates.

'It is indeed sad to think, and the thought is one fitted to check all exultation at mere human success, that even in these friendly competitions of youth the hand of death may be interposed between the victor and his laurel wreath, and that the shout of triumph may be cut short by the wailing of the mourners.

'My young friends, what I thus state hypothetically, has, as you know, come to pass. There stood with you at the trial in July, one as ardent, as full of life, as full of promise, as any of you now, before me, with affections as warm, with aims as lofty, with heart as resolute and as pure. According to our poor human ordering, he should be among you now, and here, to listen to the admonitions and exhortations I am addressing to you, to receive at my hands as you have received, the testimonial of his scholarship and conduct.

'*Diis aliter visum est.*'

'It has pleased Divine Providence to take him from an earthly, to, as we may humbly hope, a heavenly reward.

'Arch. Gracie Lawrence, your class-mate, your associate in honors as in toils, was suddenly cut off from life on the ninth day of September, by the accidental discharge of his own gun.

'He was fond of manly sports, as he was of liberal studies. Accompanied by a little brother, only five years old, he had wandered for a mile or two along the sea shore at Newport, the summer residence of his family, when sitting down on the ground to rest, and laying his gun beside him, it was discharged while he was drawing the ramrod, and the whole load entered his body. He fell dead on the spot, exclaiming, 'I am shot!' and never breathed nor moved again.

'The little brother with streaming eyes and sobbing heart yet unconscious of the full extent of the calamity, ran some distance to a house to implore help. 'Run!' said the sweet child to the aged woman, who was hastening with him to the fatal spot: 'Run or my brother will be dead!' She did run as well as her stiffened limbs would permit, and found him dead:

'Young Lycidas is dead, dead, e'er his prime,
Who would not mourn for Lycidas?'

'My young friends, your class have already expressed in fitting terms their sense of the loss of such a companion, and you wear the badge of mourning. I, too, share in that mourning, for Gracie Lawrence was to me in double trust, as a kinsman and a student, and in both very dear.

'I will not pursue this theme, so unhappily illustrating the fleeting and perishable nature of human honors, as of human life; but exhorting you to emulate the living virtues of your deceased associate, and to read aright and lay to heart the solemn lesson of his early death, I shall now dismiss you.

'To you Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, and to you ladies and gentlemen, I present the decorated students of the Freshman Class.'

The whole ceremonial of the declaring and distributing these testimonials was one of deep interest, and, we may almost say, solemnity; nor, to right-thinking minds, was this solemnity broken or really impaired by the marks of approbation or dissent with which the respective awards were received by the students at large. Exception has been taken to such manifestations of opinion; and the coarse and, in this case, eminently unjust term of 'rowdyism' was applied to them by one journal. They partook in no sense of rowdyism, or rioting, or wantonness, but were the earnest, and therefore perhaps at times exaggerated, expression of the judgment and feeling of the associates and peers of the successful students. When a favorite of his classmates was honored — those who best know, and are, in truth, the best and more impartial judges of each other's merits and calibres, indulged naturally and unobjectionably in applause. In like manner, when any one who, from whatever cause, had incurred the displeasure of his comrades, was called up, he was received with tokens of disapprobation; quite as natural and unobjectionable as the applause bestowed upon the other; for where there is liberty to applaud, there must be liberty to condemn, or applause loses its value. Moreover, it would be difficult to over-estimate the moral influence on the students themselves of this public ordeal, where, in the presence of the world, the judgment which their peers have formed of them is to be pronounced in turn of all

put forth for honor. Accident, prejudice, or preference, may possibly bias, more or less, the estimate formed of a youth by his instructors; but the estimate which students, associated together, form of each other is all but unerring. There is real value, therefore, in the scenes which have been thus unthinkingly stigmatized by the term *rowdyism.*

The President of the College, by his manner in conducting the ceremonial, and by his addresses to the honored students of each class, evinced his own conviction that such incidents constitute eras in life for the young, and that college honors are passports in after life, of which the advantages will not fail.

The next proceeding in order was the conferring of the degree of A. B. upon each of the graduating class.

The President having first asked and obtained the assent of the trustees to conferring these degrees, admitted in succession each of the undernamed students, composing the Senior Class, to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and delivered to him his diploma:

George F. Seymour,	J. F. Delaplaine Cornell,	F. L. Purroy,
John S. B. Hodges,	Archibald F. Cushman,	Erskine M. Rodman,
Thomas L. Harison,	John M. Aims,	Joseph Sands,
Charles A. Silliman,	Malcolm Campbell,	John E. C. Smedes,
George G. Byron,	Galen A. Carter,	William H. Terry,
Adolphe Le Moyne, Jr.	James Starr Clark,	Edward F. Travis,
Frederic R. Coudert,	Edwin W. Edwards,	Evan T. Walker.
Walter R. T. Jones,		

Mathew M. Blunt, formerly of the same class, in which he had a high standing, but withdrawn, in order to go to the Military Academy at West Point, where also he maintains a high character for diligence and good conduct, was admitted to the honorary degree of A. B.

The degree of A. M. was then conferred in course on the following clergymen, graduates of the College:

Rev. Robert Travis, Jr.	Rev. William S. Coffey,	Rev. Wm. A. McVickar.
" J. Leander Townsend,	" William L. Olsen,	

and on the graduates whose names are annexed:

Cornelius D. Blake,	William S. Ludlum,	Henry P. Campbell,
Timothy G. Mitchill,	Robert Holden,	G. Mortimer Belden,
Clarence E. Mitchill,	Isaac Laurence,	Peter M. Pirnie.

William Drissler and Timothy D. Williams, teachers in the Grammar School of the College, were admitted to the honorary degree of A. M.

The President proceeded next to declare the honorary degrees which the College was pleased to confer, viz: the degree of D. D. on

Rev. Kendrick Metcalf, Professor of Greek and Latin in Geneva College.
" John B. Kerfoot, Rector of the College of St. James, Maryland.
" David X. Junkin, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Greenwich, New-Jersey.

and that of LL. D. on

Winfield Scott, the distinguished Commander of the Armies of the United States.
Hamilton Fish, Governor of the State of New-York.
Henry J. Anderson, formerly Professor of Mathematics in this College.
William Betts, Professor of Law in this College.

The concluding orations were then spoken:

A Master's Oration, by . . . . . Rev. Robert Travis, Jr.
The Valedictory, ... James Starr Clark.

The exercises of the day were concluded by a benediction pronounced by the Reverend Doctor Haight, when the band struck up our national airs, and the numerous audience quietly retired, gratified, as is quite safe to assume, by the performances of the day, which long as was the time occupied, did not seem to be tedious.

The whole ceremonial; the animation of the scene; the character of the college; the imposing array of men of station and of character assembled on the platform; the whole audience; together with the general tone and delivery of the speeches, and their freedom from the exaggeration of language and sentiment, so often found in commencement exercises, combined to impart more than usual interest to this commencement, and to give assurance that this city will not permit its oldest institution of learning to halt in its progress or prosperity in the midst of the progressive prosperity of its more than half a million of inhabitants. Columbia College should be to New-York what Harvard is to Boston — a source of pride, an object of liberal foundations for scholarships, and of chairs of learning or of science, and especially for the education in the last resort, and in the highest excellence, of the youth of this great metropolis.

THE ALTAR.

There is an Altar that was once an oak
Cushioned around its foot with tufted stones,
So soft and green with moss they seem to ask
The pious pressure of the knee alone,
Too beautiful to tread on. Here, in spring,
When the pale wind-flower, the anèmone,
Sprinkled the woodland paths, and arbute blossoms,
Nestled beneath last autumn's rugged shroud—
With punctual step I came, to see what havoc
Winter had made of my November wreaths:
But all were faded — leaf, and flower and stem!
Yet here 's one garland that I wove from them:

Lady, in thy lonely walk,
  Should'st thou nigh the altar stray,
Where the gentian's faded stalk
  Yet recalls the gentle day
When we trod the woods together,
  And marked November turning grey,
Though the soft air, that Indian summer weather,
  And thy sweet presence, made it seem like May.

Should'st thou linger there alone,
  Counting not such hours a loss,
Drop some token by the stone,
  Leave some sign upon the moss;
So when next I wander thither,
  In any mood of thought or prayer,
I may be certain — by the leaves that wither
  On the cold rock — what angel has been there.

Then, as worshippers of old
  Heard strange oracles that spoke;
Heard a thousand secrets told
  By the dark Thesprœtian oak,
I from that rude trunk may gather
  Such hope, that when I kneel again
In holy church, and humbly say, 'Our Father.'
  Thy thought may strengthen my devout Amen.

NATURE AND THE CHURCH.

BY WILLIAM M. RODMAN.

I.

One bright and tranquil summer morn,
In the lovely time of flowers,
I thought with nature I would pass
Its calm and peaceful hours,
And sought the unfrequented shade,
Of her uncultured bowers.

II.

Along my path, where e'r I strayed,
In untaught beauty fair,
Clothed with light and gemed with dew,
The floral priesthood there,
From censers framed by angel hands,
With incense filled the air.

III.

Like spirit-worshippers they seemed,
Arrayed in robes of love,
As messengers from heaven, sent
To lure our thoughts above,
While wafting from their censers sweet
The spirit of the dove.

IV.

Unlike were they in form or kind,
Yet side by side they grew,
Each oped its petals to the morn;
Each drank the evening dew;
And their odors blent in harmony,
As their tints of varied hue.

V.

I thought could but the Christian Church
To Nature humbly turn,
And from her pure and simple page
Her peaceful precepts learn,
No more would fierce sectarian fires
Upon her altars burn.

VI.

Then let us each in childish faith,
To Nature yield our powers,
And strive to learn her perfect law
From out her book of flowers;
That the 'pure faith which works by love'
May evermore be ours.

Providence, (R. I.)

The Lakes of New-York.

CAYUGA LAKE.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN A PASSAGE OVER THE CAYUGA.

AURORA.

A GLIMPSE of a church-spire through the trees reveals the presence of another village, and the tourist will soon find the steamer approaching the village of Aurora. The Cayuga here expands to the width of about four miles. The eastern shore on which the village is situated, sloping gradually from the water's edge to the table-land; the houses skirting the curve of the bay, and thus fringing with animation the broad rich green, that diversified into varied fields, form the back-ground. The termination of the view, at north and south, are in coïncidence with the other features of the view. Southward, Rocky-Point, worn and bared by the constant dash of the waves, and sheltering a pine-grove just in its rear from being torn away in successive seasons by the winter storms. Northward, the little settlement of Levanna reaches out in its store-houses and dwellings to the very point, and thus flanked and fronted, lies Aurora.

The traveller will soon discover that there is evinced by the citizens of this village an appreciation of its location, where so many of the sweetest features of land and water scenery mingle in harmonious combination, and where all that is added in graceful architecture shows to the best advantage possible.

A tasteful, temple-like, summer-house rising in classic proportion from the verge of a garden, forms a winning introduction to the village, as it is approached by water from the north; and then there is a succession of gardens in differing degrees of cultivation; among which none will fail to discover the elaborate and finished care which characteristically designates the premises of a gentleman who is confessedly among the best florists of the state, and whose beautiful floritecture has been admired by the vast concourse who have been present at successive State Fairs.

There are sea-walls constructed of stones so ponderous as to seem as if they would defy the storm, and against which the waves break in the gale in ever-changing forms of beauty; and on these walls are pleasant promenades, from whence all the fairest features of the view are best seen. The neat common school-house has its prominent position on the bank; the academy, half hid by the rows of old poplars, that by their size give evidence of time, in which the place has been settled, has a convenient location. The busy dock-yard has its fore-ground of industry. A large hotel invites the traveller to its hospitality, and private dwellings, of advancing, taste, make up, in the entire view, a picture of a pleasant and a pretty village.

The expanse of lake and bay presents to the dwellers on the shore

a series of ever-changing features, varying only to present the landscape in some new combination of beauty or majesty, now reflecting the superb hues of sunsets of unsurpassed splendor; the towers and pillars and mountains of gorgeously colored clouds, hanging over the setting sun, like friends or followers at some conqueror's death scene; sometimes forming a broad road of golden fire directly banding the lake, so vivid that the eye is pained by, as well as delighted, with its richness; to be succeeded, it may be, in the still evening, by the bright and well-defined but warm pathway of light thrown from a single star. The waters are smooth as the very ideal of repose, in some of the hours, while at others, they are in all the wilder grace of waves of the deep, deep green, such as Niagara shows at that curve, the like of which the world never elsewhere sees; fringed and softened as the wave breaks by its border of foam. These are some of the pictures which are ever open in the free gallery of Nature, and like unto which, no painter painteth.

In the early part of the month of December, of the year immediately succeeding the period when the first settlers of Aurora arrived there, there was seen approaching the settlement, from the direction of the ferry, or of the bridge, as would now be said, a yawl; such an one apparently as would be in use by the larger class of vessels that navigated Lake Ontario. It was urged forward by a couple of oars which were handled (and in a manner that showed the exercise to be a practised one,) by two sailor-like-looking men. They were by no means the only occupants of the craft. It had a full complement of passengers, and the persons on shore by whom it was seen, observed that the three, who, beside the oarsmen were in it, comprised a gentleman of mature age, a lady, finely formed and young, and an old man, who seemed, like those who were at the oars, to be a sailor. There was also a full allowance of luggage of different species, but all with a neat and well-arranged air about its condition. The boat moved easily forward but not rapidly. The sailor who was in attendance sat at the bow, as if to keep a look-out, or to act as pilot. Its course was near the shore which it skirted in silence, until it reached the mouth of the small creek that runs through the southern part of the village, and which is now on or adjacent to the premises of Richard Morgan, Esq. On reaching here, it was suddenly changed in its course, and a landing was made. The lady sprang out gracefully enough, and was assisted, with the kind manner of one who was in intimate relation with her, by the gentleman. When these were from the boat, by the strength of the three sailors, she was drawn up on the beach, though heavy and unwieldy, so far as to be out of the reach of annoyance by the waves, should a heavy blow come up. This done, and the trunks, etc., brought on shore, the entire party held a brief conference, which ended, leaving the lady for the time under the protection of the crew of the boat, while the gentleman went to the nearest house.

Rather rude was the dwelling architecture of Aurora, just at that beginning of its career, but the rough exterior may hide the jewel, and the application to the very first house for temporary shelter was met by an offer of hospitality, which needed no other introduction than

the word stranger. This information was received by the girl with a delight that showed itself in the charm which pleasure ever gives to the face of beauty.

These words anticipate a description. This was Ellen Grey, daughter of Colonel Hubert Grey, whose conduct in his country's service on the continent had won for him a brilliant reputation for all that gives lustre to the soldier's character. The sailor who had acted as pilot was devotedly attached to the Colonel and his family, and had passed many years in his service, though John Gossine always declared that he had no peace on land, and that all he asked was a deck to walk on and a wave to float on.

For reasons which the narrative will subsequently reveal, the Colonel had taken the rather toilsome and unusual — though by no means so unusual then as it would be now — route by the way of the Oswego and Seneca river from Lake Ontario to the Cayuga lake. The boat and crew belonged to the fine fore-topsail schooner 'Chatham,' whose usual voyage was from Kingston to the settlement, then in its infancy, but now the capital of the British possessions in part — Toronto. She had arrived at Oswego about a week previous, and Colonel Grey had, by enterprise and courage, and in many places of difficulty by portage and rapids, by very arduous labor, succeeded in arriving with the boat at this his place of destination. Their progress, since they entered the Cayuga, had been rapid, having been enabled to use a sail until the last two miles, when the wind utterly deserted them.

Mr. Mitchell, at whose house they found such kindness, had emigrated from Berkshire in Massachusetts; that family which has furnished statutes for every niche in society. He had heard of the fertility of these shores from the representations of Lieutenant Van Benschoten, who drew the military lot on which Aurora is situate, and who was much more eulogistic of his western possessions than careful about them. He was gratified that his country had remarked him, and there it ended. Mr. Mitchell, was a quiet, observing, and generous hearted man, and a man of the world enough to recognize that his new guests were people who had seen the pleasant things of life.

Rest and refreshment after such a journey were the first duties, and frequently during the afternoon did Colonel Grey congratulate his daughter on their having so soon found the shelter of a roof; nor did he fail to impress the fact, that they had been fortunate in John Gossine, who seemed to appreciate it, but not quite so warmly as did the Colonel.

'This is a nice house, doubtless, Colonel,' said he, 'and Mr. Mitchell seems to be one of the right sort; but I want to know who would want to live ashore, if he could help it. I think, Sir, that if the 'Chatham' was out at anchor in this pretty bay, I would rather winter aboard than in the best house there is in this place.'

The Colonel doubted whether the winds of the winter would not change his followers' opinions, if he had the opportunity to put them in practice.

While all these incidental affairs were transacting, there sprung up a north-west wind, which, though it did not blow severely, brought with it an air so keen and piercing that all the parties to our narrative were

glad to find shelter, and even Gossine confessed, that the 'Chatham' out at anchor in the bay, in this temperature, would be uncomfortable. The lady, bred with the polished manners of really well-bred people, found as much as possible in the house and its arrangements to be pleased with, and the Colonel seemed more happy, so Gossine said, than he had been since they left Oswego.

That night was in truth a bitterly cold one. The wind lulled with the set of the sun, and the air was keen with the chill that the blow had brought from the north. In the morning the lake smoked like a caldron, being so much warmer than the atmosphere. Except around the beach, where for a few rods there was a black and glassy covering of tough young ice, the waters glistened and sparkled in the bright sun, as free as if it were a summer day. Indeed, the Cayuga at this place has very seldom in the record of very many years been frozen over. The body of water is too deep, and too constantly renewed by the springs at the bottom, whose outlet it is. It was closed in 1835, '36, '39 and '49; but never for a longer period than forty-eight hours. The writer of these sketches was assured by Major Jacobs, the old Cayuga Chief, who left here in 1794, that he knew no instance, traditionary or from observation, of its having been closed. Cold as it was, the boat was ordered to return, and the sailors promptly obeyed. A row of twelve miles was not a very formidable affair, and that was to be the extent of their task that day. They were directed by Colonel Grey to cross over the lake and go down under the lee of the west shore. The young ice bent and cracked under the weight of the boat as it was pushed over it to the water, and resisted breaking so long that Gossine accompanied the boat to the outer edge, where boat and all broke through, and John had practical experience of the temperature in a way which had not entered into his theories. But he was soon up again, and as the craft was sent ahead under the strong muscles of the experienced oarsman, he watched its progress until it was scarcely visible in the shadows of the deep forests on the other side of the lake.

Colonel Grey also watched the departure of the boat until he saw, by the aid of a glass which he had brought with him, that it was turned to the north, and was making good headway. The day was devoted to the prepartions for a lengthened stay, which, much to the surprise of Mr. Mitchell, was announced as likely to be during the winter. The liberality of the offer made for the use of a portion of his house, and the winsome manner of his guests, soon produced a bargain satisfactory to all. Society in that sparse settlement was an object; and a society that at once fascinated and paid, was a treasure indeed.

Mr. Mitchell's house stood on the spot where there has since stood for many years a quaint old store-house, one of the relics of the days when stores were few and scattered, and when timber and wood were plentier than now. It has a strange large roof, out of all proportion, and a second story, which would hold in itself the harvest of a township. The ceiling in the lower story is curiously low and inconvenient, and the old house has indeed only its age as a virtue. Nevertheless, in its day of usefulness, which was prior to the date of our narrative, it was

esteemed a remarkable building, and was for many years the scene of an active and extensive trade.

There were but few houses in the village in the year after its first settlement. The few settlers that were there, had, with few exceptions, no landed estate in their own right. The titles were not clear, and there were only the germs of that population and that wealth which have since distinguished this location.

The cold did not diminish during the day, and the night brought with it additional severity, so that the north wind which had arisen had blown the ice on the beach into little hummocks that looked like the Esquimaux huts, as they are depicted in the view of such voyages as Sir John Franklin made.*

These hummocks were formed all along the shore; and were the object of curiosity to the new-comers, from the plastic wreathings and whirlings of the ice. About ten o'clock, the Colonel heard a loud 'Sail ho!' from the clear voice of Gossine, who ran from the beach hastily to apprise him that the 'Chatham's' yawl was on the return. The Colonel suggested that he might be mistaken as to the boat, it being yet as far off as Levanna Point. Gossine declared it was none other, as he knew the sail; having, he said, taken it himself out of one of the lockers of the schooner, and he could not be mistaken in its color, which was after the fashion of those nautical dry goods that never see the wash-tub. The wind blew fresh, and it was soon evident that he was right. The yawl ran the last mile rapidly, and was soon hauled over the ice again into the little creek. The explanation of her return was soon made. The ice had formed so thick in the shoal water near the bridge that the yawl could not make any progress, and the sailors feared that if they remained thereabout it would end in their being frozen up.

Colonel Grey came to Aurora from the following singular circumstances: Gold and love are the great motive powers of society. Philip Grandlet, of Oxford, bequeathed to Ellen Grey an ample fortune, payable when she became of age, on the condition that she should marry Lewis Grey, a cousin of Ellen, and a relative of the testator. But there was appended to this legacy the farther condition, that if, before the expiration of the young lady's twentieth year, this Mr. Lewis Grey should not personally claim her hand, by application to herself, then the bequest should be hers without the restriction. If he requested her hand, and was refused, the fortune became his own.

Grandlet had died in the August preceding the date of our narrative, and the charming Ellen would attain her majority on the first of March.

Lewis Grey was already wealthy; rich beyond the compass of most

* The writer of these sketches recollects having seen Sir John Franklin in the city of Albany, a number of years since, when he was passing through on his way north. He came up to the rooms of the old Albany Library, which were then up three or four impassible stair-cases, in a building since removed for the widening of State-street. A hardware store was on the first floor. Paul Hochstrasser, a precise old German, was the Librarian. Sir John was introduced by Mr. G. S. Lansing, then a representative in congress from that district. His visit to the library was to consult a curious and very old volume, in black leather binding, which was entitled, '*Orbis Terræ Typois.*' It was said to contain some singular charts. The book-men of Albany ought to have kept track of that volume. Sir John had a grave and quiet and rather melancholy expression of face.

men's hopes. He was one of the vulgar rich; men who knew the power of money, as connected with the wants and necessities of others. It was his idol, or rather shared his affections with himself, though he did not know even the luxury of making himself happy. He had, as that kind of rich men always have, cringing flatterers investing their money at so much per cent.; but he did not or would not see, that in the thinnest possible distance beneath, lay the most unmitigated contempt. He had courage and energy, and could be aroused to actions of vigor when his pride or interest was concerned.

And to such a wooer was the fortune of pretty Ellen bound, if he could see and of herself ask her alliance. His character was too well known by her, to allow of the thought being for a moment entertained of a life passed with such a man. The golden chain often 'enters the soul' as well as the iron. It was true that if the interview did take place, Mr. Lewis Grey would have been, wealth or no wealth, most summarily rejected, probably to his own intense astonishment; but it was the policy of Ellen and the Colonel, and a just and laudable one it was, if possible to keep the fortune and avoid the condition; and if they could only succeed in keeping out of the way until March, they were safe.

Colonel Grey had been ordered to Montreal, which he gladly obeyed; and arriving there, easily obtained leave of travel in the States for a few months. The climate of Canada was too severe for a winter's residence there by Ellen; and the Colonel had taken passage from Kingston in the 'Chatham,' and arrived at Oswego, where he quietly devised the best plan for the object he had in view. Hearing of the banks of the Cayuga as being then in a process of settlement, and as combining seclusion with a pleasant climate, and one of the last places where he would probably be sought for, he made the journey which we have already described. Communicating only to his friend, the captain of the 'Chatham,' his residence, Colonel Grey prepared calmly to keep a vigilant guard against any surprise during the winter, and to make his house as agreeable as possible. The two sailors had been sent back to Oswego with an earnest request to Captain Clemens to acquaint him of any movement of the much-dreaded Lewis Grey.

Nor was this caution unnecessary. Lewis Grey was not the man to lose a prize so brilliant as that of the bequest of Grandlet, and he was quite enough of a young man to like it the more, with the pretty appendage that was its contingency. The time for action he knew, as well as the other parties, was brief, and he adopted the most vigilant movement immediately. On the day that the Colonel arrived at Aurora, he sailed from England, taking his passage, most fortunately for the perplexed Ellen, in the 'Cumberland,' a ship described in the advertisement as 'that remarkably fast sailing vessel,' but the performance of which was directly opposite; it being to Grey's impatience a doubtful question, on some days, whether it was stern-way or head-way that she was making. He was exceedingly provoked at having made such an unlucky choice, but on the ocean submission to fate is a philosophy soon learned.

The winter days passed on merrily. In the daughter of their host,

Sam Mitchell, the pretty Ellen found a delightful companion, and new lessons were learned from each other of their different experiences. There is so much to be fused into mutual observation by the relations of varying incidents which characterise a life passed at home, and one diversified by the truant from one nation to another, and in employment, pleasant and interesting, of a kindred scholarship, Ellen and Sam found the winter neither lifeless or dull. Nor is it ever dull when, as here, a broad expanse of bright and clear water was in perpetual movement, changing its pictures like the successions of a festive gathering, and when there was mind to enjoy those companions who accompany one as kindly to the solitary dwelling as to the crowded hall — I mean books. They who love them have a talisman to charm away dullness always.

John Gossine was the busiest man imaginable. He had very nearly traversed the entire locality, and wherever there was a glen, or mine, or water-fall, notwithstanding the temperature, he had explored and examined, and reported his observations, the object portrayed losing nothing in size or importance by his narration. The Indians who still remained on the Reservation had especially attracted his notice. The Reservation is even to this day the term frequently applied to that part of the village which is situated just north of the pretty Grecian summer-house, to which we have before alluded.

There are yet the old orchard trees, some of which probably survived the destruction inflicted by the detachment of Sullivan's army, which was sent up the lake, and passed through this way — a work of terror, which the Indian never forgot. The banks are higher, and there are fewer trees near the lake, but the Reservation has many positions of great beauty for architectural improvement.

It was excessively to the annoyance of Gossine that the Indians, and especially one old brave would completely distance him with their canoes, while he was sculling the yawl. It did not seem in accordance with his notions of water craft, that such affairs as these bark canoes should so easily leave his boat in the distance. With the consent of the Colonel, he hauled his yawl ashore, and commenced a vigorous repair and refixture. Boat-building was a novelty on the Cayuga in those days. We have changed all that since then, and can produce models now that we will place in competition with any others; but then the 'Chatham's' yawl was the finest craft that had yet floated there, and as the industrious and ingenious Gossine proceeded to give her a centre-board, and to deck her over, and otherwise prepare her for sailing, Mr. Mitchell evidently expressed the opinion of the settlers, when he prophesied her invincibility.

The old Indian, John Key, watched the proceedings keenly, but with the usual custom or wisdom of his people, said not a word. It was not many days before the yawl was equipped, a regular decked sailboat. Gossine then worked at her sails and rigging, and by the assistance of the ladies, the yawl was soon in complete order, spreading a complement of sail about as much as she could carry. It was rather cold weather for pleasure sailing, but John had seen service in the Baltic, and there was soon added to the attraction of the lake the spec-

tacle of the yawl darting about in all kind of nautical evolutions, chased by or chasing some of the canoes belonging to the Reservation, the most of which, in a decent wind, it left far in the distance. John soon organised a crew among the young men, who entered eagerly into the sport, especially as it gave, or seemed to give them, a superiority in one manly exercise to their active and quick-motioned Indian neighbors. Old Key kept his canoe, the largest and best constructed, carefully drawn up on the beach, and when challenged to a contest, made no other reply than 'Time enough; John catch him yet.'

Colonel Grey found at the breakfast-table of Mr. Mitchell, on one of the mornings of January, a new guest, who was introduced to him as Mr. Ryckman, and who, he ascertained, was an Indian trader, passing in one of his usual tours from Albany by the way of Oswego, as far as Fort Niagara, and thence through the Delaware country homeward. There was nothing about the guest to awaken notice, except that Colonel Grey would rather not have been met by any one, at that time, whose travels were in the direction of the cities. He asked no questions, and was communicative only of a few general facts, and passed on. Those who were familiar with Albany some years since will recollect Wilhelmus Ryckman. He attained to old age, as indeed did every member of his remarkable family. I saw him often. He never associated or conversed with any one that I saw, but moved along, apparently a man alive in the world and belonging to the past. He was grave and quiet, and seemed to have imbibed the taciturnity of the people with whom he had so long been a trader. His associations of thought and habit were with the days of the frontier trading post, and the modern city seemed to him a place of strangers.

The longest voyage ever known, except that of old Vanderdecken, the Flying Dutchman, had its end, and at last the 'Cumberland,' after having been beaten and be-stormed, after drifting out of her course, and going very slow in it, arrived at New-York. Lewis Grey was indignant at her long passage, and could not understand why such a thing should happen to a rich man. The information that Colonel Grey had been at Oswego was soon ascertained, and Lewis moved thitherward as promptly as his health, enfeebled by sea-sickness, (enjoyed to its fullest extent on board of the 'Cumberland,') would allow. At Oswego his efforts to find the present residence of the Colonel were very strenuous, for his pride and avarice were both roused into action. He ascertained that the Colonel had taken the yawl of the 'Chatham,' and had gone 'somewhere,' that usual temporary hiding place of all conjecture. But he made no progress until the 'Chatham' herself arrived. Captain Clemens was very much perplexed to baffle the eager questions of Lewis. To all of them, however, he made the most general answers that he could devise, resorting in all cases to an episode on the description and merits of the yawl he had parted from as being the best piece of boat fabric afloat, until Grey wished the 'Chatham's' yawl in the Maëlstrom.

The two sailors who had accompanied the Colonel to the Cayuga were exceedingly anxious to defeat the purposes of Lewis, and in an endeavor to get some information from them he found himself en-

tangled in a labyrinthical description of routes and courses all around the compass; with a more serious annoyance in a lameness occasioned by a long walk into which he was led by Sebring, one of the sailors, who undertook to show him personally the direction in which the yawl had gone. 'Shall I never hear the last of that abominable yawl!' said Lewis, as he found himself at the parlor of the only tavern Oswego then could produce, and found to his vexation that he had probably doomed himself by his imprudence to a week's confinement to his room.

'A gentleman for you, Mr. Grey,' said the servant, as he ushered into the room a visitor, who had desired to see him; and in walked, calmly and deliberately, the Indian trader Ryckman. A conversation followed between them, in the result of which it was evident Grey was exceedingly interested. When the interview closed, Grey sent for a physician, whose announcement that he was forbidden to travel for at least a week was received with a storm of indignation, at which the professional man was at first inclined to demur, but on reflecting that his patient was a rich Englishman, he concluded to make a compromise, and remember the high words in the bill; and it is due to the memory of the faculty at that period, in Oswego, to say that this idea was faithfully carried into execution, the suffering Lewis in vain remonstrating.

STANZAS TO ———.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

A STORM-CLOUD gath'ring in the sky,
Through which the hot-winged lightnings fly,
A meteor flashing quickly by,
The stars above;
A mountain-torrent foaming down,
A sullen wave with crested crown —
These are not Love.

A fleeting thought, a rainbow ray,
That mounts to heav'n in light of day,
But fades, and faintly dies away,
When shadows rove;
A fickle breath, a zephyr's sigh,
That fans the flower, but lets it die —
These are not Love.

The gentle 'rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,'
With golden drops and crystal things,
Ever to move;
With soft emotions fills the breast,
And glads the soul, and makes it blest —
This, this is Love!

TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD.

'Absint inani funere naeniae,
Luctusque turpis, et querimoniae.' HORACE.

I.

Rest from the strife, brave spirit! uncomplaining,
With evil fortune thou hast battled long;
While heavy drops from Sorrow's cloud are raining,
A lyre, long silent, vibrates into song:
I would not, if I could, thy form awaken,
To wrestle with sharp throes another hour,
Though one like thee could, with a mien unshaken,
Rob Death's dissolving pang of half its power.

II.

With the plague-spot upon thy visage hollow,
Floridian shores were trod by thee in vain;
When northward Spring sent forth her herald swallow,
Panted thy heart to visit home again:
Once more to native scenes and pleasant places,
Back camest thou o'er Ocean's flashing foam;
Once more thy glance, on old familiar faces,
Rested while sitting by the hearth of home.

III.

Once more thy loving and devoted mother
Thy couch beside outwatched the stars of night;
Once more thy sire a groan would try to smother,
For skill was vain to stay the work of blight:
Brief was thy stay. Autumnal winds are flinging
Pale, withered leaves upon thy funeral mould;
While overhead are feathered armies winging
Their way to lands unvexed by frost or cold.

IV.

And friendly hearts belief are entertaining
That thy soul journeyed to a brighter clime;
Fount of unclouded light that knows no waning,
Far, far beyond this crumbling strand of time:
How otherwise believe, for aspirations,
That in true hearts have birth alone, were thine?
A will to dare those troubles and vexations
That drug with gall, too oft, life's sparkling wine.

V.

Rest from the strife, brave spirit! who would wake thee,
To waste and burn with fever-fires again;
While friends are tortured at the sight, to make thee
Feel for another hour Promethean pain:
Not all of thee is lost while comrades cherish
Fond recollections of thy worth, my friend:
Though gone, the bright example cannot perish
Of courage that upheld thee to the end.

W. H. C. H.

EPITHALAMIUM.

BY R. S. CHILTON.

I.

A HEALTH to the bride! may the sands of life's glass
For her, measure moments of joy as they pass;
May the stream of her life, till it ceases to flow,
Never bear on its bosom the shadow of wo,
But reflect the blue heaven that smiles from above,
On this union of hearts, in the temple of love.

II.

A health to the bride! and as years roll away
May she ever with gladness remember this day;
And if in her eyes start the tears of regret,
As she parts from the friends she may never forget,
May the thought that those friends will ne'er cease to recall
Her image with joy, check the tears ere they fall.

Washington, Oct. 29, 1850.

MUSINGS BY THE HEARTH.

BY A LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.

AGAIN I write in the midst of the autumn. The air is at rest, and only heaves to and fro like its sister Sea. The air respires against the pearl-tinted heaven, and the sea lapses against the golden beach. How glorious the blending of all around us now!

Was it an unpleasant dinner, dear KNICK., that you took with me the other day? To be sure you came in late, after the roast-beef had been cut into, but the sweet potatoes were warm; and that butter from my good grocer's, was it not just the thing to slice into and spread over the crisped sweetness of the southern fruit? We were pledged for a walk after dinner, and tossing off the last glass of golden sherry, we set forth. The sun was not over high in the heaven, and the scene we were to see was, if possible, to be seen before that sun had set. Shaped into ships, great fleets, were the clouds above us, as we stepped out into the street; and did you not agree in the fancy, that we could see the cloud-shores along which the fleets were sailing; and we could almost believe that we heard the loud hosannas shouted by the people-lined coast, as they hailed the return of their squadrons, illustrious with victory.

Up Pacific-street, and away to the environs of the town; through the outskirts; through the small back yards, as yet unfenced, of squatters and suburban settlers — men who flank the army of citizens who

live within the city proper. How we saw the pigs and the boys, and the cats and the girls, jostling about and forming friendships and intimacies! Then by the hedge of hawthorn trees, with red berries clustering on their branches.

Over old stone fences, scratched by the warlike and pugnacious briar-bushes, through the yellow field of prostrate corn, (how unlike the red field of battle!) down rolled 'Old KNICK.' among the fragrant ears; and how you feasted your nose amidst the tassels, and seemed, outstretched there, like some picture in a picture-book of our boyhood! Up again, 'Old KNICK.;' over the fence with a jump — well done for an editor, and the father of a family! What have you got your coat off for? What 's in the wind now, my lusty man of letters? To climb yon tall and polished poplar! Out upon you, man! From the roof where we are going now we shall see a sight that will be worth forty such views as you will get from amid those brown and quivering branches:

'ZACHEUS he
Did climb a tree,
His LORD to see!'

Where we are going, we shall see spread out before us just such a scene as was shown to that meek master of men, by him of Erebus; a scene of peopled cities and flowing rivers; a scene of wonder; an ocean; two islands; part of a great continent; forests, rolling hills, distant mountains — all beneath us — mapped at our very feet. Let us forward. On with your coat — over the fence again. Hurrah! we are on the hill. Do n't stop to gaze at yonder sea of silver; fly up the steps; mount to the top of the house, the good inn 'Mount-Prospect Hotel.' Now for a fresh icy quaff of ale! We have won it by our walk — by our breezy scramble.

Softly, dear KNICK.; gently up the withered rigging of this storm-beaten house. There is a smell of sleeping summer dust; the steps creak, and the bannisters are broken. Tenants cannot repair, and landlords will not. Through the dim garret-room, full of odd fancies, now mount again a short ladder. Do not stop to pray, for the temple is above, and you will soon stand in the presence of OMNIPOTENT MAJESTY.

Well, that is a good notion. You have got your hat off. It is thoughtful and respectful. There is reverence needed here. Your spirit, my good friend, is always in keeping, and well prepared for such church-scenes as this. Your pastor, perhaps, cannot answer so well for you, as to your mental preparation for churches 'made with hands.' Now, with brow all flushed by honest exercise, and bathed from temple to temple in the glow from yonder setting sun, stand up like a man for whom these things were made, and answer me, is this not sublime?

We will look above us now. See that dun cloud with the border of red. It is perfectly still. There seems to be some being (veiled from our mortal eye) standing upon it. Look! did you not almost see an uplifted wing; and yonder now, floating higher toward the Endymion, is not that detached body an angel, who is returning from his

mission of glory to the MASTER's throne? It is gone — far away from our straining gaze. How exquisite are our intercourses with the higher world! Dimmed into imaginings are the modes of converse; our souls, like the air, float upward, and press against the gates of paradise. There, like the stilled wind, we linger and listen. Music, no longer faint and low, is heard from the shining gateways; and those bright beings that pass so incessantly before our rapt sense are mysteries of knowledge; upholders, under a great BEING, of this vast globe that hangs suspended by HIS will, and revolves daily for our use and admiration. We *are* in a cathedral, dear KNICK., and these are the leaves of our gospel. Listen to the lecture.

How dense that rolling forest! You see no particular leaves through the vast wealth of foliage, and yet how each vein of nature trills and runs throughout all! See those broad branches heave, like pulses of our blood, sending back through their swaying fibres, away through the mighty trunks, new treasures of life, to the heart of nature, that is hidden down in the jewelled caverns of the earth. All down the whole breadth of Long-Island spreads that forest. It walks away from our eye like plumed soldiers over the hills, down into the valleys, by the road-side, passes by the farmer's door, and out to the promontories that brave the billows of the surging sea; away they go, as if to do homage to some invisible host, coming to them from other lands and continents, with whom they are at peace.

Now turn southward, and mark those flashes of light; the Atlantic foaming on the shore; blue horizon to that seathing waste of water that lies beyond; ships, with poor laborers from the lands afar. Now, even as we look, are there yet unseen sails swelling toward our coast, filled with the wild winds that have blown over the jungles of Africa and the steppes of the Asian deserts.

Yonder is Staten-Island, and nearer — it looks as if you could shoot an arrow there — is the 'City of the Dead' — Greenwood. When there is so much of life about us, we cannot tarry among the tombs. The broad upper bay is dotted with all manner of vessels — sail and steam craft; and yonder is New-Jersey, with its long, low line of hills, and its city of Jersey; and then Weehawken on the hill, looking like a camp in the distance; and Hoboken and the mouth of the Hudson; and farther up, the palisades and the hills that make a sea of Tappaan, on whose banks is the home of IRVING; and farther on still, the mountains of the Ramapo valley. How dim the line that marks the Connecticut shores of the Sound!

Swell out your metropolitan inflated breast, and raise an inch in your boots, thou boastful Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER, for there is your city — your beloved New-York is at your feet; but only so in the accident of your geographical elevation, for proud is the Empire City as was Nineveh or Babylon. Look where that grove almost droops its green boughs into the salt-water of the bay, at the Battery; and without getting into an omnibus, whose rattling sound, thank heaven! reaches not here, travel with me by the electric power of the eye, and through that canopy of smoke, pass along over *the City of the New-World.*

It looks like London. All great brick cities look alike, just as two

white men or two black men look alike at a distance, enough to do away with minutiæ. Here you have, as in London, a canopy of smoke, with the red chimneys poking their heads into the dingy cloud. You have at this distance, that extraordinary thing, silence — silence from a blended city of half a million of lungs and tongues. Fire one cannon off now on yonder Battery, you standing near, and how the welkin would ring again, and your ears be pierced by the heavy report; but not one cry, not one feeble echo of the thousands who are at work within that world of brick can reach us here; and yet how noisy all are who dwell therein! Thousands of women are screaming to thousands of children from the heads of stair-ways, and thousands of women, at the basement-landing, are bawling to the thousands of women at the head of the stairs to be silent, while the thousands of children, between the two great volumes of sound, send forth a shrill tenor, and yet we hear it not.

Loud upon the evening air peals the shrill cry of sudden pain, and fierce the yell of reeking murder, and yet we hear it not. All is still, all is dumb. The city is not quiet within its walls, but away out here, in the dear old country, how tranquil is it all! The echo is in your heart, good-man KNICK., of prattling tongues that long for your return to them at night, in that snug sanctum, wherein oft times of yore I have sipped my favorite sherry, and smoked my fragrant weed.

Where will New-York city be twenty years hence? If any body had asked Hendrick Hudson what his opinion was about the prospects of the cape of land, he saw separating the East river and the Hudson, he never would have been prepared to prophecy the present grandeur of that place; nor would he have imagined that a syren would venture from the distant Sweden to pour her silvery tones over the rough waters of the river that was to bear his exploits and his name to posterity. Nor can we, much better than Hendrick, speak of the broad destiny of the city of the two rivers; and yet another city is beneath us, a great and a growing city. Red were its fields with the blood of the bravest of our brave in the time of trial; but now, how many churches lift their spires and tune their loud organs in gratitude for the blessings that brave blood has bought us! Brooklyn, from its heights, surveys a noble city; no monument more fitting than solitary pyramid to a nation's glory or her sons. Is your eye weary, 'Old KNICK.,' with sight-seeing?' The sun is dipping in the west — now nearly gone — just light enough left to make all earth as well as heaven a mystery. But turn northward. There is Williamsburgh, Astoria, Flushing, and other suburbs of New-York; and, now south, and you see the bay of Jamaica, and the desert-like lands of 'Old Long-Island's sea-girt shore.' Now we have, with our eyes, travelled round the horizon of a hundred and fifty miles, and all this we have gained by a walk of half an hour from my quiet roost in Pacific-street.

The night is coming on, and homeward we must wend our way. You to your roost, and I to mine. We have been perching high up in the air on the roof of the good inn — and *such* an hour! How different our return from our approach! How sobered and subdued! Good-night! I am for my own hearth, to muse upon the past, and muster fresh energies for the future.

BETTER MOMENTS.

BY C. B. HAVENS.

I

When to our longing souls are given
Those glimpses of an after life,
That make us half-forget the strife,
Along Earth's pathway up to Heaven;

II.

Sublime unto the wondering eye,
The shadowy grandeur towers around,
And hymnings of triumphal sound
Swell loudly up, sweep gently by.

III.

The expanding soul, with large embrace,
Claims brotherhood with all mankind,
And runs with new delight to find
A world is with it in the race.

IV.

The passing clouds of grief that throw
A shade of darkness o'er the mind,
Leave but a brighter light behind,
Turning to gladness all our wo.

V.

Nature is clad in livelier green,
And boundless sky, like boundless soul,
Lit by some central lamp, from pole
To utmost pole appears serene.

VI.

Such moments are the sunny beams,
To which, with ever new delight,
Our memories in their backward flight
Return and bathe in golden streams.

VII.

Such moments are but fortastes sweet
Of raptures which we yet shall feel,
When breath by breath, at last we steal
To other shores, old friends to greet.

VIII.

To other shores, where circling range
With glittering wings the white-robed choirs,
Chanting, to melody of lyres,
Celestial hymns, of ceaseless change.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, at the Anniversary Meeting in Cincinnati, May 8, 1850. By JOHN C. WARREN, M. D., President of the Association.

THE medical community of the United States are no less indebted to Doctor WARREN for this excellent, suggestive, and carefully-considered address, than for the honor of recording his name as the President of their Association. Standing as Doctor WARREN unquestionably does, the venerable head of American surgery, whatever opinions he pronounces, whatever counsels he enforces, whatever facts he declares, come with all the weight that years and knowledge can impart; years unclouded by infirmity, or indolence of mind or body, and knowledge built on a sure and sagacious experience. If now, in the reposing period of his honorable career, he resigns to younger hands the practice of that high art, which has become hereditary in his family, it is a satisfaction to know that his faculties are still active in their habitual sphere.

There is something very pleasing and dignified in this distinction between those whose lives have been devoted to some great art, or some learned profession, and the men who have been absorbed in the details of commerce. The mere man of business is glad enough, on retiring from active pursuits, to drop the thoughts and cares engendered by trade. He has had enough of tariffs, and markets, and cotton. Wall-street jargon has rub-a-dub'd upon the drum of his ear long enough, and he is glad to escape from the realm of drays and brokers into the quiet contemplation of clover and turnips. But not so with the artist, the great lawyer, or the physician, who finds in his profession a higher aim and a higher reward than the collection of fees. Science to these men has opened a volume whose pages are infinite. The world of discovery and invention for them is unexhausted. The treasury of the past is daily enriched by new contributions, and the eager curiosity of their novitiate is only expanded by age into a deeper and a more philosophical spirit of research.

Doctor WARREN, preserving unabated his interest in whatever relates to his profession, enters with all the enthusiasm of a young man into a brief but graphic sketch of the condition of American surgery, at the beginning of his career, and of its progress to the present day. At that time the difficulties in the way of the student were great, and the limited means of instruction betokened the infant state of medical science. There was one medical school in Philadelphia, another in New-York, and a third, still younger, near Boston. 'A single subject,' Doctor WARREN observes, 'was all we could obtain for our whole course of anatomy.' Even in London, at the period when WILLIAM HUNTER delivered the first private course on anatomy, in 1750,

a single subject was employed for the lectures in the London Hospital, and the course of the arteries was demonstrated by a fœtal preparation. But it was Doctor WARREN's good fortune to arrive in London at the time when the genius of JOHN HUNTER had just given a new impulse to the scientific researches of the profession. He became a pupil of COOPER, (afterward Sir ASTLEY,) and acted as dresser to his predecessor and relative, Mr. WILLIAM COOPER.

Mr. WILLIAM COOPER was a fine classical scholar, and a good surgeon, though not friendly to operations. Doctor WARREN observes of him: 'He was not particularly fond of our country, the newly-formed United States, and sometimes affected to be surprised that we were so 'light complexioned.' Once he said: 'Have you *schools* in America?' And again: 'You have fallen off from us like unripe fruit.'' Doctor WARREN enlivens his address with various reminiscences of the foremost men of that day, who devoted themselves to surgery, both in England and France. 'It was,' as he truly says, 'a golden age in surgery.' Prominent among the great names he enumerates are those of BELL, WENZEL, in Germany, SCARPA, SEBATIER, BICHET, and DUBOIS. Of the latter, Doctor WARREN relates the following anecdotes:

'DUBOIS was afterward Baron of the Empire, member of the Legion of Honor, and a great friend of the Emperor NAPOLEON. The emperor employed him to officiate on the occasion of the birth of his son. When a difficulty occurred in the accouchement of the empress, DUBOIS represented to NAPOLEON that she would not be relieved without the application of considerable force. NAPOLEON immediately replied: 'Treat her in the same manner you would a bourgeoise.'

'DUBOIS was an admirable operator, and I found it a great advantage to pass my time, while in Paris, in his family, and in the hospitals in which he officiated. His operations for the stone were performed with a rapidity so great that one could scarcely follow him in the successive steps. The knife he employed was of the size and form of an oyster-knife, cutting on both edges. He performed the operation for extraction of the cataract also with wonderful adroitness. But I remember a case in which the extraction of the lens was immediately followed by the ejection of the whole contents of the globe of the eye; on which DUBOIS very coolly said to the patient: 'Mon ami, vous avez perdu votre œil.''

This rivals the story of the one-eyed Spanish gentleman, who, at a game of billiards, had his single orb knocked out by the cue of his antagonist, whereupon he exclaimed, with Castilian calmness: 'Buenos noches, Señors!' 'Good night, gentlemen!' We cannot close our brief notice of this admirable address without condensing a few remarks of Doctor WARREN, upon the moral requirements of his profession, which ought to be made a part of the practical code of every young man entering into the toils and the temptations of a surgical career: 'To a well-regulated intellect, and a well-stored memory, the student and young physician must add the higher sentiments, which spring from moral and religious feeling. . . . Physicians, when they come into practice, will find that one of the strongest barriers between them and irregular, uneducated pretenders, is to be found, not in prohibitory laws, but in the superior elevation of the moral sentiments. Men who pretend to exercise so responsible and exacting a profession without a foundation of real knowledge, must be conscious of pursuing an immoral course for selfish purposes, and quail before those who are better informed and imbued with a sound morality; and however triumphant they may appear to be for a short time, they must, and do, ultimately sink into the contempt their misconduct necessarily involves. A mere moral sentiment is not a sufficient support to the character of a professor of the healing art. He is daily placed in situations, and involved in responsibilities, which can be known to no human mind but his own; and if he does not feel answerable for his conduct to a higher consciousness than that of his own heart, he may stand on ground which will sink under him. Religious opinions and religious feeling form a highly important part of the medical character. They carry us through scenes of difficulty and

danger, in a manner satisfactory to our own consciousness. . . . And finally, the confidence of every patient, whether religious or not, will be greatest in a physician who is animated by the noblest principles which the human mind is capable of entertaining.'

Such views, unfolded by a man whose life and labors have so signally illustrated their truth, and the final reward to which they contribute, deserve to be stamped in the heart of every student. Amid the demoralizing influences of the dissecting-room; the frivolous companionship to which he is often exposed; the bad examples of all-pervading empiricisms; and the manifold temptations to swerve, for profit's sake, from the severe line of justice and simple duty, amid all the fatal influences by which he is sure to be surrounded — a strict adherence to the path of probity, and a constant fidelity to his trust, are the only anchors upon which he can rely. Honesty and persevering truth are not merely his surest instruments of permanent success, but the only ones which render success sweet when attained:

'Vogli quel' che tu debbi:'

'Wish only that which thou ought'st' was the motto of LEONARDO DE VINCI; and the student can adopt no better one, or safer to abide by. It has been followed to the letter by all who have excelled in, and shed an enduring glory upon their art, whether painters like LEONARDO, or surgeons like WARREN.

DIARY, SKETCHES AND REVIEWS, DURING AN EUROPEAN TOUR, IN THE YEAR 1847. By ROBERT DODGE. Printed for his Friends. Published by the Author.

BUT for the pertinacity with which this very indifferent book has been pressed upon our attention, we should have permitted it to drop quietly into the gulf of oblivion. As it is, however, we feel bound, in justice to the author, to say that it is a meagre skeleton of travel, alike flippant and foolish, with the slightest possible style, and the most trivial incident. How any person could sit down and deliberately copy off a journal like this, send it to the printer, read the proof-sheets of it, send it to press, and cause it to be bound up, passes our comprehension. But let us illustrate the justice of our comments by a few extracts. The writer is in London when he records the following:

'SIXTH. Went to Saint PANCRA'S Church with Mr. A. and L. It is large; somewhat like our Saint BARTHOLOMEW'S, but twice the size; a fine organ, and very crowded: dull sermon; afternoon, wrote to D., and to Paris; and at six, P. M., went to Gordon Square, to a dinner party; a pleasant affair.

'SEVENTH. With Judge GAMBLE, of Georgia, took cars at Nine Elms Station, for Richmond; and thence sauntered through Bushy Park to Hampton Court. The scenery, the whole way is delightful; the park is over a mile through, with its fine horse-chesnuts, twelve deep, on either side, and is one of the noblest in England. Drove up to the Old Lion Gateway, built by GEORGE II.; still beautiful; walked through the fine grounds, to the east front of the Palace. It covers eight acres, is built of red brick, and faced and ornamented with marble; this front is over one hundred feet high.'

Equally thrilling and instructive is the description of what occurred to the writer at Pisa:

'THIRTEENTH. Took the cars to Pisa: the cathedral is the finest I have yet seen in Italy in this style; the Babtistery is well known, and so beautiful, with its musical echo, and fine marble pulpit; then the Campo Santo, the Church of the Cavaliers of Saint STEPHEN, and a new square and statue of the Grand Duke, well done; and the Church of the Madonna della Spina, the miniature of the Milan cathedral; enjoyed the fine view from the Ponte a Mare, and as I looked upon its Vevay-like scenery, SHELLEY'S fine verses on Pisa were again present with me. IBRAHIM PACHA was walking about the Lung Arno.

'FOURTEENTH. Drove out with Mrs. M. along the shore, passing the Turks' Cemetery, to the Ardenza, about three miles drive, passed fine villas; and then to the Cisterno Nuova, a beautiful

building and reservoir; passing the New Piazza, and the fine statues of the late and present Grand Duke.'

And of just such 'skimble-skamble stuff' is the whole book composed. The young author must surely live to be ashamed of a production so crude, disjointed and uninteresting.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION: a Narrative of Recent Transactions, involving Inquiries in regard to the Principles of Honor, Truth and Justice, which obtain in a Distinguished American University. In one volume, 12mo.

WE have received the following letter, touching the work whose title is given above, and which was briefly noticed in our last number. The writer has availed himself of our offer to 'hear both sides,' but in our judgment, a review proper of the book itself should be forthcoming, to meet the exigencies of the case:

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER: *November* 6, 1850.

'DEAR SIR: I have just arisen from the perusal of your very piquant summing up of that very remarkable book, with the hackneyed title, 'Truth Stranger than Fiction,' by Miss CATHARINE E. BEECHER. As you seem still open to conviction as to the real merits of this singular controversy, and willing to unravel the secret history of the book, I take the liberty of submitting a few observations that have occurred to me respecting it. I agree with you, 'this is a strange affair,' a stranger *dénouement*, and a book still more strange than either. I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with the fair authoress, but congratulate the male sex in general, that she is still permitted to write her name 'Miss.' Though no ÆSCULAPIUS, I have some notions of hereditary disease, and I am not surprised that the calumniator of steamship discipline, and the libeller of one of the oldest literary institutions in America, should have sprung from the same source. The eaglets are worthy of a common eyrie. I am at a loss to discover what honest or pious motive could have dictated this book. It is painful to suspect the motives of any one, still more painful to suspect the motives of a sex proverbial for lack of suspicion. But the disguise which veils the hideous features that malice and wounded vanity have distorted into the 'Gorgon' before us, is too flimsy to baffle the most ordinary penetration. If the book is wonderful, the letter of the heroine to the authoress, declining permission to have the book published, is still more so; that is to say, if one reads it as the writer intended it should be read. But fortunately for truth and plain-dealing, duplicity has adopted a hackneyed device. The coquetry here exhibited is hardly worthy of one who could hold in abeyance for more than twelve months an unsophisticated youth ten years her junior. The trick of CÆSAR:

> 'You all did see that on the Lupercal
> I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
> Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?' —

the harmless wranglings of rival quacks, in patent medicines, and 'Yankee notions,' and the late passage-at-arms between BARNUM and the Boston newspaper-editors, have familiarized us with this species of tactics; and in spite of charity and gallantry, the world will cry 'Humbug!' If the lady in question had been the first who had after twelve months' acquaintance *before marriage*, satisfied a gentleman that his purse and his person might be in better keeping than of the one who coveted *both*, she might have wondered at the failure of her own perfections. But why this lady should assume that her sex has 'as large a charter as the wind' in this respect, and that ours is 'cabined, cribbed, confined' to one chance in the great dice-box of matrimony, I can't for my life discover. The facts and circumstances detailed in this volume, in spite of suppressions and italicised words, have failed to convince me that there is any thing very marvellous in the story on one side or the other. And I see no reason why the ear of the public should 'be besieged' by a garbled and angry pasquinade upon a trivial affair occurring between two obscure individuals in a small city, in a small state. But the passion for notoriety has in our day become a sporadic disease, and must be fed with such pestilential vapors as low places and festering substances exhale.

'Here I would stop; but *the letter!* — I must say one word about that. It appears from Miss D —— 's own story, that the person who has made all the mischief has reaped his 'only distinction' from association with *her;* that she is 'tired of being a victim' and does not 'wish to be a heroine.' Really, we cannot but express our sorrow, that the 'bad eminence' to which she has exalted 'this person' should have been made more conspicuous, or that she herself should have been 'victimized

for the idle purpose of attempting to model a heroine out of such meagre materials by so clumsy an artist. One word to the writer and we have done. It is an old adage that 'God sends us meats, but the DEVIL sends us cooks;' and although we are inclined, from a perusal of *another* work of fiction by the same authoress, to the opinion that she may be a very good cook of physical food, we suspect that her instructions in the culinary art touching the 'food of the mind' have come from the source deprecated in the proverb. We recommend her in future to confine her attentions to the '*paté de foie gras*' and *sauce piquante* of the kitchen, and her observations on 'high life' to 'below stairs:' there she has been and may be respectable; beyond that,

'NONSENSE precipitate like running lead,
Slips through the crags and zig-zags of her head.'

'Yours, etc., R.'

THE LIFE OF JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke. By HUGH A. GARLAND. In two volumes. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THESE are two interesting volumes, and form a valuable addition to the history of our public affairs, at an eventful period of our national career. But independent of the commendation which they deserve in this latter regard, they are equally deserving of praise for the vivid picture which they afford of the singular person whose career they detail with great minuteness. As an individual personal history, the work is full of interest. It contains a large amount of copious and unreserved correspondence with the most intimate friends of Mr. RANDOLPH, written as only himself ever wrote. Not a thought or feeling is concealed from these cherished friends of his bosom; and the letters to them, sometimes written daily, may be said to constitute a diary of his daily life. The letters were freely confided to the editor, and he seems to have made a well-discriminated use of them. If there is any thing to be found fault with in the volumes it is an occasional tendency in the writer to prolong his own text by episodes which strikes us as sometimes out of place, or at least unnecessary. We pass at once to the few quotations from the personal correspondence for which we can find space. The following is from a letter to his staunch and life-long friend, the late FRANCIS S. KEY, of Baltimore, author of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' a man of genius and a Christian gentleman, whose own letters, in the volumes before us, are models of composition:

'I HEARTILY wish that I were qualified in any shape to advise you on the subject of a new calling in life. Were I premier, I should certainly translate you to the see of Canterbury; and if I were not too conscious of my utter incompetency, I should like to take a professorship in some college where you were principal; for, like you, '*my occupation* (tobacco-making) *is also gone.*' Some sort of employment is absolutely necessary to keep me from expiring from ennui. I 'see no reviews,' nor any thing else of that description. My time passes in uniform monotony. For weeks together I never see a new face; and, to tell you the truth, I am so much of Captain GULLIVER'S way of thinking respecting my fellow-Yahoos, (a few excepted, whose souls must have transmigrated from the generous Houyhnhnms,) that I have as much of their company as is agreeable to me, and I suspect that they are pretty much of my opinion; that I am not only ennuyé myself, but the cause of ennui in others. In fact, this business of living is, like Mr. BARLOW'S reclamations on the French Government, *dull work;* and I possess so little of Pagan philosophy, or of Christian patience, as frequently to be driven to the brink of despair. 'The uses of this world have long seemed to me stale, flat, and unprofitable;' *but I have worried along, like a worn-out horse in a mail coach, by dint of habit and whip-cord, and shall at last die in the traces, running the same dull stage, day after day.*

'When you see RIDGELY, commend me to him and his amiable wife. I am really glad to hear that he is quietly at home, instead of scampering along the bay shore, or inditing dispatches. *Our upper country is slid down upon the lower.* Nearly half our people are below the falls. Both my brothers are gone.'

We have italicised a line or two to indicate our admiration of the force, simplicity and originality of Mr. RANDOLPH'S epistolary style. He speaks, in another letter, of going to the Hot Sulphur Springs of Virginia to '*stew* the rheumatism out of his carcase;' which carcase, we may remark in passing, seems never to have been free

from aches and pains. Perhaps the reader will find in this fact no small excuse for the petulance which sometimes characterized the subject of them. In one of his letters he says: 'My body is wholly worn out, and the intellectual part much shattered. My bodily infirmities are great and rapidly increasing, so that it will be impossible for me to sustain existence here when deprived of field exercises. I write now under the pressure of severe head-ache. You are not my physician, yet I cannot omit telling you that I am afflicted with a strange anomalous disease. It is of the heart; the most violent palpitations, succeeded by a total suspension of its functions for some seconds: and then, after several sudden spasmodic actions, the pulse becomes very slow, languid and weak. When the fit is on, it may be seen through my dress across the room.' Toward the close of the same letter, he adds: 'I wish I could say something of my future movements. I look forward without hope. Clouds and darkness hang upon my prospects; and should my feeble frame hang together a few years longer, the time may arrive when my best friends, as well as myself, may pray that a close may be put to the same.' Such expressions as the following are frequent throughout his correspondence: 'On the terms by which I hold it, life is a curse from which I would willingly escape, *if I knew where to fly.*' Mr. RANDOLPH was for a long period immersed in clouds and darkness on the subject of religion, but at last faith and hope were triumphant. After his reëlection for the second time to congress, he writes to a friend: 'You will have perceived, I hope, my good friend, from my letter by Dr. ——, that I have felt no disposition to indulge in an unbecoming triumph on the event of the late election in this district. I do assure you with the utmost sincerity, that, so far as I am personally concerned, I cannot but regret the partiality of my friends, who insisted on holding me up on this occasion. I am engrossed by sentiments of a far different character, and I look forward to the future in this world, to say nothing of the next, with anticipations that forbid any idle expression of exultation. On the contrary, my sensations are such as become a dependent creature, whose only hope for salvation rests upon the free grace of HIM to whom we must look for peace in this world, as well as in the world to come.' Elsewhere he remarks: 'My dear Sir, there is, or there is not, another and a better world. If there is, as we all believe, what is it but madness to be absorbed in the cares of a clay-built hovel, held at will, unmindful of the rich inheritance of an imperishable palace, of which we are immortal heirs?' We enter fully into the feelings of the author of the work before us, after the perusal of his pages, when he writes:

'WHEN we come to consider the solitude in which he lived, the emaciated condition of his delicate frame, worn down by long and torturing disease, the irritable state of his nervous system —'he was almost like a man without a skin'— the constant and sleepless excitement of his mental faculties, and of his brilliant imagination induced by this morbid irritability: when we throw ourselves into his condition, and conceive of the crowd of burning thoughts that pressed upon his mind, pass in melancholy review the many friends that had been torn from him by the hand of death, the many who had forgotten him and forsaken him as a fallen man, no longer serviceable to them; call to remembrance that his own father's house was desolate, St. GEORGE, his brother, in the mad-house, himself, like LOGAN, alone in his cabin, without a drop of his father's blood save that which coursed in his own well nigh exhausted veins; and, above all, when we call to remembrance his first, his youthful, and his only love, which is said to have greatly revived in his mind at this time with the painful, yet hallowed associations that clustered around its cherished memory — who can wonder that a man, with the temperament of JOHN RANDOLPH, under these circumstances should fling away all restraint, and should cry aloud in the anguish of his soul, and should so act and speak as to excite the astonishment of those around, and induce them to believe that he was a madman! In a similar situation DAVID was a madman; BYRON was a madman; ROSSEAU — all high-souled, deep-feeling men of genius, in the eye of the world were madmen.'

In one place, the eccentric Virginian gives an amusing picture of a 'consort' which he attended, wherein a protegée of the hostess, who had 'been used to exhibition and display from the egg-shell,' sang but very little to his edification:

'I FELT very much ashamed of being there, not because the room was mean and badly lighted and dirty, and the company ill-dressed, but because I saw, for the first time, an American woman singing for hire. I would import our actors, singers, tumblers, and jack-puddings, if we must have such cattle, from Europe. HYDE DE NEUVILLE, a Frenchman, agreed with me, 'that although the lady was universally admitted to be *very amiable*, it was a dangerous example.' At first (*on dit*) she was unaffected, and sang naturally, and, I am told, agreeably enough, but now she is a bundle of 'affectations,' (as Sir HUGH hath it,) and reminds me of the little screech '*owels*,' as they say on '*the south side*.' Her voice is not bad, but she is utterly destitute of a single particle of taste or judgment. Were she a lady, and I in her company, my politeness should never induce me to punish myself by asking her to sing. When she was 'screeching,' I was strongly reminded of two lines of a mock Methodist hymn, that poor JOHN HOLLINGSWORTH used to sing when we were graceless youths at college:

'O! THAT I, like Madame FRENCH,
Could raise my 'vice on high.
Thy name should last like oaken bench,
To 'perpetui-ty.''

From his solitude at Roanoke JOHN RANDOLPH sent forth lessons of wisdom which are well worthy of being learned by the young and the inconsiderate. We commend the following extracts from one of his letters, not only to all the sons of the 'first families in Virginia,' but to young men every where:

'ONE of the best and wisest men I ever knew has often said to me, that a decayed family could never recover its loss of rank in the world until the members of it left off talking and dwelling upon its former opulence. This remark, founded in a long and close observation of mankind, I have seen verified, in numerous instances, in my own connections, who, to use the words of my oracle, 'will never thrive until they become 'poor folks:'' he added, 'they may make some struggles, and with apparent success, to recover lost ground; they may, and sometimes do, get half way up again; but they are sure to fall back, unless, reconciling themselves to circumstances, they become in form, as well as in fact, poor folks.'

'The blind pursuit of wealth, for the sake of hoarding, is a species of insanity. There are spirits, and not the least worthy, who, content with an humble mediocrity, leave the field of wealth and ambition open to more active, perhaps more guilty, competitors. Nothing can be more respectable than the independence that grows out of self-denial. The man who, by abridging his wants, can find time to devote to the cultivation of his mind, or the aid of his fellow-creatures, is a being far above the plodding sons of industry and gain. His is a spirit of the noblest order. But what shall we say to the drone, whom society is eager 'to shake from her encumbered lap?' who lounges from place to place, and spends more time in 'Adonizing' his person, even in a morning, than would serve to earn his breakfast? who is curious in his living, a connoisseur in wines, fastidious in his cookery; but who never knew the luxury of earning a single meal? Such a creature, 'sponging' from house to house, and always on the borrow, may yet be found in Virginia. One more generation will, I trust, put an end to them; and their posterity, if they have any, must work or steal *directly*.

'Men are like nations: one founds a family, the other an empire; both destined, sooner or later, to decay. This is the way in which ability manifest itself. They who belong to a higher order, like NEWTON, and MILTON, and SHAKSPEARE, leave an imperishable name. I have no quarrel with such as are content with their original obscurity, vegetate on from father to son; 'whose ignoble blood has crept through *clodpoles* ever since the flood;' but I cannot respect them. He who contentedly eats the bread of idleness and dependence is beneath contempt.'

Considering that the following came from an incorrigible old bachelor, we consider it worthy of heed:

'YOU know my opinion of female society. Without it, we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood; for, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one, I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man, nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his CREATOR) to some virtuous and amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the pollution which besets it on all sides. Nevertheless, I trust that your fondness for the company of ladies may not rob you of the time which ought to be devoted to reading and meditating on your profession; and, above all, that it may not acquire for you the reputation of *dangler* — in itself bordering on the contemptible, and seriously detrimental to *your* professional character. A cautious old SQUARETOES, who might have no objection to employing such a one at the bar, would, perhaps, be shy of introducing him as a practitioner in his family, in case he should have a pretty daughter, or niece, or sister: although all experience shows, that of all male animals, the dangler is the most harmless to the ladies, who quickly learn, with the intuitive sagacity of the sex, to make a convenience of him, while he serves for a butt also. Rely upon it, that to love a woman as a 'mistress,' although a delicious delirium — an intoxication far surpassing that of champagne — is altogether unessential, nay, *pernicious*, in the choice of a wife: which a man ought to set about in his sober senses, choosing her, as Mrs. PRIMROSE did her wedding-gown, for qualities that 'wear well.'

With these 'specimens' of the character of the volumes before us, we take our regretful leave of them, commending them to our readers as well calculated to enlist attention and reward perusal. They are well printed, upon good paper.

PROGRESS IN THE NORTH-WEST. Annual Discourse before the Historical Society of Ohio. By the President, WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER. Cincinnati: H. W. DERBY AND COMPANY.

Mr. GALLAGHER, who is one of the most distinguished of all our western poets, has in the address before us shown himself master of a prose style of great compactness and force. We seldom see any thing in the journals or elsewhere, to which the name of this gentleman is attached, without giving it our immediate attention, nor are our expectations of enjoyment ever disappointed. In the present address, the writer treats of the facts connected with the past progress of the north-west, and of the conditions of its future advancement. In the opening of his theme we have this spirited illustration of the difference between ancient and modern civilization:

'THE ancient civilizations were sensuous; the modern civilization is spiritual. The ancient civilizations encouraged distinctions; the modern civilization proclaims, in tones that thrill and echo through the universe: 'GOD is no respecter of persons!' The ancient civilizations made of woman a slave to man's caprices, appetites, and power, and denied her anything approaching to equality of state with him; the modern civilization declares her equality, praises and protects her virtues, seeks to educate her intellect and develop her deepest affections, and proclaims her 'a ministering angel' amid the doubt, and suffering, and nefarious wrongs of life. The ancient civilizations built the pyramids and the palaces of Egypt, founded the magnificent empires and the rich cities of Asia, erected the temples of Greece, and constructed the Appian Way and the Roman Aqueducts; the modern civilization builds the common school, the christian church, the lunatic asylum, the institution for the blind, the school for the deaf and dumb, the hospital, and the almshouse. The ancient civilizations inclosed their cities, and even their countries, within high and strong walls, to protect them alike from the rapacity and the weapons of neighboring peoples; the modern civilization connects its cities by good roads and canals, to invite visits from one another, and constructs railways from state to state, and across continents from ocean to ocean, to facilitate intercommunication, and thus brings and binds peoples together, instead of walling them apart. The ancient civilizations decorated the walls and columns of their temples and dwellings with paintings and sculptures, representing personal conflicts, conquerors returning from battle bearing the dismembered heads of the slain, and other evidences of the bloody exertion of brute strength; the modern civilization fills its private residences and public halls with paintings and statues that awaken the purer associations, call into activity the higher sentiments, and fill the mind and heart with images of beauty, truth, holiness, and love. The ancient civilizations sent armies abroad, to conquer and subdue with the sword and with fire; the modern civilization sends the school-master and the missionary abroad, to conquer and subdue with intellectual light, with gospel truth, with human and divine love.'

We were struck with this eloquent description of the agency of steam in peopling the great valley which stretches from the western slopes of the Alleghenies to the Mississippi and thence to the twentieth parallel of longitude:

'A NEW agent of civilization and settlement was now introduced. The keel of the steamboat had been plowing the waters of the West for three or four years. This description of navigation was no longer a mere experiment. Speaking relatively to what was then attempted, it had succeeded; and every time the escape of steam, or the splash of the paddles, woke the echoes of the still solitary shores, a requiem sounded for the departing Indian, and a song of gladness went up for the arrival of his adventurous successor. The genius of FULTON was, in the hands of these adventurers, the Lamp of ALADDIN; it opened to them freely the doors of the Great West, frightened away their enemies, and displayed to their enraptured gaze the many and glittering charms of this beautiful land. And still the paddles dashed the waters; and still the piercing shriek of the escape-pipe woke the deep echoes; and still the child of the forest receded farther and farther; and still rolled on the stream of emigration, through the gaps of the Cumberland, over the heights of the Alleghenies, down into the rich valley through which coursed the calm waters of the Ohio. And another period of ten years passed — the third decade in the half century — and the population was become two million, two hundred and ninety-eight thousand, three hundred and ninety.

'By this time, over nearly the whole broad bosom of the region which I have mapped out, were scattered the habitations of men, and introduced the institutions of Christian, civilized life. In the interiors of its different sections, the wigwams of the savage had given place to the cabins of the new comers, and the farm-houses of the first settlers. On the small streams, which everywhere sent up their glad voices, giving to the deep solitude a tongue that was eloquent, the hand of enterprise had taken the willing waters, and borne them to the clattering wheels of the manufactory, where they labored and yet sported, and, like virtue, were overruled and yet free. On the broad lakes, on the mighty rivers, the arm of STEAM,

> 'THAT fleshless arm, whose pulses leap
> With floods of living fire,'

was propelling the gigantic hull, freighted with hundreds of human beings, coming from afar to cultivate the land, to fabricate its crude products, to engage in trade and commerce, to 'multiply and replenish the earth.' On the great natural highways, populous cities had taken the place of the

primeval groves, and the school-house, the church, the depôts of commerce, and the elegant mansion, invited the on-coming multitudes to seek in and around them new and better homes. And the years of the fourth decade were told, and the population had swelled to four million, one hundred and thirty-one thousand, three hundred and seventy souls.

'Still went on the work. The seat of a commerce of hundreds of millions per year was this now populous region. The marts of its trade were filled with the surplus products of its soil, which were borne away in thousands of vessels to feed the hungry in less-favored lands. Its flocks were feeding on unnumbered hills, and in countless fields its crops sprang up, and ripened, and bowed before the sickle. That subtle POWER, which by water had brought its myriads of people to its generous bosom, and borne its rich products away in exchange for what its own soil did not yield, scorned longer to be confined to the rivers and the lakes, and their comparatively slow-moving keels. Springing upon the dry land, and seeking the iron tracks which science and labor had laid on the leveled earth, HE clutched the loaded car with His invisible fingers, and bore it from point to point for hundreds of miles, with an ease and a velocity before unknown,

'The beatings of HIS mighty heart'

still sounding through the storm or the calm, and giving the only note of His approach as HE rushed through forest and field, over streams and marshes, and around the bases of many hills, with His gigantic burden. Nor was this enough. For commerce it might have been, and for bodily transit from place to place, but not for thought. And next flashed upon human genius the still more subtle essence of the electric spark; and hither came its whispering wires, stretching from hill to hill and from state to state, crossing mountains, leaping ravines, spanning rivers, and bearing to the depths of this far Interior in the twinkling of an eye, the message spoken a thousand miles away, on the outer rim of the vast Continent. And the human tide has still rolled on and on; and the remoter forests of this region have been pierced and subdued, until the solitudes that, at the period from which this retrospect started, heard only the eternal chime of the Falls of St. ANTHONY, and the wild voices of the dark Chippeways, are filling with the homes of civilized man, and becoming vocal with prayers and hymns of thanksgiving to GOD. And the fifth decade has gone by, and *seven millions* now number the population of this region, which half a century ago, as was shown, contained less than three hundred thousand souls.'

With the following thoughts, equally truthful and eloquent, we close our quotations from this well-written and instructive address, which, better than any words of ours, will commend it to the admiration of our readers: 'We, who contrast the steam-ship or the packet of our day with the 'ship of Alexandria,' in which the apostle PAUL 'sailed slowly many days;' we, who compare the means of transportation now possessed with any thing known to a previous age; we, who look in vain, in the past of all time, for that which may be presented as an equivalent for the locomotive, or the electric telegraph; we, who have the printing press, and contend that the ancient world, before the flood or after the flood, had no agent of civilization at all comparable to this; we, who deny the sufficiency of the evidence which is often presented, in support of the claim that the lost arts of past centuries at all equal in number or importance the arts now known and practiced; have an abiding faith, that all progress is not material progress. We see in the constant struggles of man for a truer freedom and a higher life, evidence of an in-dwelling power to achieve and enjoy them. We see in the gradual but certain spread of Gospel Truth, and the paling of the sacrificial fires of Paganism before its light, indications too strong to be resisted, that through the mission of CHRIST the nations of all the earth are yet to come to a knowledge of the True GOD. We see in the weak governments of Asia and the tottering thrones of Europe, 'the beginning of the end' of countless ages of oppression. We see in the mighty stream of humanity that pours unceasing from the shores of the Old World to the shores of the New, evidences that here is to be made the next great advance in the political and spiritual freedom of man. And on this continent we behold such a continuous march toward the immediate region of country which we have had under view, as to indicate this as the chosen land of the new experiment; the brilliant centre from which are to radiate the glorious beams of a truer civilization than has yet blessed the hopes of man.' Such addresses as the one we have been considering would do much, if properly diffused abroad, to open the eyes of our trans-Atlantic neighbors to certain physical facts, touching this country, which are not unworthy of heed.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A FEW WORDS MORE TOUCHING JENNY LIND. — So much has been said about JENNY LIND, so many elaborate critiques printed, and so many opinions expressed by artists and amateurs, and the 'people' at large, that, illustrious as is the subject, it has become almost hackneyed. It still remains for us, however, to finish 'our say;' and not a reader of these pages but knows that what we say is unfettered by side-influences, and uninfluenced by frown or favor. The point has been already settled that Mademoiselle LIND's voice is perfect in quality, and wonderful in compass, reaching to F of the second line above the lines, with which note she plays as if in involuntary love of and wonder at her own strange and unique power. With regard to the warblings upon some of the soprano notes, compared with which the sweetest carol of birds is as that of the thrush to the nightingale, we need say little. They are indescribably pure and musical. She here lays indisputable claim to unrivalled natural facility and a great degree of artistic skill. But to speak of the highest of all the grades of art, which may better go by the name of genius, since the power lies in the inspired soul, it is in the Sacred Oratorio that M'lle JENNY LIND discovers the full measure of her resources. In her capacity for interpreting the highest kind of music — the spiritual — it may be said that she is perfect. But perfection is always unobtrusive, because entirely harmonious and symmetrical: therefore, how delicate must be the ear, how pure and elevated must be the soul of the critic, to appreciate it; whereas the heavenly spark in the breasts of the uninitiated is kindled, unwittingly to themselves, by the subtle influence; and the throngs of the 'middle classes,' who spend their hard-earned dollars for a few hours of this spiritual enjoyment, do not know that they are moved by the purest inspiration. This worshipping of the Muse by the common mechanic and the artizan is the surest proof of its genuineness. It is on the one hand only the extremest glare that can dazzle them, on the other it is only the electric principle of the extremest harmonies that can penetrate, inspire and subdue them. Any intermediate shades are so many senseless sounds and images; and where the artistic power exists in a degree, without the charm of musical tones, which is almost universally the case with our prima-donnas, our sturdy artisan turns away disgusted, failing to find any thing in their highest flights but what is disagreeable or ludicrous. The fact that our concerts have been hitherto sustained exclusively by the *élite*, and the evidence deduced therefrom that the humbler classes consider it extravagant self-indulgence to pay their dollar or half-dollar when a so much finer 'concourse of sweet sounds' can be enjoyed by the purchase of a two-shilling ticket

for an entertainment, where pathos and grossness alternate in the most grotesque contrast, (as the 'CHRISTY'S' and the like places) which entertainments have been and will continue to be thronged as densely as TRIPLER Hall; this fact, we say, proves absolutely, that it is extremes which sway the multitude, and that therefore JENNY LIND'S popularity with them must be abscribed to the influence of the most musical tones that human organs ever produced, and the most subtle genius that ever gave inspiration to them, for such only can awaken the latent harmonies in *every* breast; in the refined and educated; in the humble, the unlettered and the rude. We have said it!

DICKENS'S 'DAVID COPPERFIELD' CONCLUDED. — This work, which we cannot help thinking is not inferior to the very best that has proceeded from the pen of its popular and prolific author, is brought to a conclusion, and a complete copy, on somewhat too fine type, we are sorry to say, from the press of Mr. W. F. BURGESS, publisher, in Ann-street, lies before us. We have from time to time, as the work advanced, in its separate numbers, spoken of, and made extracts from it. We have made our readers acquainted with little DORA, the 'child-wife' of the hero; with the villain STEERFORTH, the cold MURDSTONES, the simple, honest PEGGOTTYS, the stately MICAWBER and his prolific family, glorious BETSEY TROTWOOD, and that sneaking, designing, crawling rascal, the 'umble' URIAH HEEP. All these characters have now 'passed into history,' and are endenizen'd in thousands of memories. We have had marked some time for insertion this admirable sketch of the manner in which URIAH HEEP was baulked in a base attempt to cheat his employer out of his fortune, through the illness and neglect of his benefactor. MICAWBER, his clerk, exposes him to the friends of the family, and especially of AGNES, the young and lovely daughter, after whose hand and 'affections' his own mean soul was yearning:

'I HAD not seen URIAH HEEP since the time of the blow. Our visit astonished him, evidently; not the less, I dare say, because it astonished ourselves. He did not gather his eyebrows together, for he had none worth mentioning; but he frowned to that degree that he almost closed his small eyes, while the hurried raising of his grisly hand to his chin betrayed some trepidation or surprise. This was only when we were in the act of entering the room, and when I caught a glance at him over my aunt's shoulder. A moment afterward he was as fawning and as humble as ever.

''Well, I am sure,' he said. 'This is indeed an unexpected pleasure! To have, as I may say, all friends round Saint PAUL'S, at once, is a treat unlooked for. Mr. COPPERFIELD, I hope I see you well, and, if I may umbly express self so, friendly toward them as is ever your friends, whether or not. Mrs. COPPERFIELD, Sir, I hope she's getting on. We have been made quite uneasy by the poor accounts we have had of her state, lately, I do assure you.'

'I felt ashamed to let him take my hand, but I did not know yet what else to do.

''Things are changed in this office, Miss TROTWOOD, since I was a numble clerk, and held your pony; ain't they?' said URIAH, with his sickliest smile. 'But *I* am not changed, Miss TROTWOOD.'

''Well, Sir,' returned my aunt, 'to tell the truth, I think you are pretty constant to the promise of your youth; if that's any satisfaction to you.'

''Thank you, Miss TROTWOOD,' said URIAH, writhing in his ungainly manner, 'for your good opinion! MICAWBER, tell 'em to let Miss AGNES know, and mother. Mother will be quite in a state, when she sees the present company!' said URIAH, setting chairs.

''You are not busy, Mr. HEEP?' said TRADDLES, whose eye the cunning red eye accidently caught, as it at once scrutinized and evaded us.

''No, Mr. TRADDLES,' replied URIAH, resuming his official seat, and squeezing his bony hands, laid palm to palm, between his bony knees. 'Not so much so as I could wish. But lawyers, sharks, and leeches are not easily satisfied, you know. Not but that myself and MICAWBER have our hands full, in general, on account of Mr. WICKFIELD'S being hardly fit for any occupation, Sir. But it 's a pleasure as well as a duty, I am sure, to work for AIM. You 've not been intimate with Mr. WICKFIELD, I think, Mr. TRADDLES? I believe I 've only had the honor of seeing you once myself?'

''No, I have not been intimate with Mr. WICKFIELD,' returned TRADDLES, 'or I might perhaps have waited on you long ago, Mr. HEEP.'

'There was something in the tone of this reply which made URIAH look at the speaker again, with a very sinister and suspicious expression. But seeing only TRADDLES with his good-natured

face, simple manner, and hair on end, he dismissed it as he replied, with a jerk of his whole body, but especially in his throat:

"'I am sorry for that, Mr. TRADDLES. You would have admired him as much as we all do. His little failings would only have endeared him to you the more. But if you would like to hear my fellow-partner eloquently spoken of, I should refer you to COPPERFIELD. The family is a subject he 's very strong upon, if you never heard him.'

'I was prevented from disclaiming the compliment (if I should have done so, in any case) by the entrance of AGNES, now ushered in by Mr. MICAWBER. She was not quite so self-possessed as usual, I thought, and had evidently undergone great anxiety and fatigue. But her earnest cordiality, and her quiet beauty, shone with the gentler lustre for it. I saw URIAH watch her while she greeted us, and he reminded me of an ugly and rebellious genie watching a good spirit. In the meanwhile, some slight sign passed between Mr. MICAWBER and TRADDLES; and TRADDLES, unobserved except by me, went out.

"'Do n't wait, MICAWBER,' said URIAH.

'Mr. MICAWBER, with his hand upon the ruler in his breast, stood erect before the door, most unmistakeably contemplating one of his fellow-men, and that man his employer.

"'What are you waiting for?' said URIAH. 'MICAWBER, did you hear me tell you not to wait?'

"'Yes!' replied the immovable Mr. MICAWBER.

"'Then why *do* you wait?' said URIAH.

"'Because I — in short choose,' replied Mr. MICAWBER, with a burst.

'URIAH's cheeks lost color, and an unwholesome paleness, still faintly tinged by his pervading red, overspread them. He looked at Mr. MICAWBER attentively, with his whole face breathing short and quick in every feature.

"'You are a dissipated fellow, as all the world knows,' he said, with an effort at a smile, 'and I am afraid you 'll oblige me to get rid of you. Go along! I 'll talk to you presently.'

"'If there is a scoundrel on this earth,' said Mr. MICAWBER, suddenly breaking out again with the utmost violence, 'with whom I have already talked too much, that scoundrel's name is — HEEP!'

'URIAH fell back, as if he had been struck or stung. Looking slowly round upon us, with the darkest and wickedest expression that his face could wear, he said in a lower voice:

"'Oho! This is a conspiracy! You have met here by appointment! You are playing Booty with my clerk, are you, COPPERFIELD? Now take care. You 'll make nothing of this. We understand each other, you and me. There 's no love between us. You were always a puppy, with a proud stomach, from your first coming here; and you envy me my rise, do you? None of your plots against me; I 'll counterplot you! MICAWBER, you be off. I 'll talk to you presently.'

"'Mr. MICAWBER,' said I, 'there is a sudden change in this fellow, in more respects than the extraordinary one of his speaking the truth in one particular, which assures me that he is brought to bay. Deal with him as he deserves!'

"'You are a precious set of people, ain't you?' said URIAH, in the same low voice, and breaking out into a clammy heat, which he wiped from his forehead with his long lean hand, 'to buy over my clerk, who is the very scum of society — as you yourself were, COPPERFIELD, you know it, before any one had charity on you — to defame me with his lies? Miss TROTWOOD, you had better stop this, or I 'll stop your husband shorter than will be pleasant to you. I won't know your story, professionally, for nothing, old lady! Miss WICKFIELD, if you have any love for your father, you had better not join that gang. I 'll ruin him, if you do. Now come! I have got some of you under the harrow. Think twice, before it goes over with you. Think twice, you MICAWBER, if you do n't want to be crushed. I recommend you to take yourself off, and be talked to presently, you fool, while there 's time to retreat. Where 's mother?' he said, suddenly appearing to notice, with alarm, the absence of TRADDLES, and pulling down the bell-rope. 'Fine doings in a person's own house!'

"'Mrs. HEEP is here, Sir,' said TRADDLES, returning with that worthy mother of a worthy son. 'I have taken the liberty of making myself known to her.'

"'Who are you to make yourself known?' retorted URIAH. 'And what do you want here?'

"'I am the agent and friend of Mr. WICKFIELD, Sir,' said TRADDLES, in a composed, business-like way. 'And I have a power of attorney from him in my pocket, to act for him in all matters.'

"'The old ass has drunk himself into a state of dotage,' said URIAH, turning uglier than before, 'and it has been got from him by fraud!'

"'Something has been got from him by fraud, I know,' returned TRADDLES, quietly; 'and so do you, Mr. HEEP. We will refer that question, if you please, to Mr. MICAWBER.'

"'URY —!' Mrs. HEEP began, with an anxious gesture.

"'You hold your tongue, mother,' he returned; 'least said, soonest mended.'

"'But my URY —'

"'Will you hold your tongue, mother, and leave it to me?'

'Though I had long known that his servility was false, and all his pretences knavish and hollow, I had no adequate conception of the extent of his hypocrisy, until I now saw him with his mask off. The suddenness with which he dropped it, when he perceived that it was useless to him; the malice, insolence, and hatred he revealed; the leer with which he exulted, even at this moment, in the evil he had done — all this time being desperate too, and at his wits' end for the means of getting the better of us — though perfectly consistent with the experience I had of him, at first took even me by surprise, who had known him so long, and disliked him so heartily.

'I say nothing of the look he conferred on me, as he stood eyeing us, one after another; for I had always understood that he hated me, and I remembered the marks of my hand upon his cheek. But when his eyes passed on to AGNES, I saw the rage with which he felt his power over her slipping away, and the exhibition, in their disappointment, of the odious passions that he had led him to aspire to one whose virtues he never could appreciate or care for, I was shocked by the mere thought of her having lived an hour within sight of such a man.'

MICAWBER proceeds to unfold his villainy in detail, and in a manner entirely characteristic. URIAH is a 'numbler' scoundrel than ever, at the last; for the deed of

his benefactor, which he had forged in his own favor, was literally wrung from him. 'There was,' says COPPERFIELD:

'THERE was, as I had noticed on my first visit long ago, an iron safe in the room. The key was in it. A hasty suspicion seemed to strike URIAH; and with a glance at Mr. MICAWBER, he went to it, and threw the doors clanking open. It was empty.

'"Where are the books!" he cried, with a frightful face. "Some thief has stolen the books!"

'Mr. MICAWBER tapped himself with the ruler. "I did, when I got the key from you as usual — but a little earlier — and opened it this morning."

'"Don't be uneasy," said TRADDLES. "They have come into my possession. I will take charge of them, under the authority I mentioned."

'"You receive stolen goods, do you?" cried URIAH.

'"Under such circumstances," answered TRADDLES, "Yes."

. . . . . .

'"Good!" said TRADDLES, when the deed was brought. "Now, Mr. HEEP, you can retire to think; particularly observing, if you please, that I declare to you on the part of all present, that there is only one thing to be done; that is what I have explained; and that it must be done without delay."

'URIAH, without lifting his eyes from the ground, shuffled across the room with his hand to his chin, and pausing at the door, said:

'"COPPERFIELD, I have always hated you. You've always been an upstart, and you've always been against me."

'"As I think I told you once before," said I, "it is you who have been, in your greed and cunning, against all the world. It may be profitable to you to reflect, in future, that there never were greed and cunning in the world yet, that did not do too much, and over-reach themselves. It is as certain as death."

'"Or as certain as they used to teach at school (the same school where I picked up so much umbleness,) from nine o'clock to eleven, that labor was a curse; and from eleven o'clock to one, that it was a blessing, and a cheerfulness, and a dignity, and I don't know what all, eh?" said he, with a sneer. "You preach about as consistent as they did. Won't umbleness go down? I should n't have got round my gentleman fellow-partner without it, I think. MICAWBER, you old bully, I 'll pay *you*!"

We like to follow up such a rascal to the end of his career. The last that is seen of him, in this history, is in prison, doing penance as 'Number Twenty-Seven,' where he is visited by COPPERFIELD and the gentle AGNES, whom the low-minded wretch had striven so repulsively to win:

'AT last, we came to the door of his cell; and Mr. CREAKLE, looking through a little hole in it, reported to us in a state of the greatest admiration, that he was reading a hymn book.

'There was such a rush of heads immediately, to see number twenty-seven reading his hymn book, that the little hole was blocked up, six or seven heads deep. To remedy this inconvenience, and give us an opportunity of conversing with Twenty-Seven in all his purity, Mr. CREAKLE directed the door of the cell to be unlocked, and Twenty-Seven be invited out into the passage. This was done; and whom should TRADDLES and I then behold, to our amazement, in this converted number Twenty-Seven, but URIAH HEEP!

'He knew us directly; and said, as he came out, with the old writhe:

'"How do you do, Mr. COPPERFIELD? How do you do, Mr. TRADDLES?"

'This recognition caused a general admiration in the party, I rather thought that every one was struck by his not being proud, and taking notice of us.

'"Well, Twenty-Seven," said Mr. CREAKLE, mournfully admiring him. "How do you find yourself to-day?"

'"I am very umble, Sir!" replied URIAH HEEP.

'"You are always so, Twenty Seven," said Mr. CREAKLE.

It is not our intention to forestall the interest of our readers in the completed 'COPPERFIELD;' but we *must* show them the family of the MICAWBERS, as they appeared when about sailing to the Australian colonies, the California of the struggling and destitute in the great capitals of England:

'Mr. MICAWBER, I must observe, in his adaptation of himself to a new state of society, had acquired a bold buccaneering air, not absolutely lawless, but defensive and prompt. One might have supposed him a child of the wilderness, long accustomed to live out of the confines of civilization, and about to return to his native wilds.

'He had provided himself, among other things, with a complete suite of oil-skin, and a straw-hat with a very low crown, pitched or caulked on the outside. In this rough clothing, with a common mariner's telescope under his arm, and a shrewd trick of casting up his eye at the sky as looking out for dirty weather, he was far more nautical, after his manner, than Mr. PEGGOTTY. His whole family, if I may so express it, were cleared for action. I found Mrs. MICAWBER in the closest and most uncompromising of bonnets, made fast under the chin; and in a shawl which tied her up (as I had been tied up, when my aunt first received me) like a bundle, and was secured behind at the waist in a strong knot. Miss MICAWBER I found made snug for stormy weather, in the same manner, with nothing superfluous about her. Master MICAWBER was hardly visible in a Guernsey shirt, and the shaggiest suit of slops I ever saw; and the children were done up, like preserved meats, in impervious cases. Both Mr. MICAWBER and his eldest son wore their sleeves loosely turned back at

the wrists, as being ready to lend a hand in any direction, and to 'tumble up,' or sing out 'Yeo — Heave — Yeo!' on the shortest notice.'

. . . . . .

''On the voyage, I shall endeavor,' said Mr. MICAWBER, 'occasionally to spin them a yarn; and the melody of my son WILKINS will, I trust, be acceptable at the galley-fire. When Mrs MICAWBER has her sea-legs on — an expression in which I hope there is no conventional impropriety — she will give them, I dare say, 'Little Tafflin.' Porpoises and dolphins, I believe, will be frequently observed athwart our bows; and, either on the starboard or larboard quarter, objects of interest will be continually descried. In short,' said Mr. MICAWBER, with the old genteel air, 'the probability is, all will be found so exciting, alow and aloft, that when the look-out stationed in the main-top cries 'Land-ho!' we shall be very considerably astonished!'

A picture by OSTADE, of which our author was reminded by the following scene, could scarcely have been more effective than his own pen-limning:

'AMONG the great beams, bulks, and ring-bolts of the ship, and the emigrant-berths, and chests, and bundles, and barrels, and heaps of miscellaneous baggage, lighted up, here and there, by dangling lanterns, and elsewhere by the yellow day-light straying down a windsail or a hatchway, were crowded groups of people, making new friendships, taking leave of one another, talking, laughing, crying, eating, and drinking; some already settled down into the possession of their few feet of space, with their little households arranged, and tiny children established on stools, or in dwarf elbow-chairs; others despairing of a resting-place, and wandering disconsolately. From babies who had but a week or two of life behind them, to crooked old men and women who seemed to have but a week or two of life before them, and from ploughmen boldly carrying out soil of England on their boots, to smiths taking away samples of its soot and smoke upon their skins — every age and occupation appeared to be crammed into the narrow compass of the 'tween decks.'

Nothing could be more touchingly told than the renewed love for AGNES WICKFIELD, and the manner in which their united affections reached a joyous fruition. Again we say, 'Commend us to 'DAVID COPPERFIELD,' and again do we commend it, warmly and cordially, to our readers.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Since the throwing out, by the envious and interested committee of the 'American Institute,' of our '*Patent Self-Regulating Back-Action Hen-Persuader*,' a most ingenious and simple contrivance for promoting the increase of devourable eggs in 'the markets of the world,' we have not taken much interest in inventions; deeming that inventors themselves are not sufficiently appreciated, and that, as a general thing, if they possessed a proper 'self-respect' they would keep their 'specifications' to themselves, and their 'improvements' for private use. We hope that the inventor of '*The North-American Fly-Trap*,' spoken of below by a pleasant western correspondent, will have no occasion to lament the 'ingratitude of republics:' 'Among the classified list of patents granted by the Patent Office in the year 1848, according to the report of EDMUND BURKE, then commissioner, Kentucky, it appears, has registered seven; and among these, one WILSON SHREVE, under letters-patent, claims all the rights, benefits, etc., accruing from his invention, a — '*Fly-Trap*.' Think of it, Master KNICK.! Oh! the weary days and sleepless nights WILSON SHREVE must have passed, ere the crude first idea, the *initium*, resolved itself into form and fashion, and the fly-trap was the result! NEWTON'S apple, GALILEO'S pendulum, ALFRED'S spider, were the first hints, the 'suggestions,' the faint glimmerings of the spark that afterward burned up to goodly-sized flames, as the times go, but the world is left in profound ignorance, in worse than Cimmerian darkness, of the beginning, the 'working out' and the grand principle, that acts and moves and keeps in being this bugbear of the blue-bottles. Is it an intricate combination of wheels, springs, and elastic pieces of whale-bone, luring the entomological specimen into fancied security by offering a resting-place to its weary wings, when whizz! crack! and the deluded victim is knocked into a fricassee

state, a 'bonne-bouche' for an epicurian spider? Is it a labyrinth into which the erratic wanderer is reduced to creep when night has

> 'Thrown her mantle o'er the world
> And pinned it with a star?'

and then, after wandering about for days and days, amid convolutions and passages, cross-chambers and avenues, gets its suctorial brain-bewildered in the maze; makes two or three desperate rectangular charges to force its way through, and at last falls, worn out and exhausted, on its back, convulsively draws up its six legs, hums a dying air, and goes into an eternal sleep, dreaming of the merry jousts with its companions, around the sunny window-sill, in the long summer mornings? Or rather is not the foundation, the substratum, nay, the whole edifice itself, treacle? Dark indeed was the day for the *musca* race, when Mr. Wilson Shreve, sitting in his easy chair after a hearty dinner, endeavoring to covet the transient but sweet embraces of the drowsy god, felt on the end of his nose that provoking thrill, that most agonizing of sensations, occasioned by the sudden descent of a member of that race, who mistook the shining apex for a pinnacle of peace, an 'oäsis,' an Ararat, where he might rest his wings ere he rejoined the reel. Alarming was the sudden start, and fierce was the rubbing of the said proboscis. But gradually the weary hand ceased its manipulations, the heavy head again inclined itself forward, the right leg, crossed in satisfaction over the knee of the left, imperceptibly almost, was slowly sliding off, and Mr. Wilson Shreve was again in that abnormal state, a foreigner just within the confines of dreamland, but not yet naturalized nor acclimated, when whirr! — buzz! — zip! — and the volant persecutor darted in and out of his left auricular. One open-handed, murderous swoop, and Mr. Shreve started into full consciousness that his 'tricksy Ariel' was off, and was now very probably chasing a brother or sister fly, with very doubtful intentions, through the open door-way. Entrenching his head behind a curtain-calico-figured handkerchief, again Mr. Shreve resigned himself to repose. Again did the 'familiar spirit,' attracted by the aroma arising from the stains of hoe-cake, wander about in rectangular eccentricity over the veil, until at length a breach is found, where the handkerchief, falling into such graceful folds as only silk can ever attain to, raises an arch like a mouse-hole. It enters. A pause; ten seconds; twenty; a snore; thirty — 'Darnation!' echoes from the stinging lips of the excited Mr. Shreve, as he springs to his feet, rubbing them, not the feet, but the lips, over which the wily intruder had just galloped, making as many impressions on the delicate epidermis with his six little claws as if he had been a milaped, and with lowering brow, flashing eye, open pen-knife, and a pile of shingles, the great inventor swears a terrible oath, and goes to work. Time rolls on. A poor but proud nation is taught the world-lesson that those two adjectives are too antagonistical to be entertained simultaneously; the conqueror comes home, and seized by popular applause, is hurried neck and shoulders into that much-envied but very uncomfortable piece of cabinet furniture, the presidential chair. The car of anarchy and confusion, bowled along by the most ungovernable team that ever yet wore traces, slaves with their hot blood up, crashes over Europe. The fell destroyer Cholera steals on in its noisome night-marches, but Wilson Shreve thinks on, whittles on, until The Fly-Trap is finished. —— We feel it is not for us; that we are not sufficiently advanced on the road to perfectability; but in the distant future another genius will arise, like the glorious sun, a Smith or a Tompkins, and eleminate such ideas as will show the perfect practicability of altering and applying this, the 'brain-child' of the nineteenth century, to the utter and

total extermination of the whole *culex* tribe. Then will the weary denizen of the north, in the pauses of his heavy sleep, and the red-ripe maiden of the sunny south, in her afternoon siesta, murmur blessings on the name of WILSON SHREVE.' . . . READER, you have many and many a time heard from the writer of this original '*Sonnet to a Rich Rhymester*,' and never once, we venture to say, without pleasure:

THOU purse-proud PORT! with as airy foot
The clumsy camel through the needle's eye
Might gaily skip a minuet — or put
In competition with the summer fly
His heavy gait — as thine, if matched with him
Who, like a sinewy racer, to the field
Comes, light of ancle, with elastic limb,
And heart of temper too serene to yield
In the proud contest, where the gift of strength
And speed and courage win the Olympian meed.
Thine 's a laborious pace; the power of length
And persevering dulness — he, with one
Immortal bound, outstrips thee like a steed
Fresh in the harness of his lord the sun!

—

WE have 'laughed furtively,' as our greatest American novelist would say, at the following, received in a recent epistle from a Kentucky correspondent: 'While the cholera was here last summer, a remarkably sharp specimen of 'Young America' managed to keep body and boots together by familiarly entering the doors of any of the stores or offices, and telling his story in a way to win a few dimes, on the score of charity or impudence. To the respectable portion of the community he delivered the stereotyped history of 'Father died in New-Orleans, and I'm a-travelin' home to New-York to see me mother; wo n't ye please, Sir, gi' me a dime?' But to me, whom he knew better, he told a most amusing tale of his adventurs. English born, he had shipped while only fourteen years old on board a New-Orleans and Liverpool packet, made two or three trips, became disgusted, and taking French leave at New-Orleans, started to walk 'across the country' to New-York! He spent his last shilling on the road, and somewhere in Ohio hired himself to a farmer, who sent him out on the following morning to 'break up' a piece of ground. In the course of an hour TOM made his appearance at the house, very much flushed in the face, as if ploughing the earth was rather more tedious a business than ploughing the domain of Father NEPTUNE. 'Well, TOM,' said the old squatter, 'what 's the matter? How did you get along?' 'She 's wrecked, Sir!' was the reply. 'Wrecked!' echoed his employer; 'why, TOM, what do you mean?' 'Why, Sir,' said Tom, bringing his hand up to his carroty poll, 'the craft was n't well ballasted, Sir, and would n't obey the tiller; and though I held her hard a-port, she lurched off a-lee, and run on the breakers. You 'll find her out yonder, Sir, due nor'-east, on her beam-ends, with her cut-water hard in a stump, the larbo'd bull on the starb'd side, the starb'd bull on the larb'd, and the old mare foul o' the rigging!' TOM was discharged forthwith.' . . . IF the correspondent who sends us the following only writes in his articles half as well as he does in his note to the EDITOR hereof, he will be a thrice-welcome contributor: 'I hope I may not seriously trespass upon your time, but having heard that you are in the habit of paying for acceptable contributions to your magazine, I take the liberty of asking for information upon the point; and when I propose writing for your periodical, should you deem me presumptuous in the manner or matter of the suggestion, have the consideration to lay to the door of necessity what otherwise might seem to savor of self-esteem, perhaps vanity. I do not pro-

pose to myself, any literary distinction; if so, I should not write, certainly, but for my own credit, would leave the quill in its pristine goose, where it might be wielded with advantage to its proprietor, rather than betray a relationship to that species of bird by any unsuccessful attempts I might make to soar upon the usurped pinion. Be assured, then, it is not any ephemeral fame whose possession is craved, but the realization of the more practical bread-and-butter; for it is that natural bias in favor of something to eat, inherent, if not in our hearts, at least in our stomachs, that induces me to bore you with this application. I am *pursuing* the practice of the law; whether I shall ever catch up with it or not, is '*in nubibus*,' for the chase is a desperate one, and the game as yet palpably out of sight; and it occurred to me, that if I could, by any assiduous efforts of my own, obtain from Literature any of those more substantial benefits which the Law in its majesty has thus far denied me, it would be a vastly fortunate circumstance. 'In view of these remarks,' as the preachers say, I would not have you to think that I am at the point of starvation, or as yet materiallly in the vicinity of that apex: this communication is not intended as an aperient to move your 'bowels of compassion;' you must undoubtedly be worried extensively by applications of this kind, and mostly by those who are the sole discoverers of their own latent genius and fitness for periodical writing. Although the boots of poverty do not actually pinch the corns of my daily life, yet the means of my subsistence are not my own; and a desire for independence is what induced our fathers to fall upon the heights of Breed's, now called Bunker's, Hill, and to runaway upon the plains of Camden — Gates, I believe, being general upon the latter occasion; see State Papers, *passim*. Upon the other hand, I do not wish to manifest an overweening confidence in my abilities: of what I may be able to do, yourself of course will be the judge; and if upon trial you should deem my productions worth reading, let them be received, but not otherwise; for I 'd see you in Guinea, or any other sea-port town on the Mediterranean, before you should take them out of mere charity. I confess, Sir, I feel some degree of anxiety as to how this epistle may be received. Your own literary character as Editor of the Knickerbocker, together with the fact of your being twin-brother to the elegant author of 'Ollapodiana,' makes the ground whereon I venture to tread rather perilous. To me, therefore, your approbation on these grounds is peculiarly desirable; but nevertheless, Sir, do not hesitate to speak your candid opinion. If you think I 'm a fool, say so like a major-general. It would not wound my vanity in the least, for I should suspect you were more than half right: or, if this intrusion is entirely unwarrantable, statements to *that* effect would be received by me in a christian frame of mind. I have of course no name nor reputation to render my services desirable, nor to enhance them in the eyes of the public. The Tub must emphatically stand as the proverb suggests.' We shall willingly leave it to our readers to say whether or no the writer of the foregoing is 'a fool.' We think *not*, decidedly. . . . 'A few Sabbaths since,' writes a correspondent from Rondout on the Hudson, 'our minister was impressing upon his hearers the duty of a greater regard for the services of the day of Thanksgiving, set apart by the Governor, and was informing them that on that day he would preach a sermon at that place, and he wished them all to attend, to render, in a proper manner, acknowledgments for the many benefits of the past year; for a season of health, and bountiful harvests, etc. Here a little wiry man, in a blue coat, with metal buttons, and a very elevated collar, popped up from his seat, and squeaked out: 'Dominie, I wish you 'd jest give the '*Tater Rot* a leettle *tech* in that sarmon o' your'n. It 's ben dreadful bad with

us!' . . . If any of our readers should fancy that the following '*Babylonish Ditty*,' which we derive from the facile pen of a favorite contributor, belongs to an 'easy style of thing to write,' let them try to 'do' a similar thing themselves, and let us see how they 'll 'rhyme it,' preserving in the mean time the requisite sense and melody:

More than several years have faded, since my heart was first invaded
By a brown-skinned, grey-eyed siren, on the merry old 'South Side;'
Where the mill-flume cataracts glisten, and the agile blue fish listen
To the fleet of phantom schooners floating on the weedy tide.

'T is the land of rum and romance, for the old South Bay is no man's,
But belongs (as all such places should belong) to Uncle Sam;
There you 'll see the amorous plover, and the woodcock in the cover,
And the silky trout all over, underneath the water-dam.

There amid the sandy reaches, in among the pines and beeches,
Oaks, and various other kinds of old primeval forest trees,
Did we wander in the noon-light, or beneath the silver moon-light,
While in ledges sighed the sedges to the salt salubrious breeze.

Oh! I loved her as a sister — often, often times I kissed her,
Holding prest against my vest her slender soft seductive hand,
Often by my midnight taper, filled at least a quire of paper
With some graphic ode, or sapphic, 'To the nymph of Babyland.'

Oft we saw the dim blue highlands, Coney, Oak, and other, islands,
(Moles that dot the dimpled bosom of the sunny summer sea,)
Or 'mid polished leaves of lotus, whereso'er our skiff would float us,
Any where, where none could notice, there we sought alone to be.

Thus till summer was senescent, and the woods were iridescent,
(Hectic-hints, and dolphin tints, of what was shortly coming on,)
Did I worship Amy Milton, (fragile was the faith I built on,)
Then we parted; broken hearted, I, when she left Babylon.

As upon the moveless water lies the motionless frigata,
Flings her spars and spidery outlines lightly on the lucid plain,
But whene'er the fresh breeze bloweth, to more distant oceans goeth,
Never more the old haunt knoweth, never more returns again:

So is woman, evanescent; shifting with the shifting present;
Changing like the changing tide, and faithless as the fickle sea;
Lighter than the wind-blown thistle; falser than the fowler's whistle
Was that coaxing piece of hoaxing — Amy Milton's love to me:

Yes, than transitory bubble! floating on this sea of trouble,
Though the sky be bright above thee, soon will sunny days be gone;
Then when thou 'rt by all forsaken, will thy bankrupt heart awaken
To those golden days of olden times in happy Babylon!

—

A Philadelphia friend, who writes a story as well as he tells one, which is a rare art, sends us, among others, the subjoined: 'A certain genuine Deutscher in this city has distinguished himself of late years by very remarkable actions, but nothing richer than the following: Resolving to be divorced from his wife, he put the case into the hands of an eminent lawyer, and departed for the south, where he was absent for a year. On returning, he walked into the 'legal den,' and with head bolt upright, gravely inquired: 'How doesh it co mit ter divorce petween me und mine vife?' 'Why really, Meinherr, I have n't been able to do much during your absence, but now you 're back, we 'll go ahead.' 'Yaw; den be so goot as to inform me vot te expenses might have peen ven de diforce will be concluded.' The man of law, after calculating and summing up the items, informed him that the 'damage' would probably amount to two hundred and fifty dollars when the divorce should be obtained. 'Very well den,' replied Meinherr, 'I vould ask you, if to save de expenses,

und spare de droubles, it would not pe pest to squash de whole proceedings—*for mine vife is teadt!*' . . . We see announced the successful completion of a great artistic and literary enterprise: '*The Gallery of Illustrious Americans*' is now ready to deliver, in superb bindings, from fifteen to twenty-five dollars. It is called '*The Gift-Book of the Republic*,' and although this name is one of some import, the work is fully worthy of the designation. It contains truthful and beautiful portraits, and ably-written biographies, of twelve of the greatest statesmen, generals, and scholars of this country, of the present age, all printed on imperial folio drawing-paper, of the most superb description. The names of the illustrious Americans are: 1. General Taylor. 2. J. C. Calhoun. 3. Silas Wright. 4. Daniel Webster. 5. Henry Clay. 6. John Charles Fremont. 7. John James Audubon. 8. Prescott, the Historian. 9. General Scott. 10. Millard Fillmore. 11. Doctor Channing. 12. General Cass. Such a gallery has never been published in America, nor even in Europe. It is, probably, the most splendid specimen of typography ever seen, and how any thing more chaste or beautiful could be made, we cannot well conceive. As an appropriate and elegant gift-book, it will doubtless meet with an extensive sale during the holidays. It is published by Brady, D'Avignon and Lester, the proprietors, by whose united exertions and energies it has been carried triumphantly through, and on whom, as a work of art and literature, it will confer lasting fame. . . . 'The best and most conclusive reason for an effect, that I ever remember to have heard,' writes a western correspondent, 'was one given by a 'one-idea' Deutchman, in reply to a friend who remarked: 'Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen.' 'Oh, yaw,' was the reply: 'I know de reason for dat; *mine moder vas a voman!*' . . . 'There is a singular contradiction,' writes 'C. A. P.,' of Louisville, Ky., 'in the 'Merchant of Venice,' (Act I., Scene I.,) that I do not remember to have seen noticed before, and which can scarcely be attributed to incorrectness of edition. It is as follows:

> 'Sal. I know Antonio
> Is sad to think upon his merchandize.
>
> Ant. Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,
> My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
> Nor to one place; *nor is my whole estate*
> *Upon the fortune of this present year:*
> Therefore,' etc.

'And yet, near the conclusion of the same scene, after the request of Bassanio, Antonio replies:

> '*Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea;*
> Nor have I money, nor commodity,
> To raise a present sum; therefore go forth,
> Try what my credit, etc.'

We have recently enjoyed a late-October visit, by the way of the New-York and Erie rail-road, that noble enterprise of the 'Empire State,' to the charming towns of Binghamton and Owego, and delightful parts adjacent; and, on a second visit, we are more than ever impressed with what 'God hath done for that delicious land!' There is a sublimity in the scenes along the Delaware and Susquehanna divisions of the New-York and Erie rail-road, not elsewhere to be encountered, to the same extent, in this country. You sit in the luxurious, spacious cars, after you have passed the Delaware, and look from the 'Glass-House' Palisades upon the rapid river rushing over ragged rocks; upon the slow-moving canal-boats, on the opposite side, drawn by horses which, at the distance whence they are seen, look like rats in the family-way;

upon sweep after sweep of lofty mountains, now toppling over you, now receding at farther reach, now blue in the distance, but all opening, at unexpected intervals, into vales 'stretching in pensive quietness between,' and upon 'rivers that move in majesty,' through banks clad in late Autumn's deepest green. There is nothing like it, that *we* have ever seen. At charming Binghamton, at pleasant Owego — at the one, the confluence of the Susquehanna with the Chenango; at the other, the union of the former with the rushing, overflowing Owego — we had seasons of pleasant, calm enjoyment, with quiet, refined, and genial friends. We 'cannot but remember that such things were, that were most precious to us;' and we must therefore be pardoned for bringing, in this instance, the 'private I before the public eye,' for we are gossipping, and these are our thoughts, 'as they sholde comen into y^e^ minde.' How one delicious morning, in late October, we crossed, with a few cherished friends, the broad, shining, dimpled, eddying Susquehanna, at Owego; how we went through the spacious grounds of an opulent proprietor 'of that ilk,' drinking in, at every turn, new scenes of memorable beauty; how that same opulent proprietor dispensed a generous hospitality to his unexpected guests; how, on that same evening, there were encountered, on the other side of the river, at a kindred mansion, with a kindred host, a kindred welcome to kindred spirits — *these* things remain to be written. Time presses, however, at this present; but 'there 's a good *time* coming,' in which to accomplish this labor of love, and a 'good *number*' of the KNICKERBOCKER, we hope, in which to record it. . . . WE have received the following '*Keärd*' from our learned contemporary of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*.' It will be seen, that unless the subscribers to that erudite and sprightly journal pay up their past dues, there is great reason to fear that the Editor may be inclined to resign the profession which is so dear to him, and of which he is so distinguished an ornament. '*Tired* of 'The Staff'!' — perish the thought! 'Not a bit of it!' — we emphatically exclaim — 'not a bit of it!' But to the card:

'A Ke̊ård.

'OUR readers and correspondents and subscribers and advertisers are requested to bear and forbear with us for the non-republication of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*,' of which another number, at the request of friends, will appear in our January issoo, and 'xpect we shall then decline. Too much of one thing is good for nothing, and 'praps a good many getting tired of us. Literature, and an exciting life of mind, is too much for us, which now suffers like our poor brother's, with the brown-creatures in the Arkansas Territory, whose throat has been swabbed out with luna-caustic for the eleventh time. We got good offers to go into a better business than newspapering, having invested a sum of money in a pin-manufactory to make pins without heads in the State of Connecticut. When we are gone, who will take the part of the patent-medicine-business and Echo answers who?

'Our kindest thank will be due when our last number issood to advertisers, subscribers, and others, who have enabled us to get a living by hard labor, (which we have) betwixt the day-light and the dark. But really — and that is the '*grit* (soft *gee*) of what we got to say — the DUKS OF SUBSCRIBERS to this orifice have reached such a p'int that even those who pay us in grits send *poor* grits; therefore we may resign the editorial pen in favor of the '*Trumpet-Blast of Freedom*,' (and what a flatuous blast he do blow!) now being republished in '*The Spirit of Times*.' We have humbly striven, in our peculiar way, to do good. All may not appreciate us, and think we lack dignity. One objeck has been to promote good humor, which is much lacking; another, to elevate the tone of newspapers, some of which, (but many honorable exceptions) rather vulgar; another to get bread, (and we have received grits;) another, as we have just hinted at, to help on the patent-medicines, now passing into stomachs of community from loads of pillulæ, down to ship-loads of sticking-plasters, etc. We hope we done good in our day. We would not promote the interest of any, except to help along the good of many. For that *many*, which is the idol of our love, we humbly strove, and if some things appear trifling, they will take the will for the deed.

'*Staff*'-*Office, Bunkum, November* 15, 1850. 'WAGSTAFF.'

Thus writes a kind-hearted and estimable friend, a member of the 'North Family' of Shakers, at New-Lebanon, to the Editor hereof: 'Never having studied Laplace or Quitelet, I am not sufficiently skilled in 'the calculus of probabilities,' to say what number of chances to one there may be, that the accompanying cheese was partly made from the contents of that notable 'foaming Shaker pail' which so triumphantly proclaimed thy 'ability to milk' in '48. However, suppositions no better founded have sometimes been made the basis of important assumptions. Please accept it from thy 'good friends of the North Family,' with their kind remembrances. We hope thy recollections of us will always be pleasureable.' In enjoying the delicious present of our friend, which is only not butter, we are taken back, in memory, to the first Shaker table we ever sat down at, and the cordiality with which we and ours were welcomed to the bounties which were spread upon its spotless purity. So that beyond its material flavor, there is a spiritual power in this token of kind remembrance, which is at once transferred from the pleased palate to the grateful, gratified heart. . . . Can we not, in this country, cannot our government, do something for the poor exiled Hungarians in Turkey? We know not how far treaties of peace or terms of alliance with other nations and countries may bear upon the matter; but this we know: the Sublime Porte wishes to send all the Hungarians here; they desire to come and settle in Iowa. England and France back Turkey in this, but Austria is opposing it. The Sultan, we have good reason to know, is willing to send them all in his steamers to Liverpool, and asks us to provide a passage for them from there here. Now the question is, shall we reject the benevolent Sultan's proffered hand? What has been the *object* of all our loud sympathy for the Hungarians? We hope and trust that some steps will be taken in this matter. We have before us a most touching letter from Kossuth, the brave Hungarian leader, written from Choumla to an esteemed American friend and correspondent, glowing with gratitude for the sympathy of America with himself and his prostrate country. Cannot *something* be done for the gallant Hungarian exiles? . . . 'Puffer Hopkins,' who came down from 'Arcturus' on a 'Behemoth,' and was only lately blowing a shrill penny 'Whistle' in the streets, has ceased his piping, and come out as '*Chanticleer*'—'cock of the walk' in *his* department; he having 'come the evil eye' over a 'good fellow' who 'was n't *afraid* to publish his book!' The 'Evening Mirror' quoted lately a highly laudatory review of the work, from a forcible-feeble weekly journal of book-advertisements and other 'reading matter,' (of which Mr. Hopkins is an editor,) written, says our contemporary, by the author himself! Half enough copies to pay the expenses of printing, we are pleased to learn, were ordered before the writer's *name* was known; *that* discovered, there was first a 'decline of sales'—second, 'no offers.' The competent critic of '*The Tribune*' says the book does credit to the 'good intentions' of the writer, but that 'the narrative is heavy,' and the rural pictures have 'a *faded* look, as if they were sketches from hearsay, rather than copies of actual experience.' This is the exact truth, predicable of every description of nature by the 'author,' and it is just as applicable to the characters which he assumes to delineate. There is not a single touch of *real nature* in any character or scene ever drawn by the author of 'Puffer Hopkins.' He has *words* enough, Patience knows, but no genius—not a scintilla. . . . It was with a feeling of no common sadness that we stood recently upon 'Sh'nang P'int,' at the junction of the beautiful Susquehanna and Chenango, at Binghamton, and surveyed the autumn-scene before us. The mountains around were disrobed of their summer honors, and rose sadly upon the eye through the hazy

air; there was a plaintive wail in the low wind; the two rivers, swollen by the autumn rains, swept resistlessly, and with funereal movement, by; and all around, and in all the air, a 'solemn stillness' reigned. As we gazed upon the gliding waters before us, there came to mind these striking lines of WATTS:

'THE mighty flood, that rolls
Its torrent to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again:
So days and years and time,
Descending down to night,
Can thenceforth never more return
Back to the scenes of light!'

These thoughts were but too natural to us at that moment. A little while before we had heard of the sudden death of one who, when we were last in the place, had with several others, companions and friends, 'Old KNICK.' and his travelling companion among them, sat for a daguerreotype-group. That group is before us now; and foremost among the social brotherhood, reclining upon the carpet, and resting his head affectionately upon the knee of a friend, lies the 'counterfeit presentment' of THOMAS JOHNSON, late an officer of the Susquehanna division of the New-York and Erie rail-road. We remembered him well for a certain brightness of thought and quick appreciation, and for the evidences of a keen intellect and susceptible feeling which his pleasant conversation evinced. He was much and deservedly esteemed; and there was many a sad heart in Binghamton when intelligence reached the town that he had been crushed between two cars, and was lying upon his dying bed at a small road-side inn, near Owego. His friends hastened to his relief, but there was no hope for him in this world. As they entered the room, he said to one of them: 'Off the track, and all broken up! — an eventful end to an eventful life!' Soon after, he expired. He leaves a wife and child, and many friends, to mourn his untimely decease. May the 'GOD of the widow and the fatherless' protect and support his bereaved family! . . . ELSEWHERE, in its appropriate department, will be found a notice of *Mr. Robert Dodge's 'Diary in Europe.'* We received three letters from the author, asking for our opinion of the work, and we did not dream, until we heard it from himself, that the book was not intended for public circulation, and it was then too late to cancel the notice to which we have referred. But the volume was *for sale*, and at a high price; no less than five dollars a copy being asked of those who, having been invited to do so by the author's circular, called at a metropolitan book-store to look at the work on its tables. If this is not 'publication,' we should like to know what is. Having expressed our own honest opinions of the work, we deem it proper to add, that there are other critics, of a high order of legal intellect, who have written to the author that, in their judgment, it is a 'valuable addition to a library,' 'sprightly, convenient, and agreeable as a book of reference,' and one that will 'meet with the approval' of his well-wishers. We have received three or four communications from those whose attention had been called to the work. The subjoined, in consonance with the maxim, '*Audi alteram partem*,' we give, in justice to the author. It will be seen that the writer takes high ground in favor of the work:

'MR. EDITOR: I notice in yesterday's Tribune an extract from an article over the signature of 'Subscriber,' attributing to our gifted young townsman, Mr. ROBERT DODGE, the authorship of the serial publication known as the Lorgnette. Although, from facts that have come to my knowledge, I do not concur in this opinion, yet I join in the high encomium he passes upon Mr. DODGE's recent publication. It has taken the few who have had the privilege of its perusal, by surprise, and all such must acknowledge that the author bids fair to become one of the remarkable men of this

century. I have recently turned my attention to 'diarys,' and taken up in course three, two of which are recently published. They are those of JOHN ADAMS, (the elder) of WALTER SCOTT, and of Mr. ROBERT DODGE; and although to institute a comparison between the latter and his elder predecessors in this field of literature would be unfair, I do not hesitate to pronounce DODGE's book by far the most entertaining. There is a peculiarity about his style which many unexperienced readers would consider monotony, but to me it was the dead level of a broad fertile prairie of transcendent richness. To enjoy a diary, one must sympathize with, and for the moment exist in, and become parcel of, the writer. So in my case has it been with DODGE: when he describes his sea-sickness, I nauseated; when he dines at a consular board, I had an appetite; when he ogled a beauty at the opera, I saw through his opera-glass; and when he plucked the rose from the rich oak-carving of the cathedral at York, I involuntarily looked around for the verger who had left him to procure the key, fearing lest he might catch us both in the act.

'The writer is never enthusiastic and rarely imaginative. His lines flow with the smoothness of a well-oiled machine. Like CARLYLE, he coins at times words, and again whole sentences, to express his ideas, wherever the want of copiousness of our language embarrasses trains of thought. This is partly occasioned by necessity, and in part by long habit in using languages less restricted during his sojourn abroad. Were I called upon to name the great point in the book, I should say that its pictures of men and things were most accurate. I have never seen a finer description than he gives of the QUEEN, or a more perfect appreciation of character than that of METTERNICH. Few travellers go abroad accredited as Mr. DODGE was, who have the capacity to describe what they see. He had letters to *all* our consuls and to some prominent men abroad; and was so fortunate as to see the QUEEN and a great many of the highest nobility of England — at a fair given for the benefit of the distressed Irish. As to M. F. TUPPER, we knew little of him excepting as an author, nothing of his interesting family, until this book came out. DODGE introduces us to him as a parent, a husband and a perfect trump in the way of hospitality. The minuteness of his details, the variety of his incidents, the thrilling legends which he from time to time introduces, the valuable statistics given by reliable informants, and the description of the battle of Waterloo, written on the very field, and above all, the modest forgetfulness of self, which pervades every page, render the book interesting to all, and the beauty of its style, and freedom from any of the 'Lotharioisms', in which the diarys of bachelors sometimes abound, would render a cheaper copy of it valuable as a class-book for younger, readers. It reminds me more strongly of the work of an author more greatly in vogue, and valuable from the minuteness of his descriptions, good old PEPYS, who, in his neatly-powdered wig, well-brushed coat, with the stately elegance of a CRICHTON, and the observation of a PAUL PRY, jotted down the sayings and doings of his day and generation, which have now become curious to the admirers of 'auld lang syne,' than any thing I have seen; and I predict that this book will be sought after by a future generation, and republished *publicly*, and in a cheaper form, so that all may obtain it, in the year of grace, 1950, by the grandsons of our PUTNAMS and APPLETONS, as containing the truest and best picture of the state of Europe in the eventful years 1849 — '50.'

WE have often heard a friend, whom we should designate as 'venerable' if he were not so alert of step and so young in feeling, describe the starting of *Fulton's First Steam-Boat on the Hudson*. He started from the neighborhood of Whitehall, and his clumsy craft came slowly around the Battery, and up along the North River. Of those who had assembled about the wharves to see 'the thing *try* to go,' there were many who jeered, and a few who counselled 'patience,' and even ventured words of encouragement. The boat was called '*The Clermont*,' and this, her first trip, was attempted on the first day of August, 1807. In the neighborhood of Cortland-street dock she came to a stand-still; and while some were sneering, others croaking, and yet others denouncing, FULTON, with rolled-up sleeves, emerged from the depths of his crude engine, melting with heat, and begrimed with oil and dust, and begged the crowd to give him time to adjust some portion of his machinery, which had become disarranged, and before ridiculing his invention, to 'give it a fair chance.' He descended again to his engine; and some fifteen minutes thereafter the first steam-boat on the Hudson began to move up the river, against the tide, at the astounding rate of four miles an hour! It reached Albany in thirty-two hours, and returned in thirty.

Such was the practical beginning of steam navigation in this country. We have recently encountered, in one of the daily journals, a striking account of FULTON'S receiving his first passenger-fare, while sitting alone in the rude cabin of the 'Clermont' at Albany; and tears stood in his eyes, when he received this his first pecuniary reward for all his exertions in adapting steam to navigation. We were thinking of all this the other day, while going with a friend through the Atlantic steamer 'BALTIC.' We thought of the gradual progress to elegance and profuse luxury of our river-steamers; of the little '*Sirius*' English steamer, with her queer-looking red wheels, anchored one pleasant morning off the Battery — the wonder of the town! Then we called to mind the '*Great Western*'— and no better or more punctual steamer has yet reached us from 'the other side;' the 'Great Britain;' 'The President' — (poor POWER!) — the 'British Queen;' then of the 'CUNARDERS;' and then *we*, we republicans, came into the field; and lo! the result! It was our good fortune to be a guest at the dinner given to Hon. BUTLER KING, at the Astor-House; an additional pleasure to be placed next to Mr. COLLINS; and a still greater pleasure to hear him say, when 'on his feet,' in reply to a toast in his honor, connected with the projected line of American steamers: 'I thank you, Mr. President and gentlemen, for the last sentiment, and for the favor with which it has been received. And I have only to say in reply, that if American enterprise, American mechanics, American skill, and American capital can produce a line of steamers which shall do credit to the country, I can pledge myself that in *that* respect no discredit shall fall upon the American flag?' These few unstudied words, brief and 'to the point,' were received with the general applause which they deserved. Well, how is it now? Four of these steamers have been built; and it is not too much to say, that at this moment they are eclipsing, in beauty, in comfort, and in speed, every similar craft upon the Atlantic. This verdict is yielded by acclamation. The massive machinery, the most *vital* part of all, in each steamer fulfils the most sanguine expectations of the builders. And as to the architecture, the interior decorations, the chaste designs — all, in short, that constitutes that '*first appeal, which is to the eye*'— these American steamers are 'beyond compare' with any similar craft on any ocean in the world. Mr. COLLINS never did a wiser thing — he never evinced a clearer view as to the progressive requirements of the public — than when he secured the practical skill, refined taste, and elegant execution, of Mr. GEORGE PLATT, in the architectural and decorative departments of these steamers. We had indeed been led to expect, from Mr. PLATT'S designs, carried out in the exteriors and interiors of the most costly and superb dwellings in town, and in adjacent country mansions, that we should find in these steamers good taste, at least, in the ornamental decorations. Yet the reality far surpasses our anticipations. Forms and angles, apparently defying grace, have melted into lines of beauty. There is nothing flashy, nothing gaudy, nothing unreal. The beautiful designs are executed in solid matériel, metals or rare woods; and throughout the vast detail there is nothing that offends the eye; nothing superficial, nothing 'sham.' Who can tell the effect of such interiors upon those who are intending to 'go down to the sea in ships?' Next to a consciousness of safe machinery, as an attractive force, commend us to such superb interiors as grow upon the admiring eye under the facile hand of Mr. GEORGE PLATT. One can hardly go in and out of one of COLLINS' steamers, without longing to take passage in her the very next trip. 'She looks so cosy, she is so *very* handsome!' said a lady in our hearing, 'I *must* go!' . . . OUR esteemed young friend, 'which his name is' 'G. W. D.,' of H—— college, sends us a

very clever bon-mot of a favorite mathematical professor in that flourishing institution. It appears that the professor had an old horse that used to roam about the college-yard, and being connected, in the minds of the freshmen, with the professor himself, he was always called 'CONICS.' One day, just before recitation, a waggish student drew a large carricature of the old horse on the black-board, and in between the ribs was written 'CONICS' in large characters. The professor called the first boy to the board, and said: 'Take the cloth, JAMES, and *rub old 'Conics' down!*'—which figurative grooming was at once performed. 'G. W. D.' also sends us some lines, which evince much merit, and more promise. '*Macte virtute!*' young gentleman: 'I send you a rhymed '*Fragment*,' which if it does not contain 'thoughts that breathe,' has 'words that *burn*,' as you can easily ascertain, by throwing the piece into your sanctum-grate:'

PARCHED Nature sighed for rain, for copious rain,
To quench the thirst in which she 'd so long lain;
For rain, to wet the hills, her pouting lips,
To bathe the clouds, her rosy finger-tips.
JOVE heard; and with a god-like message sent
His winged messenger: and MERCURY went
To King ÆOLUS, and to him declared
His master's high injunction; and he heard,
And harnessed to his chariot-car his steeds,
The Wind, and Storm, fore-tellers of his deeds,
And with a lash of lightning, and a tongue
Of thunder, urged them onward; and along
From crag to crag, the pleasant vale between,
The rattling car rolled on; and the bright sheen
Of many waters quickly disappeared,
As on the surface its wide tracks appeared.
The meadows, too, in indecisive mood,
Their wishes this way and now that way stood;
And graceful forms of waving grain are seen
To bend their silken ears unto the velvet green,
As gentle winds blow soft on Nature's flute,
And sighing zephyrs touch her dulcet lute;
And in the anthem for this heavenly rain
The double-bass of Thunder gently ends the strain!

G. W. D.

'IT 's from California — won't you open it *now*, before you go out?' — said our publisher and 'pard'ner' the other morning at the publication-office, what time we were hastening to the '*orifice-du-print*' with last night's 'Gossip.' It was a curiously-shaped package, enclosed in many wrappers — swathed like a mummy. 'Here is treasure!' we said; from the 'heft on 't,' it should be gold-dust; perhaps rich specimens of the 'gold-bearing quartz!' Layer after layer of paper was removed; and no more interest could have been felt by Mr. GLIDDON'S Boston auditors, when he unrolled the dubious he-she mummy from its ancient folds, than was felt by 'Old KNICK.' while he was 'bringing to light the hidden thing' from far-off California. At length the covering was removed, and the present stood revealed; a lob-long article, with a hundred eyes, which our ancient contemporary of the '*Albany Argus*' should have suspended over his editorial table, to prompt him to greater scrutiny and noble deeds. It was — 'A 'TATER!' — and *what* 'a 'tater!' No commentator upon agricultural products in *this* section of the ked'ntry has ever even mentioned, to our knowledge, such an enormous esculent. It was exactly twelve inches in length; seven and a-half inches round, in the smallest place; nine inches and a quarter in the largest, and it weighed two pounds and six ounces! O, ye editors of the '*Pacific News*' of San Francisco, answer us; is that a specimen of your 'common-doin's' in agriculture, in your soil? Then plant no pumpkins near your office; they will grow, and grow, till they out-grow your house, and 'push you from your stools.' Nevertheless, thanks, gentlemen, and acceptance cordial. Meantime, how 's the turnip-market in your vil-

lage? . . . 'MURDER,' said an astute country judge, to an 'intelligent jury,' 'is where a man is murderously killed; the fact of *killing* it is, which constitutes *murder*, in the eye of the law. Murder by p'ison is as much murder as murder with a gun; but,' he added, '*felo-de-se*' is another thing. No man commit 'felo-de-se' upon another. *That* fact is established.' Not *quite*, Judge. *We* committed 'felo-de-se' upon the late Senator DICKINSON in May, 1844, as any reader may ascertain, by consulting page five hundred and nine of the KNICKERBOCKER for that month: *Voila:* 'The following '*Lines to a Bouquet of Flowers*' are from the pen of the lamented Governor DICKINSON, whose melancholy suicide will be fresh in the minds of many of our readers. We learn from the friend through whom we derive them, that they were handed to him by the author, while sojourning for a short time in Albany:

'EMBLEM of life and loveliness,
Welcome, sweet harbinger of Spring!
Clad in thy beauteous summer dress,
And wafted on Time's fairy wing.

'Would thou wert fadeless as the sky,
All redolent of hope and gladness,
But soon, alas! thou 'lt lonely lie,
Emblem of Death, of Grief, of Sadness.

'Emblem of Life! thing of an hour,
How soon thou 'lt hang thy sickly head,
And bow beneath the conqueror's power,
And lie among the sleeping dead!

'Emblem of Life! beyond the tomb,
Thy flowers again shall form a wreath;
Shall germinate amid the gloom,
And triumph o'er the monster Death!'

D. S. D.

Thus it will be seen that we committed suicide upon Senator DICKINSON in 1844; so that our country judge's 'ruling' is liable to be 'carried up on a sasherarar' or else utterly overthrown. We learned, however, on a recent trip to Binghamton, the circumstances of this case, upon indisputable authority. On one occasion, while Senator DICKINSON was in Albany, a gentleman called one evening to see him, holding in his hand a bunch of fresh flowers, who said: 'Mr. DICKINSON, I wish I could get some friend to write me a few lines upon these flowers;' to which Mr. DICKINSON replied: 'I will try do it myself;' whereupon he sat down and penned the foregoing lines. The gentleman who made the request, subsequently committed suicide; and hence the grievous blunder of the correspondent who sent us the stanzas. . . . OUR obliging friend 'J. G. S.' will 'assist' in the January 'issoo.' He is always welcome. . . . OUR correspondent, whose remarks upon '*Jenny Lind at the Art-Union*' were contained in our last number, says, in a note to the EDITOR, that *he* did not receive an invitation to the opening, although he is both an artist and a subscriber, and that he had seen one or two other artists, of great distinction, of whom the same was true. We make the correction with pleasure, but without conceiving that there is any 'question of veracity' in the matter, at all. Letters and notes not unfrequently miscarry, through change of residence, or other the like natural causes. . . . THE late re-publication in England, in a cheap form, of WASHINGTON IRVING'S works, has brought them to almost every man's door. The steam-boats and rail-cars bear away from, or bring to the British capitals scores upon scores of eager and delighted readers; so that the author of the 'Sketch-Book' may be said not only to have strengthened his established reputation, but acquired a new and greatly extended fame. MURRAY, his former English publisher, was anxious to protect himself under the fact of Mr. IRVING'S having been born of British parents; but the latter declared loyalty to his American birth and native country, so that nothing was 'made by the motion,' as the lawyers express it. . . . How little does a night-passenger in a rail-car, sitting 'wholly at ease and quiet,' in his luxurious cushioned seat, know what is oftentimes going on just before him? Coming home from New-Haven, the other evening, we were overpersuaded by a smoking friend to take a temporary seat in the luggage-car until he